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THE WORKS

OF

HEINRICH HEINE

VIII.

THE WORKS

OF

HEINRICH HEINE

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

(HANS BREITMANN)

VOLUME VIII.

LONDON

WILLIAM HEINEMANN

1893

FRENCH AFFAIRS

LETTERS FROM PARIS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II.

LUTÈTIA

LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN
1893

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LUTETIA.

PREFACE TO THE FRENCH VERSION.

THIS book contains a series of Letters which I wrote from 1840 to 1843 for the *Augsburger Zeitung*. For important reasons, I had them published some months ago by Messrs. Hoffmann and Campe as a special book under the title *Lutetia*, and for reasons not less important I am determined to give them to the public in French. The causes and reasons are as follows.

As the Letters in question to the *Augsburger Zeitung* appeared anonymously, and had undergone many omissions and alterations, I had reason to apprehend that they might be published after my death in this mangled form, and perhaps mingled with other letters not by me at all. To avoid such a posthumous disaster, I have preferred to prepare myself an authentic

edition of the Letters. But though I, while living, have at least vindicated the good name of my style, I have at the same time unfortunately given to malice the means of assailing the good reputation of my ideas, since the linguistic deficiencies in the knowledge of the German language, which are occasionally found among the best-informed Frenchmen, have rendered it possible for some of my compatriots of either sex to persuade many people that I, in my book *Lutetia*, slander all Paris, and that I degrade the most honourable and respected men and things in France by malignant mockery. It therefore became a moral necessity for me to publish, as soon as possible, a French version of my work, and so enable my most beautiful and admirable friend Lutetia to judge for herself how I treated her in the book which bears her name. And if I, all unwittingly, now and then by a harr expression or erroneous remark have given ' offence, I trust that she will not accuse m a want of sympathy, but simply of defec culture and tact. Fairest Lutetia! do not my nationality. Even if I am one of the smoothly licked among my fellow-countr I still cannot entirely contradict my

[1] *Einer der Gelecktesten.* In reference to a b licked into shape by its mother.—*Translator.*

the petting and patting of my German bear's paws may have sometimes scratched you, and I sometimes threw more than one paving-stone at your head, only meaning to frighten away the flies. And let it, moreover, be remembered that I at this instant, when I am unusually ill, cannot expend much care nor much serene cheerfulness on the artistic construction of my sentences; in fact, the German edition of my work is much less careless and clumsy than the French version. In the former, style has everywhere softened the ruggedness of the matter. It is to the last degree painful to be compelled to see an elegant goddess, and to bring to her an offering in such an inappropriate dress, when one has at home in his German wardrobe the finest clothes, and more than *one* magnificently embroidered waistcoat.

No, fair Lutetia, I have never meant to injure thee, and if evil tongues do their utmost to assure thee of the contrary, believe it not. Never doubt, my dearest and loveliest, the integrity of my tenderness, which is thoroughly unselfish. Certainly thou art young enough to have no fear from any other cause of being loved save for thy beautiful eyes.

I have above remarked that the Letters which form my book *Lutetia* appeared anonymously in the *Augsburger Zeitung*. They were distinguished by a cipher, but this did not distinctly indicate

that I was the author. I have fully explained this in a note which I added to the German edition of my book, and I here cite the principal passage.

"The editor of the *Augsburger Zeitung* was accustomed to indicate my articles, like those of other anonymous contributors, by a cipher, in order to satisfy official requisitions, as, for instance, to relieve responsibility, but not at all to whisper *sub rosa* to the honourable public, like the answer to an easy charade, the name of the author. And as the editor, and not the true author, is responsible for every anonymous article, and as the former is compelled to appear as representative to the thousand-headed world of readers, as well as to the many headless or brainless Government officials, and as he has to struggle with innumerable hindrances, material or moral, the privilege may well be allowed him to shape every article which he accepts to suit the requirements of the day, according to his own will, by clipping out, separating, adding to, or changing in every way, to make it print-worthy, although the best personal opinions, and still better style, of the author should be thereby fearfully diminished. Any one who is in every respect a political writer must, for the sake of the cause which he defends, make many a bitter sacrifice to harsh necessity. There are indeed many obscure small journals (*obscure*

Winkelblätter) in which we might empty out our whole heart with all its hot coals of wrath; but they have only a very scanty public, devoid of influence, and it would amount to no more than if we were to swagger and rant in beer-houses or cafés before the regular guests —as other great politicians and patriots are wont to do. We act far more wisely when we moderate our zeal and utter our opinions with sober words, if not altogether anonymously, in a journal which is justly called "a general newspaper for the world" (*eine allgemeine Welt Zeitung*), and which instructs many hundreds of thousands of readers in every country. Even though most mournfully mutilated, the Word can here work to good effect; the scantiest hint will ever and anon spring up to bear profitable seed in unknown fields. If this reflection did not inspire me, I certainly had never undergone the self-torture of writing for the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*. But as I for more than twenty-eight years had been well convinced of the truth and honesty of that deeply loved friend of my youth and brother in arms who is chief editor of that publication, I was willing to tolerate many a terrible after-pang caused by amending and idly altering;[1] for when thus vexed, I seemed

[1] *Verballhornung. Vide* "Germany," Heinemann, 1892, p. 129, for a full explanation of this word.—*Translator.*

to behold the honourable eyes of my friend, who seemed to say to the sufferer "Am I too on a bed of roses?"[1]

And since I have now published under my own name the correspondence which was so long unacknowledged by me, I feel that I have the right on this occasion to claim the *beneficium inventarii* as is done by a doubtful inheritance. I hope from the kindness of the reader that he will consider the difficulties of time and place with which the author had to contend when he first sent these Letters to the press. I assume full responsibility for the truth of everything I have said, but not for the manner and form in which it is expressed. He who sticks to the mere letter may very easily cull from my correspondence a great collection of contradictions, careless errors, and even many instances of a want of earnest conviction; but he who grasps the spirit of my words will recognise in them everywhere the strongest unity of thought and an inviolable adherence to the cause of humanity and the democratic ideas of the Revolution. The local difficulties which I have mentioned were in the censorship, for that which was exercised by the editorship of the *Augsburger Zeitung* was more severe than the official surveillance of the Bavarian officials. I

[1] The remark of the Mexican Guatomozin to his friend while stretched by the Spaniards on hot coals.

was often obliged to hoist a flag over my boat of thought, which very inaccurately expressed my true political or social views. But the journalistic smuggler does not concern himself much as to the colour of the bit of bunting which he puts on the mast of his vessel, and with which the winds play as they will, and I thought only of the good cargo which I had on board, and which I wished to land in the harbour of public opinion. I can boast that such enterprise often succeeded, and no one should blame me for the means which I employed to secure success. As I knew the traditions of the *Augsburger Zeitung*, I was aware that it always aimed at not only publishing all current events as promptly as possible, but also to register them perfectly in its columns as in historic archives. It therefore became my duty to ascertain what I would give the public, put it into the form of a fact, the incident itself as well as my opinion of it—in short, all that I thought and felt; and to effect this I did not hesitate to put my own opinions in the mouths of others or to set them forth in parables. So it happens that my Letters contain many historiettes and arabesques, the symbolical meaning of which is not intelligible to every one, and which to the eye of the superficial reader may possibly seem like a mixture of wretched gossip and retailing of trifles. In my

efforts to thoroughly give the form of every fact, it became important for me to use a manner of expression (*für meine sprache eine Ton zu wählen*) which permitted me to discuss the most critical and delicate subjects. The most favourable tone for such intent was that of indifferentism, and I used it without reflection. There was in it a means to give more than one good counsel and many a wholesome hint. The Republicans, who grieve over a want of good-will in me, have not reflected that I for twenty years have in case of need always defended them earnestly enough, and that in my book *Lutetia* I commented in detail on their moral superiority, while I as constantly laid bare the ignoble and ridiculous arrogance and complete worthlessness of the ruling *bourgeoisie*. They are rather slow to comprehend, these brave Republicans, of whom I once had a better opinion. As regards their intelligence, I believed that their intellectual narrow-mindedness was assumed, and that the Republic played the part of a Junius Brutus that it might by this feigned simplicity make royalty (*das Königthum*) more careless and incautious, so as to catch it some day in a trap. But after the Revolution of February I found out my mistake; I saw that the Republicans were really very honourable folk, who did not know how to disguise themselves, and that they really were what they appeared to be.

But if the Republicans gave the correspondent of the *Augsburger Zeitung* very doubtful stuff wherewith to deal, this was to a far greater degree the case with the Socialists, or, to call the monster by his real name, with the Communists. Yet I succeeded in discussing even this theme in the journal referred to. Many of my Letters were indeed suppressed by the editor, who bore in mind the old proverb, *Man soll den Teufel nicht an die Wand malen*—"You should not paint the devil on the wall." But they could not white-wash out all my communications, and, as I have said, I found means to set forth in their prudent blank columns a subject whose terrible significance was utterly unknown to the time.[1] I painted the devil on the wall of my newspaper, or, as a witty man of note expressed it, I gave him a good puff (*réclame*). The Communists, who in isolated condition were to be found in every country, and who had no clear consciousness of their common tendencies,

[1] It must in fairness be admitted that Heine here speaks the exact truth in declaring that he fully explained and understood Communism, and the part which it was destined to play in the future, at a time when, as it would seem, no other man in Europe had any idea of it, any more than of the electric telephone. Nor was it with him one of those casual inspirations of genius, or mere guesses, which are often paraded as prophecies. The subject had been deeply studied by him, and he saw very clearly indeed how it was destined to work into the relations of Labour and Capital.—*Translator.*

learned from the *Augsburger Zeitung* that they really existed, and also to know their real name, which hitherto had been unknown to more than one of these poor foundlings of the old society. From the *Augsburger Zeitung* these scattered communities obtained authentic information as to the unceasing progress of their cause; they learned, to their great astonishment, that they were not at all a weak little body, but the strongest of all parties; that their time had truly not yet come, but that patient waiting would be no loss of time for those to whom the future belongs.

This confession that the future belongs to the Communists was made in a tone of care and deepest anxiety, and ah! it was indeed not disguised. In very truth it is only with dread and horror that I think of the time when these gloomy iconoclasts will attain power; when their heavy hands will break without pity all the marble statues of beauty which are so dear to my heart. They will crush into dust all the fantastic play and baubles of Art which are so dear to the poet; they will fell my groves of laurel and plant potatoes in their place, and the lilies of the field, which toil not neither do they spin, and yet are more magnificently arrayed than was King Solomon in all his glory, will be rooted up from the soil of society, unless they will take distaff in hand; the roses, those idle brides of the nightin-

gales, must suffer the same fate; the nightingales themselves will be driven away as useless singers, and ah! my book of songs will be used by the grocers to make paper cornets in which to put coffee or snuff for the old women of the future.

Yes, I foresee all this, and nameless grief comes over me when I think of the destruction with which the victorious common multitude (*Proletariat*) threatens my verses, which will sink into the grave with the whole ancient romantic world.[1] Yet, despite this, I publicly confess that this Communism, which is so inimical to all my interests and inclinations, exerts a magic influence on my soul from which I cannot defend myself. Two voices in its favour move my heart—two voices which will not be silenced, and which in their depths may be diabolical; but however that may be, they govern me, and no power of exorcism can bid them hence away.

For the first voice is that of logic. "The devil is a logician," says Dante.[2] A terrible syllogism holds me in a mesh, and if I cannot controvert

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[1] "What an artist you destroy!" said Nero. The quotation is here impressive, for—*pace* Archdeacon Farrar—there was really an extraordinary likeness in some respects between the lyrics of the Roman Emperor and many of Heine's.

[2] "Tu non pensavi qu' io loico fossi."—*Dante, Inferno*, c. 28 Heine gives the incident in full in "Germany," vol. ii. p. 199. —*Translator.*

the proposition that "all men have the right to eat," I am compelled to accept all its consequences.

Thinking on it, I am in danger of losing my intellect. I behold all the devils of truth dancing round me in triumph, until at last a great and proud despair masters my heart, and I cry aloud: "It has long been judged and condemned, this ancient society! Let it suffer what it deserves! Let it be crushed, this old world, where innocence perished, where selfishness flourished so mightily, where man was as a prey and plunder to man! Let them be radically destroyed, these whitened sepulchres, where falsehood and raging wrong were enthroned!" And blessed be the grocer who will make cornets of my poems for snuff or coffee for the poor honest old women who perhaps in this our present unjust world must do altogether without such comforts. *Fiat justitia, pereat mundus.*

The second imperative voice which ensnares me is far mightier and more demonic than the first, for it is the voice of *hate*—of the hate which I feel for a party whose most deadly enemy is Communism, and which from this common ground is our common foe. I speak of the party of the so-called representatives of nationality in Germany, of those false patriots whose love for their native land consists only of idiotic aversion to all foreign or neighbouring races, and who day by day pour

out their hatred for France. Yes, this relic or these successors of the Teutomaniacs of 1815, who have only modernised their old costume of ultra-Germanic fools and shortened their ears a little, I have detested and fought them all my life, and now, as the sword falls from the hand of the dying man, I feel myself consoled by the conviction that Communism, when it meets them in its way, will give them the *coup de grâce*, though it will be no blow with a club, but a crushing under the giant's foot, as one treads on a vile worm.[1] That will be his *début*. Out of hatred to the champions of Nationalism I could almost love the Communists. They are at least no hypocrites, who always have religion and Christianity on their lips. The Communists have, it is true, no religion (no man is perfect), they are even atheists (which is certainly a great sin), but they as a leading dogma acknowledge the most absolute cosmopolitanism, a world-wide love for all races, an equality of worldly goods and fraternity among all mankind, who are the free citizens of this earth. This fundamental dogma is the same which was taught in the New Testament, so that in spirit and in truth the Communists are far more Christian than our

[1] French version—"Ainsi qu'on écrase un crapaud." German—*elendes Gewürm.*

so-called German patriots, those narrow-minded defenders of an exclusive nationality.

I utter too much—certainly much more than wisdom and the spinal complaint[1] with which I now suffer permit, and I have only a few words to add ere I conclude. I believe that I have given sufficient information as to the unfavourable circumstances under which the letters from Lutetia were written. Beyond local difficulties, I had also to struggle with impediments of the time. As for these latter, caused by the time in which they were written, an intelligent reader will readily comprehend them; he need only look at the date of my correspondence, and remember that at that epoch the national or so-called patriotic party was triumphant in Germany. The Revolution of July had pushed them a little into the background of the political stage, but the warlike trumpet-calls of the French press in 1840 gave these Gallophobes the best of opportunities to come forward again; and they sang in those days the song of the free Rhine.

In the time of the Revolution of February this yelping died away amid more sensible shouts, but these in turn were silenced when the great European reaction set in. At present, the nationality men and the whole evil train and

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[1] French version—*mal de gorge.* German—*Rückenübel.*

tone of 1815 rule once more in Germany, and they howl by special permission of the Herr Burgomaster and other high officials. Howl away! the time will come when the crushing tread of the giant's foot will grind ye to dust.—With this conviction I can calmly leave the world.

And now, dear reader, I have enabled you, so far as was possible, to judge of the unity of the conception (*des Gedankens*) and the true spirit of this book, which I confidently offer to all honourable men.

HEINRICH HEINE.

PARIS, *March* 30, 1855.

I would remark that while this Preface was originally translated from the German version, it is as nearly word for word in accordance with the French original as it is possible for any version to be.—TRANSLATOR.

LETTER OF DEDICATION

TO HIS SERENE HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE PUCKLER MUSKAU.

TRAVELLERS who visit any place celebrated by art or historical memories are wont to inscribe their names there on wall or window, more or less legibly according to the surface which they find. Sentimental souls scribble in addition a few pathetic lines of rhymed or prosed sensations. In this wilderness of writing, our attention is suddenly attracted by two names scratched close together; the year and month are below, and around names and date winds serpent-like an oval line, which may be supposed to represent a wreath of oak or laurel. Should those who come after be acquainted with the two thus indicated, they will certainly exclaim gaily, "See there!" making the shrewd remark that the couple were doubtless well known to one another, that they had certainly for once at least stood closely side by side, and that they who matched so well had

found one another in space as well as in time—to which are added glosses which all may lightly guess but need not tell.

And while I, with my celebrated and sympathetic contemporary, by the dedication of this book inscribe as it were in like manner our two names on the façade of the work, I do but follow a fantastic freak, and if any determined motive inspires me, it is at all events the above-mentioned tourist's custom. Yes, tourists or travellers were we on this earthly ball—that was our worldly speciality, and those who come after us, and who will see the wreath which I have twined around our two names, will thereby learn at least the date of our timely meeting, and they may at their own sweet will pass their comments as to how far the author of the *Briefe eines Verstorbenen* ("Letters of a Dead Man") and the reporter of Paris agreed together.

The master to whom I dedicate this book understands the trade, and knows the unfavourable circumstances under which the author wrote. He knows the bed in which the children of my soul first saw the light, that Augsburg bed of Procrustes, where legs which were too long were cut away, and not unfrequently the head itself. To speak without simile, the book here in hand consists chiefly of daily reports which I for a long time past published in the *Augsburger Allgemeine*

Zeitung. Of many of these I had made rough notes (*brouillons*), which having been kept, aided me in restoring suppressed or changed passages. Unfortunately the condition of my eyes did not permit much of this repairing, and I could not see my way through this waste-paper wilderness. So with these, as well as with messages which I had sent without having made a preparatory sketch, I filled the gaps and improved the alterations as well as I could from memory, and where I found passages where the style seemed strange and the sense still stranger, I endeavoured to rescue artistic honour and the beautiful forms by erasing the suspicious paragraphs altogether. But this expunging in places where the insane red pencil had raged most freely, only concerned insignificant matters, and in no wise the opinions of men and things, which indeed might often be erroneous, yet which should be very faithfully reproduced, lest the original colour of the time be lost. And by adding to the work a goodly collection of as yet unpublished reports—which had not been submitted to any censorship—without any change whatever, I was enabled to supply by an artistic arrangement of all these monographs a whole which forms an accurate picture of a period which was as important as it was interesting.

I speak of that period which, during the reign

of Louis Philippe, was known as "the Parliamentary," which was a very descriptive term, and whose significance impressed me from the first. As may be read in the first portion of this book, I wrote on the 9th of April 1840 the following words: "It is very characteristic that for some time the State government of France is no longer constitutional but parliamentary. The Ministry of the 1st of March received this name at once in baptism." The Parliament or the Chamber of Deputies had at that time assumed the most important prerogatives of the crown, and the whole power of the State gradually fell into its hands. The King, it cannot be denied, incited on his side by desire of usurpation, would reign by himself, independent of Chambers or Ministerial caprices, and in this striving for unlimited sovereignty he always endeavoured to preserve legal forms. Louis Philippe can therefore declare with reason that he never infringed on legality, and he will assuredly be acquitted before the assizes of history from the indictment of having broken the law; he will at the worst only be found guilty of extreme craftiness. The Chambers, who disguised their attacks on the royal prerogatives far less shrewdly as to legal form, would incur a far more severe verdict were there not some ground of mitigation in the fact that

they were provoked by the King's passion for absolute power. They can declare that they made war on him in order to disarm him, and even to assume the dictatorship, which in his hands might become ruinous to the State and to freedom. This combat between the King and the Chamber forms the content of the Parliamentary period, and both parties at the end were so wearied and weakened that they sank to the ground utterly exhausted, when a new pretender appeared in the lists. It was on the 24th February 1848 that they fell—the King in the Tuileries, and a few hours later the Parliament in the neighbouring Palais Bourbon. The victors—that exulting mob of blackguards of those February days—really had no occasion to make any expenditure of heroism, and they could hardly boast that they had seen their foes.[1]

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[1] This is all simply as false as it is malicious. The combatants of February 1848 were not more of a *Lumpengesindel* than those of June 1832, whom Heine praises as if they were miracles of refinement, grace, and nobility. And had our author been himself fighting at the barricades, or at the taking of the Tuileries, as the writer was, he had not dared to declare that the insurgents hardly saw the faces of their foes. Heine bore them great ill-will because they discovered in the Tuileries, and published, the papers which proved that he was in the pay of the French Government. Louis Philippe himself was not more effectively ruined on the 24th February than was Heine, for the King, like his predecessor Francis, at least kept his honour. It is very characteristic of our almost insanely inconsistent

They did not kill the old Government—they only put an end to its sham-life; King and Chamber died because they had long been dead. These two champions of the Parliamentary period put me in mind of a sculpture which I once saw in Münster in the great hall of the Council House, where the Peace of Westphalia was concluded; for there passes along the wall, like benches in a choir, a row of wooden seats on whose backs are all kinds of humorous carvings. On one of these wooden chairs there are two figures of men fighting; they are armed like knights, and hold their immense swords raised as if to slay; but, strangely enough, both want the most important thing of all—that is, a *head*, and it seems as if they in the heat of conflict had decapitated one another, and not observing their mutual headlessness, fight on unheeding.

The full bloom of the Parliamentary period was during the Ministry of March 1, 1840,

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author that in the letter on the Revolution of February with which this work, *Lutetia*, concludes, he exalts to the skies the incredible courage displayed by those whom he here calls a mob of blackguards who could hardly boast that they had seen the enemy. He declares, on the contrary, that their heroic deeds fill him with amazement, and speaks with eloquent admiration of the utter and unselfish fear of death shown by the *ouvriers*, which was certainly true; while as regards their being blackguards, he asserts that their incredible integrity and honour surpassed even their bravery.—*Translator.*

and the first year of the Ministry of the 29th November 1840. The former should be peculiarly interesting to Germans, since then Thiers drummed our native land into the great movement which awoke the political life of Germany. Thiers brought us up again, as a race, upon our feet, and German history for this service should do him high honour.[1] The Eris apple of the Eastern question also appears during this Ministry, and we see in harshest light the egoism of that British oligarchy which in those days hounded us on against the French. These agents slipped into the German press to profit by the political inexperience of my fellow-countrymen, who thought in all seriousness that the French wanted not only the crowns of the German duodecimo-princes, but also the potatoes of their subjects, and that they yearned for the possession of the Rhine provinces in order to drink our good Rhine-wine.[2] Oh, not at all!

[1] The reference here is to the foolish, or rather mad proposal of Thiers that France should take back the Rhine. The result was indeed a tremendous outburst of wounded national feeling, which did much to promote German unity, and contributed greatly to the defeat of France thirty years later. How very little of a German Heine was at heart, is plainly shown by his ridicule of this excitement and Becker's song. He would have been deeply gratified at seeing Germany invaded and conquered by his beloved France.—*Translator.*

[2] Which they certainly did. The concluding line of Victor Hugo's "Rhine" was, "France, take back the Rhine!" and the

The French will gladly leave us our potatoes since they possess the truffles of Perigord, and they can well dispense with our Rhine wine since they have Champagne. France need not envy us anything, and the warlike yearnings with which we believed we were threatened were all of English manufacture. That the upright and great-hearted, and even unto fan-faronading magnanimous France is our natural and really safest ally, was the conviction of all my life, and the patriotic necessity to enlighten my deluded fellow-countrymen as to the false-hearted stupidity of the French-eaters and Rhine-ballad bards has perhaps often given a much too vivid colour to my reports of the Thiers Ministry, especially as regards the English; but the times were perilous and silence was half treason. My animosity against "perfidious Albion," as it was then called, exists no longer when so much has changed. I am now anything but an enemy of that great English race, which has since then won my heartiest sympathy, if not my confidence. But just so much as the English are trustworthy friends, as individuals, even so far must they be mistrusted as a nation, or, to express it better, as a Government. I will here willingly offer an

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cry was taken up and re-echoed through all the current French literature of the time, as Heine must have known.—*Translator.*

apology in the English sense of the word,[1] and, so to speak, deprecate and excuse all the harsh and hard sallies with which I have regaled the English people while I wrote these reports; but I dare not suppress them now, for the passionate passages which I reprint in their original vehemence serve to evoke before the eyes of the reader those great emotions of which he could form no conception since the mighty changes themselves are strangled and extinguished in our memories.

My reports from Paris do not extend to the catastrophe of the 24th of February, but one may see on every side their necessity, and they are continually spoken of before-hand with that prophetic pain which we find in old heroic songs, where the burning of Troy does not form the conclusion, though it mysteriously nestles in every verse. I have not described the storm, but the storm-clouds which bore it in their breast and came sweeping on in terrible gloom. Many a time and oft did I depict the demons who

[1] *Apologie* in German, as it formerly did in English, meant a vindication and defence, not an excuse. Thus the "Apology for Christianity" has to us of the present day a ludicrous sound. As regards this apology, it may be observed that Heine was always extremely ready to express the deepest sorrow and regret for having abused people, but he never manifested his repentance by subsequently suppressing his abuse, unless it was to his advantage to do so. *Vide* Heine's "Germany," Heinemann, vol. i. p. 369.—*Translator.*

lurked in the lower depths of society, and who would come bursting up out of their darkness when the destined day should come.[1] These monsters, to whom the future belongs, were then only studied through the little end of an opera-glass (*durch ein Verkleinerungsglas*), and then they looked like crazy fleas; but *I* showed them in their true life-size, and they seemed far more like the most fearful crocodiles which ever rose from mud.

To render the doleful accounts more gay, I wove into them sketches from the realm of Art and Learning, from the dancing-saloons of good and bad society; and if I, among such arabesques, drew too many caricatures of *virtuosi*, it was not done to deeply grieve some long-vanished honest man of the pianoforte or Jew's-harp, but to give a picture of the time in its minutest shades. An honest daguerréotype must truly repeat a fly as accurately as the proudest horse, and my

[1] One would like to know what Heine, with his keen sense of humour, would have said could he have foreseen that one of those crocodile demons who burst up from the lowest depths—*i.e.*, the insurgents of February—would at a future day translate his works. But it may be here observed that our author falls into a grave error or utters a serious untruth when he asserts that the Revolutionists of February were Communists or "Reds." The great majority of them were nothing of the kind. When June came, the Socialists separated utterly from the men who had made the *gouvernement provisoire* and fought them to the death. —*Translator.*

reports are a daguerréotyped book of history, in which every day depicts itself, and, by giving such pictures collectively, the co-ordinating spirit of the artist has contributed a work in which that which is represented authenticates itself. My book is therefore at once a product of Nature and of Art, and while it now, perhaps, satisfies the popular wants of the reading world, it can assuredly be of use to later writers as a source of history, which, as I have said, bears inner witness of its daily truth. In this respect the highest recognition has already been awarded to my "French Affairs," which bear the same character, and the French version of it was extensively used by French historiographers.[1] I declare all this that I may vindicate the claim of my book to be of substantial merit, and the reader may be the more lenient should he again detect in it that frivolous *esprit* with which our core-Germans or Germans to the core—I may say our acorn German fellow-countrymen[2]—have also reproached

[1] These tremendous puffs of the self-praising Heine's trumpet are judiciously omitted—as are several other passages of the kind—from the French version. The Letters on Art, which were originally scattered through this work, have also been very judiciously withdrawn, and published collectively in the volume called the *Salon*, which will follow *Lutetia.—Translator.*

[2] "Unsere kerndeutschen, ich möchte sagen unsere eichel-deutschen." In allusion to the symbol of the German oak. The next sentence is omitted from the French version, "Owls to Athens," a Latin proverb equivalent to "coals to Newcastle."—*Translator.*

the author of "Letters of a Dead Man." But in dedicating my book to him, I may well say, as regards any *esprit* therein, that I bring owls to Athens.

But where on earth is wandering as I write the deeply honoured, deeply dear departed? Where shall I send my book—for where is *he?* Where does he linger, or, more likely far, where is he galoping or trotting on?—he, the romantic Anacharsis—he, most fashionable of eccentric men—Diogenes on horseback, before whom an elegant groom carries the lantern wherewith he seeks a man. And does he look for him in Sandomir or Sandomich, where the great wind which sweeps through the Brandenburger gate extinguishes his light? Or does he trot on the humped back of a camel through the Arabian sandy desert, where the long-legged Hut-Hut, whom German dragomans call the secretary of legation to the hoopoo, runs on before to announce to his sovereign, the Queen of Sheba, the coming of the lordly guest?—for it is said that fabulous dame of ancient days waits for the world-renowned tourist in a beautiful oasis in Ethiopia, where she will breakfast and coquette with him under waving fan-palms by plashing fountains, as once did the late Lady Hester Stanhope, who also knew many clever enigmatic sayings. *Apropos* of which I read, not without amazement, in the memoirs which an Englishman published

after the death of this far-famed sultana of the desert, that the great lady, when your Serene Highness visited her on Mount Lebanon, spoke among other things of me, and believed that I was the founder of a new religion! Great heaven! I the founder of a new religion!—I, for whom the religions which we have already on hand are enough, and more than enough! By which I perceive how badly people are informed in Asia concerning me!

Yes, where is now the wonder-loving Everywhere and Nowhere.[1] Correspondents of a Mongolian newspaper declare that he is on the way to China to see the Chinese ere it be too late, and this race of porcelain be utterly broken in the clumsy hands of red-haired barbarians.[2] Ah! their head-shaking porcelain emperor has already broken his heart with grief. The *Cal-*

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[1] In allusion to an old German ghost-story novel entitled "Der Alte Überall und Nirgends."

[2] From this passage the French version concludes as follows:—"Oui, le Céleste Empire se brise en morceaux, et ses petites clochettes argentines, qui résonnaient si drôlement, tintent aujourd'hui comme un glas funèbre. Bientôt il n'y aura plus des Chinois et de chinoiseries que sur nos tasses à thé, sur nos paravents, sur nos éventails, et sur nos étagères: les mandarines à longue queue qui ornaient nos cheminées et qui balançaient si joyeusement leur grosse bedaine, en tirant parfois de leur bouche riante une langue rouge et pointue, ces pauvres magots semblent connaître le malheur de leur patrie, ils ont l'air triste, et on dirait que leur cœur se fond de chagrin. Cette agonie de

cutta Advertiser appears, however, to discredit the above-mentioned extract from the Mongolian newspaper, declaring that Englishmen who lately ascended the Himalaya saw the Prince Piukler Miuskau flying through the air on the wings of a griffin.[1] That journal remarks that the Serene traveller was probably travelling to Mount Kaf, to visit the Trid Simurgh, who dwells there, and discuss with him antediluvian politics. But

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porcelaine est effroyable. Mais ce ne sont pas seulement les magots de Chine qui s'en vont. Tout le vieux monde se meurt, et hélas ! aussi les magots s'en vont !

"En songeant sérieusement, mon prince, aux moyens de vous faire parvenir ce livre, il me vient l'idée de l'addresser poste restante à Tombouctou. On m'a dit que vous vous rendez souvent à cette ville, qui doit être une espèce de Berlin nègre ; comme elle n'est pas encore entièrement dècouverte, je comprends très bien qu'elle vous procure tous les agréments d'un incognito complet, et que vous pouvez vous désennuyer à votre aise, quand vous êtes fatigué de ce Tombouctou blanc qui s'appelle Berlin.

"Mais, que vous soyez dans l'Orient ou dans l'Occident, au bords du Sénégal ou de la Sprée, à Pékin ou dans la Lausitz, n'importe ! partout où vous trotterez ou galoperez, mes pensées trotteront et galoperent derrière vous et chuchoteront à vos oreilles des choses qui vous faut rire. Elles vous diront aussi combien je vous aime et je vous admire, combien de bons souhaits je fais pour vous, en quelque endroit que vous soyez ! Sur ce, mon prince, je prie Dieu qu'il vous ait en sa sainte et digne garde ! HEINRI HEINE.

"PARIS, 23 *Aout* 1854."

[1] An immense fabulous bird-like monster, sometimes described as a kind of griffin in Persian legends. An English gipsy once

the old Simurgh, the deacon of diplomats, the ex-vizier of so many pre-Adamite sultans, who all wore white coats and red trousers, does he not reside during the summer months in his castle of Johannesberg on the Rhine? I have always considered the wine which grows there as the very best, and regarded the Lord of the Schloss as a crafty old bird, but my respect has greatly increased since I knew how highly he esteems my poems, and that he once told your Highness that while reading them he had at times shed tears. I should be pleased if he would by way of a change sometimes read the poems of my Parnassus-contemporaries, the sentimental poets (*Gesinnungspoeten*) of the present day; though, of course, he would not then weep, but rather laugh heartily.

However, I still do not know exactly the resting-place of the deceased—the liveliest of all dead men—who has outlived so many so-called survivors. Where is he now? In the Evening or in the Morning Land? In the West or in the East? In China or in England? In trousers of Nankin or Manchester? In Further Asia or

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astonished me very much by declaring that an image of a Chinese dragon or griffin which I showed him was called in Romany a *scemor* or *semorus*. Where he could have got the word I cannot imagine, as I doubt very much whether it came by transmission from his own people.—*Translator.*

Back Pomerania? Shall I send my book to Kyritz or to Timbuctoo *poste restante?* It is all one, I ween, where he may be; he will be everywhere followed by the cordial, cheerful, sorrowfully mad greeting of his devoted

HEINRICH HEINE.

PARIS, *August* 23, 1854.

THE PARLIAMENTARY PERIOD

OF THE

CITIZEN KINGDOM.

1840–1843.

I.

PARIS, *February* 25, 1840.

THE nearer one is to the person of the King, and observes with his own eyes the monarch's acts, the more easily will he be deceived as to the motives of his deeds, his secret intentions, his will and his way. He has learned in the school of the men of the Revolution that modern craftiness, that political Jesuitism, in which the Jacobins often outdid the disciples of Loyola. To these acquisitions are added a wealth of hereditary arts of dissimulation, the traditions of his ancestors the French kings, those eldest sons of the Church, who were always made more supple and pliant

by the holy oil of Rheims than other princes; who were always more fox than lion, and who displayed a more or less priestly character. To this studied and transmitted *simulatio et dissimulatio* of Louis Philippe we may add a natural crafty disposition or instinct, so that it is almost impossible to see through the amiably thick husk or through the smiling flesh what are his secret thoughts. And even if we can cast a glance into the depths of the royal heart, we are not aided much thereby, since, after all, personal antipathy or sympathy is never a determinative basis of the actions of Louis Philippe; he only obeys the force of circumstances (*die Macht der Dinge*) or necessity. He rejects, almost with a shudder, all subjective influences; he is severe to himself; and if he is no autocrat, he is at least a despot to himself, for he is a very objective king. Therefore, it is of very little political significance whether he likes Guizot more or less than Thiers; he will use the one or the other as he may need him, neither earlier nor later. Therefore I cannot say with certainty which of these two men is most attractive or repulsive to the King. I believe that both displease him, simply because two of a trade do never agree (*aus Metierneid*); for he, being Minister himself, sees in them his constant rivals, and in fact fears lest people may believe that they have more political capacity

than he possesses. People say that Guizot is more to his liking than Thiers, because the former has a certain unpopularity which pleases the King; but the puritan cut, the lurking pride, the doctrinaire teacher's tone, the sharp-cornered Calvinistic nature of Guizot cannot be attractive to the sovereign. In Thiers the latter strikes against the most contrary peculiarities, on an unbridled frivolity, a bold capriciousness, a daring frankness, which contrasts almost insolently with his own secret, crooked, boxed-up character, and which cannot accordingly suit him. And to this add that the King likes to talk, in fact, often loses himself in an endless prattling, which is very remarkable, since natures given to disguise are generally taciturn. Therefore a Guizot must decidedly displease him, since the former does not discourse, but always teaches, and when he has proved his thesis, earnestly attends seriously to the King's reply, and now and then nods approbation as if he had before him a schoolboy who recites his lesson well. But with Thiers it is still worse; for, lost in the current of his own oratory, he admits of no reply. It rushes out like a flood from a cask without a faucet; but it is always excellent wine. No other man can then get in a word, and it is only while he is shaving himself that any one can be listened to by M. Thiers. It is only

while the razor is at his throat that he is silent and grants a hearing to others.[1]

There can be no doubt that the King finally determined, in deference to the desire of the Chamber, to commission M. Thiers to form a new Ministry, and at the same time constitute him President of the Council and bestow on him the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. That is easy to foresee. But one may with certainty predict that the new Ministry will not last long, and that M. Thiers will himself some fine morning give the King an opportunity to dismiss him again and summon M. Guizot in his place. Thiers, with his activity and suppleness, always shows great talent when climbing the greased pole (*mât de Cocaigne*) of power is in question and in gliding up, but he shows still more remarkable ability in sliding down. So when we see him safely at the summit of his power, he suddenly slips earthward, and that so cleverly, so neatly, so smilingly, so genially, that we must needs applaud the new *tour de force* with all our hearts.

M. Guizot is not so clever at climbing the

[1] Heine here confuses shaving one's self with being shaved, as is very evident from fear of the razor while wielded by another. The same idea occurs in the "Pictures of Travel," vol. ii. p. 448, where the author assents to all that the barber says "while the razor is at his throat."—*Translator.*

smooth mast. He toddles and wabbles up with anxious pains, and when there, holds on like a bear with strong claws. He would like to be at the height of power as long as possible, or much longer than his rival; in fact, we may say that he cannot descend from sheer clumsy inability, and a good shaking is needed to start him down. It may be that at this minute the despatches are on the way in which Louis Philippe explains to foreign Cabinets how he, compelled by the power of circumstances, must take the ever-to-him-terrible Thiers (*fatalen*) as Minister, instead of Guizot, whom he so much prefers.

And now the King will be hard put to it to allay the antipathy which foreign Powers have for Thiers. This wooing for the favour of the latter is a foolish idiosyncrasy. He thinks that peace at home depends on peace abroad, and pays unto it little attention. He, before whose eyelashes all the Trojans, Tituses, Marcus Aureliuses, and Antonines of this earth, the Great Mogul himself included, must tremble, humbles himself to these powers like a schoolboy and wails: "Spare me, forgive me that I, so to speak, have ascended the French throne, and that thirty-six millions of the bravest and most intelligent people—I mean thirty-six millions of rioters and godless blasphemers—have chosen me for their king. Pardon me that I suffered myself to be led

astray into accepting from the infamous hands of rebels the crown, and also the jewels thereunto appertaining. I was an inexperienced soul. I had been badly brought up from my youth, when Madame de Genlis taught me how to spell out man's rights,[1] and among the Jacobins, who confided to me the honourable post of a door-keeper, I learned little good. I was led astray by evil company, especially by the Marquis de la Fayette, who wanted to make out of me the best republic. But I have grown better since then, indeed I have. I repent my youthful errors, and I beg you forgive me out of Christian pity and grant me peace!" No, Louis Philippe did *not* utter such *words*, for he is proud and noble and shrewd, but that was always the short sense and brief abstract of his long speeches and longer letters, the chirography of which, as I lately saw a specimen, seemed to me to be extremely original. For as certain kinds of writing are called fly-tracks (*pattes de mouche*), so may that of Louis Philippe be named spider-legs, so much does it resemble the meagre and shadowy limbs of the so-called Daddy Long-legs (*Schneider-spinne*), and the high rising and at the same

[1] In allusion to the belief, of which so much was said during the reign of Louis Philippe, that Madame de Genlis had "completed his education" in a double sense, of mistress as well as governess.—*Translator.*

time exceedingly attenuated letters make an incredibly droll impression.[1]

Even among those who are in the most intimate personal relation to the King his disposition to yield to foreign Powers is greatly blamed; but no one dares utter a complaint aloud. This mild, good-natured, home-fatherly Louis Philippe exacts in the home circle as blind an obedience as ever the most raging tyrant sought to secure by the greatest cruelties. Respect and love chain the tongues of his family and friends, yet it is a great pity, and cases might well occur when a query, and perhaps an open contradiction, would be very beneficial for the royal self-will. Even the Crown Prince, the intelligent Duke of Orleans, bows his head in silence before his father, though he sees into his errors, and seems to forebode sad conflicts, and even a terrible catastrophe. He once said to an intimate friend that he longed for a war, because he would rather lose his life in the Rhine than in a muddy

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[1] *Machen einen fabelhaft drolligen Eindruck.* One can hardly help feeling here, with Mr. Pickwick, a sense of envy at the extreme facility with which the friends of Heine, and the writer himself, were amused. I have seen the writing of Louis Philippe without being at all moved to "incredible hilarity." What would Heine have said could he have seen the manuscripts of Horace Greeley or Rufus Choate, of which latter it was said that if everything else should fail him, he could make a living by marking Chinese tea-boxes.—*Translator.*

gutter of Paris. The noble and knightly hero has melancholy moments, and tells how his aunt, Madame d'Angoulême, the unguillotined daughter of Louis XVI., once, with her hoarse raven voice, prophesied for him an early death, as she met him returning home to Paris, while she was on her last flight during the days of July. Singularly enough, a few hours afterwards the Prince came very near being shot by the Republicans, who captured him, and only escaped as if by a miracle. The Hereditary Prince is generally loved; he has won all hearts, and his loss would be more than ruinous to the present dynasty. His popularity is perhaps their only guarantee. But he is one of the noblest and dearest flowers which have grown from that "beautiful garden of mankind," the soil of France.

[In the concluding passages of this letter Heine touches with marvellous insight the deepest secret of the true cause of the fall of Louis Philippe. It was his exacting personally a blind deference to his views, and invariably carrying out, under a great outward show of affability, whatever policy *he* had once resolved on, which led to his fall. The greatest test of a *great* mind is to subdue egoism, and not to care for or exercise power for its own sake. The determination to be obeyed, and the desire to make his influence felt, was as directly the cause of the overthrow of Louis Philippe as it was that of Nero. It

may be observed that it is the Philistine *paterfamilias* who generally as a Mr. Dombey sets the example of "Home or the Iron Rule," causing thereby so much suffering that it is even becoming a more serious question as to whether children would not, on the whole, be better off if brought up by the State. Even so Louis Philippe was the ideal *bourgeois* who exacted obedience or slavishness so successfully on the domestic circle plan that he finally utterly ruined himself. Few indeed are the men in this world in whom the arbitrary exercise of power does not result in the greatest evil for the greatest number. The day always comes at last when the over-governed children grow up or escape, and amaze all by their want of "gratitude!"]

II.

PARIS, *March* 1, 1840.

THIERS is now in the full glory of his day. I say to-day, and give no pledge for to-morrow. That Thiers is now Minister—the only true Minister of power, cannot be doubted, albeit many people, more from roguery than from conviction, will not believe it till they see the ordinances signed in white and black in the *Moniteur*.[1] They say that according to the delaying fashion of the Fabius Cunctator of the kingdom all things are possible, and that last May the bargain was annulled, even while Thiers held the pen ready to sign it. But this time I am persuaded: Thiers is Minister. "I'll swear to it, though I'll not *bet* on it," as Fox once said under similar circumstances. I am curious to know how long it will be before his popularity will be demolished. The Republicans see in him a new bulwark of the kingdom, and they assuredly will not spare him. Magna-

[1] The rest of this letter is wanting in the volume of Elegant Extracts, miscalled the French translation of Heine's "France." —*Translator.*

nimity is not at all in their line, and Republican virtue does not disdain to ally itself to falsehood. To-morrow the old slanders will put forth their serpent-heads from the mustiest mouldering holes and corners, and kiss and lick with loving tongues. The poor colleagues, of course, must bear the brunt. "A Ministry for the Carnival!" was cried yesterday evening, when the name of the Minister of Public Instruction was announced. There is, however, a certain truth in the expression. It is possible that but for the preparation for the three days of Carnival there would not have been such haste in forming a Ministry. But to-day is Carnival Sunday; at this instant the procession of the *bœuf gras* is rolling through the streets of Paris, and to-morrow and the day following are the most dangerous days for public peace. For then the mob gives itself up to wild and almost desperate amusement; all madness is horribly unbridled, and the intoxication of freedom easily drinks to paternity with the drunkenness of the usual wine. Masquerade against masquerade, and the new Ministry is perhaps a new mask of the King for the Carnival.

III.

PARIS, *April* 9, 1840.

SINCE the excitement has somewhat diminished, and calm reflection has gradually made itself felt, every one owns that the peace of France would have been in the utmost peril had the so-called Conservatives succeeded in overthrowing the present Ministry. The leaders of the latter are certainly at this instant the fittest to guide the coach of state. The King and Thiers, the one inside the carriage and the other on the box, must pull together, for, despite their different positions, they are both exposed to the same danger in case of an upset. The monarch and his man have no secret enmity between them, as is generally supposed. Both were personally reconciled some time ago. The difference between them is only of a political nature. But with all their present unity and with the best will on the part of the King to maintain the Ministry, that political difference will not quite disappear, for the King is a representative of the crown, whose interests and rights are in constant conflict with the usurped aims of the Chamber. And we must,

in fact, to speak the plain truth, characterise the whole action of the Chamber as a desire for usurpation. It was always the attacking body, and sought every opportunity to diminish the privileges of the crown, to undermine its interests, and the King acted entirely in self-defence. Thus, for example, the Charter gave the King the right to choose his Ministers, and now this prerogative is only a mere sham, an ironical formula, which mocks royalty, since in reality it is the Chamber which chooses or dismisses the Ministry; and it is therefore very characteristic of this, that for some time past the French State Government is no longer called Constitutional but Parliamentary. The Ministry of the 1st of March received this name at once in baptism; and so in deed as in word a legal robbery of the throne was publicly proclaimed in favour of the Chamber.

Thiers is the representative of the Chamber, he is its chosen Minister, and as such can never be quite acceptable to the King. The chief antipathy, therefore, is not to the person of the Minister, but the principle that is realised by his election. We believe that the Chamber will not further urge the victory of that principle, for it is at bottom the same with that of election which the Republic offers as its last conclusion. The dynastic heroes of the Opposition observe to what

these Chamber victories tend quite as closely as those Conservatives who, out of personal ill-feeling, on the occasion of the question of the endowment were guilty of the most laughable blunders.

The rejection of the endowment (*dotation*), and the arrogant scorn with which it was rejected, was not only an insult to the King, but also an unjust folly; for while all real power is being gradually conquered from the crown, this should at least be compensated for by external show, and its moral appearance be rather exalted than diminished in the eyes of the people. What a want of consistency! You would have a King, and haggle at the expense of ermine and gold embroidery. You are afraid of the Republic, and yet openly insult your King, as you did when you voted down the *dotation!* And they really do not want a republic, these noble knights of cash, these barons of industry, these chosen ones of property, these enthusiasts for quiet possession, who form the majority in the French Chamber. They have a far greater horror of the Republic than the King himself; they tremble more before it than does Louis Philippe, who was accustomed to it in his youth when he was a little Jacobin.

Will the Ministry of Thiers last long? That is now the question. This man is playing a terrible part. It takes precedence (*verfügt*) not only over all the warring powers of the most powerful

kingdom, but also over all the military might of the Revolution, over all the fire and madness of the age. Goad him not out of his wise joyousness into the fatalistic labyrinths of passion; put nothing in his way, neither golden apples nor rough logs. The whole party of the crown should rejoice that the Chamber has elected Thiers, the statesman who in the latest debates revealed all his political greatness. Yes, while others are only orators, or administrators, or scholars, or diplomatists, or heroes of virtue, Thiers is all this together—even the last; only that all these faculties do not appear prominently in him as rugged specialties, but are absorbed in and overtopped by his genius as a statesman. Thiers is indeed a statesman, and one of those spirits in whom the talent for ruling is innate. Nature makes statesmen as she does poets,—two very unlike species of beings, and yet of equal necessity, for mankind must be inspired and governed. The men in whom poetry or statesmanship is born are also impelled by nature to make their talent available, and this impulse is not to be confounded with the petty vanity which goads the less gifted to weary the world with their elegiac rhyming rubbish or with prosaic declamation.[1]

[1] This passage concludes in the French version as follows: "Leurs discours politiques et sentimentals, ou bien par tous les deux à la fois." The next sentence is omitted.

Thiers is not an ambitious man, any more than is Victor Hugo. Monsieur de Lamartine is one both in a political as well as a poetical sense.

I have hinted that Thiers proclaimed his greatness as a statesman by his last speech. Berryer perhaps exercised a more splendid and pompous (*pomphaftere*) effect on the multitude, but this latter orator compares with the statesman as Cicero to Demosthenes. When Cicero pleaded on the platform, his hearers said that no one could speak so beautifully as Marcus Tullius; but when Demosthenes gave utterance the Athenians cried, "War with Philip!" And the deputies after Thiers had spoken, instead of bestowing praise, opened their bag and gave him the money required.

Culminating in that speech of Thiers was the word "transaction," a word which our daily politicians have but little understood, yet which in my opinion is of the deepest meaning. Is it true, then, that from all time the problem of all great statesmen has only been a "transaction," a compromise between principles and parties? When one must govern and finds himself between two warring factions, he must undertake a transaction. How could the world progress, how could it rest in peace, unless the ruling men came after wild revolutions—those men who again restored among

the weary and wounded warriors a "peace of God" in the realm of thought as well as in that of outward things? Yes, even in the realm of thought transactions are necessary. What else was it but a transaction between Roman Catholic tradition and human divine reason which came to life in Germany three hundred years ago as the Reformation and the Protestant Church? Or what was it but a transaction which Napoleon attempted when he endeavoured to reconcile the men and interests of the old régime with the new men and new interests of the Revolution? He gave to this transaction the name of *fusion*, which was also a very significant word, revealing a whole system. Two thousand years before Napoleon, another great statesman, Alexander of Macedon, planned a similar scheme of fusion where he would blend the East with the West by mutual marriage between victors and vanquished, exchange of manners and melting together ideas. No; to such a height of the fusion system Napoleon could not rise; he could only *intermediate* persons and interests, not ideas, and that was his great defect and the cause of his fall. Will M. Thiers commit the same mistake? We almost apprehend it. M. Thiers can speak from morning to midnight unwearied, ever sparkling forth new lightnings of intellect, delighting his hearers, instructing and amazing, as one may say,

like an oral firework; and still he understands the material wants of men better than the ideal; he does not know the last ring wherewith earthly phenomena are bound to heaven; he has no mind for great social institutions.

IV.

PARIS, *April* 30, 1840.

"TELL me what thou hast sown to-day, and I will tell thee what thou shalt reap to-morrow." I thought of this proverb of the pithy Sancho when I to-day visited certain workrooms on the Faubourg Saint-Marceau, and there discovered what works were read among the workmen who are the most vigorous portion of the lower class. There I found, for instance, several new editions of the speeches of old Robespierre, also Marat's pamphlets in two-sous form, the "History of the Revolution" by Cabet, the venomous libels of Cormenin, Babœuf's Teachings, and Conspiracy of Buonarotti—writings which smell of blood, and heard songs sung which seemed to have been composed in hell, the refrains of which caused the wildest excitement. No; in our delicate and tender sphere we can form no conception of the demon-tones which ring in those songs. One should hear them with his own ears, for instance, in the immense workrooms where metal is founded, and the half-naked defiant

forms during the singing beat time with great iron hammers on the droning anvil. Such an accompaniment is of the greatest effect, as is the illumination when the angry sparks flew from the forge. Then there was naught but passion and flame.

As a fruit of this seed, the Republic threatens to burst forth, sooner or later, from the soil of France. We must indeed make room for such a fear, but we are also convinced that such a Republican Government can never last long in the land of coquetry and vanity. And even admitting that the national character of the French could be reconciled with Republicanism, the Republic, as our Radicals imagine it, could never long endure. In the vital principle of such a republic lies the germ of its early death—it must die in the blossom. Let a state be of what constitution it will, it cannot be maintained simply and alone by communal feeling and popular patriotism, as is commonly believed, but by the intellectual power of the great individuals who direct it. But we know that in such a republic there prevails a zealous sense of equality, which casts backward all distinguished individualities, or even makes them impossible, and that in the time of need only Uncle Brewer and Old Man Sausage-Maker would rise to the high responsible offices. Owing to this fundamental error of their nature, such a

republic must perish when it enters into strife with energetic oligarchies and autocracies represented by great individuals. And that this will come to pass as soon as the Republic shall be proclaimed in France admits of no doubt.

The leading organ of the Republicans is the *Revue du Progrès.* Louis Blanc, its editor in chief, is unquestionably a distinguished head, or rather little head (*Köpfchen*). He is very small of stature, and looks almost like a schoolboy, with little red cheeks and almost no beard, but he rises in intellect far above his party companions, and his glance pierces deeply into the abysses where social questions nestle and lurk. He is a man who has a great future, for he understands the past.[1] He is, as I said, a man of distinguished ability, and I was not very much astonished when I heard this week of the difference which has sprung up between him and his Republican associate editors. For Louis Blanc had plainly declared, in reference to the *Vautrin* of Balzac, that a theatrical censorship is indispensable. Therefore Felix Pyat and Auguste Luchet, being

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[1] Louis Blanc afterwards became a member of the Gouvernement Provisoire of 1848, at which time I first saw him. His appearance then corresponded accurately to that given so graphically by Heine. I became acquainted with him long after in London in 1870 at the house of the late N. Trübner, where he was a constant visitor.—*Translator.*

greatly angered at such a horrible doctrine and such anti-Jacobinical heresy, have departed from the editorial duties of the *Revue du Progrès*. Both are not only men of honourable character, but also writers of great talent. A few years ago they wrote together a drama which was suppressed by the theatrical censorship.

While the time of peace which we are now enjoying is very favourable for the dissemination of Republican doctrines, it still weakens among the Republicans themselves all the bonds of unity; for the distrustful spirit of these people must be occupied with deeds, else it would find vent in sharp discussions and quarrelsome debates which degenerate into bitter enmities. They have little love for their friends, and much hate for those who by the power of progressive reflection seem to be opposed to them. They are extremely liberal with accusations of ambition, if not of corruption. In their narrow limits they do not seem to understand that their former allies were often compelled by differences of opinion to separate from them. Incapable of understanding the rational grounds of such alienation, they at once raise an outcry of pecuniary motives. This cry is characteristic. The Republicans have got to quarrelling madly with money; everything which goes wrong with them is attributed to the influence of money; and

in truth money does serve their opponents as barricades, protection, and arms. Yes, money is perhaps their only foe, the present Pitt, the present Coburg, and they curse it in the old *sans-culotte* style. In reality they are guided by a correct instinct. Our Republicans have little to fear from that new doctrine which regards all social questions from a lofty point of view, and distinguishes itself as brilliantly from superficial Republicanism as an Imperial purple mantle from a grey blouse of equality (*Gleichheitskittel*); for like itself, so is the majority still far distant from that doctrine. The great multitude, the higher and lower *plebs*, the noble *bourgeoisie*, the citizen-nobility, the collectively honoured ones of our blessed middle-classicality, perfectly understand Republicanism—a doctrine which requires very little previous knowledge, which corresponds to all their petty feelings and shallow thoughts, and which they would profess if they could do so without getting into a tempest of tremble—with money. Every dollar is a valiant enemy of Republicanism, and every ducat an Achilles. Therefore a Republican with great justice hates money, and when he conquers and secures it, then alas! the victory is worse than a defeat—for the Republican who has money is no longer a Republican. Then he is like the Austrian soldier who cried aloud, "Herr Corporal, I have

taken a prisoner!" but who, when he was told to bring him in, replied, "I cannot, for he will not let me go!"[1]

How much the sympathy which Republicanism excites is always restrained by pecuniary interests was manifested lately in conversation with a very intelligent banker, who said to me very earnestly, "Who disputes the merits or advantages of a republican form of government? I myself am very often quite a Republican. Mind you, when I put my hand into my right-hand trousers-pocket, where I keep my money, the touch of the cold metal makes me shiver. I am concerned for my property, and I feel inclined to a monarchy; but when I put the other into the left-hand pocket, which is empty, then all fear vanishes, and I vote for a republic."

The enlightened banker who said this is neither the great Baron von Rothschild nor the little Baron Königswarter (attendant on the King), for it hardly needs the remark that the first, as every one knows, has so much money that both his pockets are full, while the other has too little sense to be able to explain why he is twenty times in a day by turns Royalist or Republican.

The Legitimists are also busied like the Re-

[1] *Vide* vol. i., "Shakespeare's Maidens and Women," note, p. 330. The two following sentences are omitted in the French version.

publicans, in turning the present time of peace into a profitable harvest, and it is especially in the quiet soil of the provinces that they sow the seed from which their advantage is to grow. They expect the most from the propaganda which endeavours to restore the authority of the Church by educational institutions and influencing the agricultural class. The rights of the fathers are to be restored with their faith. We therefore see ladies of noblest birth who display for show their devout feelings, like *lady patronesses* of religion, soliciting souls everywhere for heaven, and attracting by their elegant example the whole fashionable world into the churches. Nor were the churches ever so full as at last Eastertide. Elegantly bedecked piety crowded especially to Saint-Roche and Notre Dame de Lorette. Here the most beautiful dream-like toilettes glittered; here the pious dandy offered, with kid-gloved fingers, holy water; here the Graces prayed. Will this last long? Will not this piety, though it become all the fashion, also be subject to the sudden caprice and change of fashion? Is this ruddy colour a sign of health? "The good Lord has many visitors," I said last Sunday to a friend as we saw the crowding to the churches. "They are parting calls," replied the unbeliever.

The dragon's teeth which were sown by Republicans and Legitimists are now known to us,

and it need not astonish us should they come storming up out of the earth as armed knights and slay one another—or fraternise. Yes, the last is possible; for there is here a terrible priest, who hopes by his bloodthirsty words of doctrine (*Glaubensworte*) to unite the men of the death-pyre to those of the guillotine.

Meanwhile every eye is attracted to the drama which is being played on the surface of France by more or less superficial actors. I speak of the Chamber and of the Ministry. The disposition of the first, as well as the demeanour (*Erhaltung*) of the last, is certainly of the greatest importance, for strife in the Chamber might hasten a catastrophe which seems to be approaching, now near at hand, and then afar. The problem of our present pilots of state is to delay such an outbreak as long as possible. That they wish and hope for nothing more, and that they foresee the final twilight of the gods, is manifested in all their words and deeds. It was with an almost naïve candour that Thiers in one of his late speeches confessed how little he trusted to the near future, and how one must, day by day, measure the respite. He has a fine ear, and already hears the howl of the wolf Fenris which announces the realm of Hela.[1] Will not despair

[1] Here this letter ends in the French version.

at the inevitable suddenly inspire him to some all too rash act? His enemies whisper this to one another. On the other hand, his friends observe in him every day increasing mildness. The man lives in the sense of serious duty, or of his responsibilities to the present as well as the future, and he will ever oppose the shrewd calm of the statesman to the tumult of the passions of the day.

V.

PARIS, *May* 7, 1840.

THE Paris newspapers of to-day give a communication from the Imperial-Royal Austrian consul in Damascus to the Imperial-Royal general consul in Alexandria in relation to the Jews of Damascus, whose martyrdom recalls the darkest times of the Middle Ages. While we in Europe use such tales as material for poetry, and delight ourselves with such terribly naïve stories, with which our forefathers tormented themselves not a little; while we only know from poems and romances of those witches, were-wolves, and Jews who need the blood of pious Christian children for their satanic rites; while we laugh and forget, they begin in the East to very sadly recall the ancient superstition, and make very serious faces—faces of gloomy anger and the despairing agony of death! Meanwhile the executioner tortures, and on the bench of martyrdom the Jew confesses that as he needed some Christian blood wherein to dip his dry Easter bread at the approaching Passover festival, he had for this

purpose slaughtered an old Capucin! The Turk is stupid and vile, and gladly places his apparatus of bastinado and torture at the service of Christians against the accursed Jews; for he hates both sects, regarding them as dogs, and calls them by such honourable name, and he doubtless rejoices when the Christian Giaour gives him an opportunity with some pretence of justice for maltreating the Jewish Giaour. Wait till it shall be to the Pasha's advantage, when he need no longer fear the armed intervention of Europeans, and then he will listen to the circumcised dogs,[1] and then these will accuse our Christian brethren,—the Lord knows who or which,—to-day anvil, to-morrow hammer!

But for the friend of humanity such deeds must ever be a bitter pain. Events of this kind are disasters whose consequences are beyond computation. Fanaticism is an infectious evil, which spreads under the most varied forms, and finally rages against them all. The French consul in Damascus, Count Ratti-Menton, has brought evil things to pass, which have here excited a general cry of horror. He it is who inoculated the East with the Western superstition,

[1] Our author would hardly have written this passage had he known that the Turks and all Mahometans are also circumstantially placed by their religion in the same condition.—*Translator.*

and disseminated among the mob of Damascus a work in which Jews were accused of murdering Christians. This writing, which snorts with hatred (*hasschnaufende Schrift*), which Count Menton received from his spiritual friends for dissemination, was originally taken from the *Bibliotheca Prompta a Lucio Ferrario*, and it is distinctly asserted in it that the Jews in celebrating the feast of the Passover used the blood of a Christian. The noble Count, however, guarded against repeating the story connected with it in the Middle Ages, that the Jews for the same purpose stole the consecrated wafers and pierced them with needles till blood ran from them,—an evil deed, which came to light not only through sworn witnesses, but also by a clear flame being seen over the house in which the stolen host was thus crucified by the Jews. No; the unbelievers, the Mahometans, would never have believed that, so that Count Menton must, in the interests of his mission (*Sendung*), take refuge in less miraculous tales. I say in the interests of his *mission*, and submit these words to the fullest consideration. The Count has not been long in Damascus; six months ago he was seen here in Paris, the workshop of all progressive, but also of all retrograde associations. The present Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Thiers, who lately attempted to appear

not only as a man of humanity but also as a son of the Revolution, has shown as regards the occurrences in Damascus a singular indifference. According to the *Moniteur* of to-day a vice-consul has already gone to Damascus to investigate the conduct of the French consul there. A vice-consul! Certainly some subordinate person from a neighbouring place, a man without name and without any guarantee of impartial independence.

VI.

PARIS, *May* 14, 1840.[1]

THE official announcement as to the mortal remains of Napoleon has here caused an effect surpassing all the expectations of the Ministry. National feeling has been stirred up to its most abysmal (*abgründlichsten*) depths, and the great act of justice and satisfaction due to the giant of our century, and which must cheer all noble hearts on this earthly ball, appears to the French [2] as the beginning of a rehabilitation of their wounded popular pride. Napoleon is their *point d'honneur*.

Ye err. It was not France who was evilly treated in the person late of St. Helena, but mankind; just as the funeral ceremonies which are now about to take place are by no means to be regarded as a defeat of foreign powers, but as

[1] This letter is omitted in the French version.

[2] In the original letter to the *Augsburger Zeitung* this is given "as a local private affair, as a rehabilitation of their wounded national vanity, as a supplementary plaster for the wound of Waterloo."

a victory of humanity. The strife is for the living, not the dead, and that the latter was not long ago delivered to the French is not the fault of European Powers, but of a little coterie of British fox-hunters and grooms, who, meanwhile, have broken their necks or cut their throats, as, for instance, the noble Londonderry, or else went to destruction by the power of time and of port-wine. We, in Germany, many years ago, paid the great Emperor the tribute of admiration due, and now we have the right to behold the exaltation of the homage of to-day with a certain calmness of mind. Candidly confessed, the French are behaving on this occasion like children from whom a toy has been taken away and then restored; as soon as they get it into their hands they break it to pieces, and perhaps tread it under foot, while laughing, and I already foresee how many wretched jokes will be uttered when the great procession goes by with the relics from St. Helena. Now they dream fancifully enough, the good-natured, frivolous Frenchmen. They are so discontented with the living that they hope for—God knows what —from the dead! Ye err—you'll find he is a very silent man.[1]

[1] In amusing contrast to this enthusiasm for Napoleon in 1840, when the Parisians seemed to think they had revenged

But while the shrewd President of the Council shows that he knows how to tickle and make profit by the national vanity of our dear Kechenäer the gaping gossips of the Seine, he shows himself very indifferent, and more than indifferent, in a matter where, not merely the interests of a country or of a race, but those of humanity itself are concerned. Was it a want of liberal feeling or of shrewd sense which induced him to publicly take the part of the French consul who played the most shameful part in the tragedy at Damascus? No; M. Thiers is a man of great insight and humanity, but he is also a statesman; he has need not only of revolutionary sympathy, he wants aids of every kind; he must *transact;* he wants a majority in the Chamber of Peers; he can use the clergy as a Government aid, that is to say, that branch of clericals who, as they have no longer any hope of anything from the old Bourbon line, have wisely linked themselves unto the new. To this body of the religious, who are called the *Clergé rallié,* there belong many Ultramontanes, whose organ is called the *Univers.* These last

Waterloo by getting back the body of its defeated hero, was the fury excited against everything bearing his name, "thirty years later," when, during the cruelest trials of the siege, people for two days forgot the Germans, their hunger and bomb-shells, in the wild joy of destroying every relic or souvenir of Napoleon which they could find. At that time all the *Idées Napoléoniennes* had become decidedly unpopular.—*Translator.*

hope the best for the Church from M. Thiers, and he in turn expects from them support. Count Montalembert, the calmest member of the pious crew, and who has also been, since the first of March, the running attendant (*Seïde*) of M. Thiers, is the visible mediator between the son of the Revolution and the fathers of the Faith, between the former editor of the *National* and the present editor of the *Univers*, which does all things possible to persuade the world in its volumes that the Jews ate old Capucins and that the Count Ratti-Menton is an honourable man. This Count Ratti-Menton, a friend, and perhaps only a tool of the friends, of Count Montalembert, was formerly French consul in Sicily, where he was twice bankrupt, and was driven away. Then he was consul in Tiflis, where he also had to leave the field, and that indeed for things not over-honourable. This only will I remark, that, at the time, the Russian Minister to Paris, Count Pahlen, gave Count Molé, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, significant notice that unless Count Ratti-Menton were recalled from Tiflis, the Imperial Prussian Government would know how to drive him out disgracefully. The stick with which men fain would poke a fire should not be made of such vile, rotten wood.

Between the *Univers* and the *Quotidienne*—which distinguishes itself from the former by a

rather more chivalric tone—a fierce discussion has arisen relative to the doings in Damascus, which is of a very remarkable and almost delightful nature. The *Quotidienne*, an organ of the pure Legitimists, or the adherents to the older line, is naturally at feud with that portion of the clergy which is attached to the younger branch of the Bourbons, or the present ruling dynasty.

VII.

PARIS, *May* 20, 1840.

M. THIERS has, by the convincing clearness with which he has treated in the Chamber the dryest and most confused subjects, again won fresh laurels. The affairs of the Bank were completely reviewed in his speech, as were the Algerine affairs and the Sugar Question. The man understands everything; it is only a pity that he never applied himself to German philosophy; had he done so, he might have also cleared that up a little! But who knows! Should the current of political events ever set that way, and he be obliged to busy himself with Germany, he will doubtless discourse as admirably on Hegel and Schelling as he now does on sugar-cane and beet-root!

But far more important for the interests of Europe than all commercial, financial, and colonial affairs discussed in the Chamber, is the celebration of the return of the earthly relics of Napoleon. This event now busies every soul, from the highest to the lowest. While there is among

the people jubilation, hurrahing, glow and flame, they are grubbing away, far above, in the colder regions of society, over the dangers which are slowly gathering over us from St. Helena, threatening Paris with a very significant funeral celebration. Yes; if one could only place the ashes of the Emperor to-morrow morning under the cupola of the palace of the Invalids, one might confide sufficiently in the power of the present Ministry to guard against any unmanageable outbreak of passion at this funeral. But will it possess this power six months hence when the triumphal coffin floats on the Seine? In France, the bustling land of movement, the strangest things may come to pass within six months—Thiers perhaps retired to private life (which we greatly desire), or meantime become very unpopular as Minister (which we greatly fear), or France might be at war—and then there might spring from the ashes of Napoleon sparks of fire close to the chair which is covered with red tinder!

"Did M. Thiers," say many, "did he create this danger to make himself indispensable, since he is credited with the power to fortunately conquer all self-made dangers?" or does he, as others think, seek in Bonapartism a brilliant refuge in case he must break with Orleanism? M. Thiers knows very well that should he, sinking into the Opposition, help to overthrow

the present throne, the Republicans in control would give him only the worst thanks for the best services; in the most favourable case they would shove him gently aside. Stumbling over those rough logs of virtue, he could easily break his neck, and be laughed at into the bargain. But he would have nothing of this to fear from Bonapartism,[1] should he aid in such a restoration, and it would be easier to re-establish a Bonapartist government than a republic.

The French, apart from all republican peculiarities, are by nature altogether Bonapartist. They are wanting in simplicity, in self-content, in inner and external repose; they love war for its own sake; even in peace their life is all battle and noise; old and young are gay and happy in the roll of drums and gunpowder-smoke and explosions of every kind.

And since he has flattered their inborn Bona-

[1] Instead of the following lines, there is given in the *Augsburger Zeitung* this passage:—"A restored Bonaparte would persist in touching thankfulness; the wearied creature would more highly honour its strong creator the more occasion it had for his aid. Hence it happens that it would be easier to found in France a Bonapartist *régime* than a republic, for neither the *bourgeoisie* nor the army would oppose the former so much as the latter. The *bourgeoisie* relies only on a safe guardian of property. And even the army—in the cry '*Vive l'Empereur*' lie so many sparkling epaulettes, so many ducal uniforms, so many contributions—in short, the most brilliant line to avarice (*Raubsucht*) and vanity."

partism, M. Thiers has won from the French an extraordinary popularity. Or did he become popular because he himself is a little Napoleon, as a German correspondent lately called him? A *little* Napoleon! A little Gothic cathedral! A Gothic minster awakens our admiration because it is so great, so colossal. In diminished proportions it would lose all its meaning. M. Thiers is certainly something more than such a tiny churchlet. His mind rises far above all other intellects around, though there are many among them of no mean size. No man can measure with him, and in such a strife craft itself would draw the shorter straw. His is the shrewdest head in France, though he himself, as it is said, asserts it. It is reported that he in his rattling manner (*schnellzungigen Weise*) said last year, during the Ministerial crisis, to the King, "Your Majesty believes that you are the cleverest person in this country, but I know one here who is cleverer, and I'm the man!" The crafty Philippe replied to this: "You are mistaken, Monsieur Thiers, for if you were, you would never have said it." Be this as it may, Monsieur Thiers now strolls through the Tuileries with the consciousness of his greatness, like the Maire du Palais of the Orleans dynasty.

How long will he maintain this power? Is he not, though invisibly, yet secretly broken down

in consequence of his mighty exertions? His head is bleached by Time; there is certainly not a black hair left on it; and the longer he rules, the more the bold health of his nature disappears. The lightness with which he moves has in it something uncanny. And yet this lightness and ease is always extraordinary and marvellous, and light and easy as other Frenchmen are, they seem in comparison to him as mere plump and heavy Germans.

VIII.

PARIS, *May* 27, 1840.

THE North German journals contain several contributions as to the bloody question of Damascus, which are dated partly from Paris and partly from Leipzig, but they are all apparently from the same pen, and written in the interest of a certain clique in order to lead the German public astray. We leave the personality and the motives of that contribution without casting light on them, but as regards what may be said of the Jews and press of Paris, we allow ourselves a few remarks. And in doing this, we are more guided by an interest for the truth than in any persons; and as for the Hebrews here, it may be that our witness will rather be against than for them. In fact, we would rather praise than blame the Jews of Paris *if* they, as the North German journals referred to declare, showed such great zeal and pity for their unfortunate brothers in the faith in Damascus, and shunned no pecuniary sacrifice for the honourable rescue of their slandered religion. But such is not the case. The Jews in France

have been too long emancipated for the bond of their race not to have become loose and slack; they have all been sunk in—or to express it more correctly—have been raised to French nationality; they are Frenchmen like the rest, and have fits of enthusiasm which last for twenty-four hours, and, when the sun is warm, for even three days—and this refers to the better class!

Many among them still observe the Jewish ceremonial service, as the external cult, in a mechanical way, without knowing why, out of old custom, but without a trace of inner faith, for the witty leaven of Voltairian criticism has worked as destructively in the synagogue as in the Christian Church. Among the French Jews, as with other Frenchmen, gold is the god of the time, and industry is the prevailing religion. As regards this, the Jews here may be divided into two sects, that of the *rive droite* and the *rive gauche*, these names being those of the two railways which run, one along the right bank of the Seine, the other on the left, to Versailles, and which are managed by two distinguished rabbis of finance, who quarrel and brawl in as strong opposition to one another[1] as did once

[1] "Eben so *divergierend* hadern." There is everywhere in Heine's works, but especially in the "French Affairs," an excessive use of such French-German terms, a habit which has

Rabbi Samai and Rabbi Hillel in the older city Babylon.

We must in justice admit as regards the great Rabbi of the *rive droite*, Baron Rothschild, that he has shown a greater sympathy for the house of Israel than his scripturally-learned antagonist, the great rabbi of the *rive gauche*, M. Benoit Fould, who—while his brethren in the faith are tortured and strangled in Syria at the instigation of a French consul—made with all the imperturbable calmness of a Hillel a beautiful speech in the French Chamber of Deputies as to the conversion of *rentes* and discount rates at the Bank.

The interest which the Jews here take in the tragedy of Damascus reduces itself to very minute manifestations. The Israelitic *Consistorium* assembled and deliberated in the lukewarm fashion of all such bodies, and the only result of its deliberations was the opinion that the legal documents of the trial should be published. M. Cremieux, the celebrated lawyer, who devotes his magnanimous eloquence not only to Jews but to the oppressed of every faith, and all doctrines of every age, undertook the publication in question; and, with the exception of one beau-

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long been regarded in Germany as extremely vulgar. It is characteristic that he here ridicules Jews for becoming Frenchmen, while he was himself their very leader in affecting Frenchiness in every respect. —*Translator.*

tiful woman and a few young literary men, M. Cremieux is the only person in Paris who actively busied himself with the affairs of Israel. At a great sacrifice of his personal interests, and scorning every lurking fraud, he boldly met the vilest insinuations, and even offered to go to Egypt, should the trial of the Damascene Jews be there held before the Pacha Mehemet Ali. The false and faithless contributor to the North German newspapers already referred to, insinuates to the *Leipziger Allgemeine Zeitung* the sly and slanderous remark that the reply in which M. Cremieux crushed the false report of the (French) mission in the newspapers here was published as an advertisement (*inserat*) and duly paid for as such. We know from a perfectly trustworthy source that the management of the journal declared themselves quite willing to print the article in question gratis, if it could be deferred for a few days, and it was because *immediate* publication was requested that certain editors required the cost of an extra, which really was no great expense when we consider the wealth of the Jewish community. The money power of the Jews is indeed great, but experience teaches us that their greed (*Geiz*) is still greater. One of the most highly prized members of the religious community here—in fact, he is esteemed or estimated at about thirty million francs—M.

Wilhelm de Romilly, would not give a hundred francs should any one ask him to contribute to a fund for rescuing his great race.[1] It is an old, a lamentable, and yet not a worn-out discovery, that the meanest and most sordid motives are ascribed to every one who raises his voice in vindication of the Jews; but I do not believe that Israel ever gave money, save when its teeth were drawn by force, as happened in the days of the Valois. When I, not long ago, turned over the *Histoire des Juifs* by Basnage, I must needs laugh heartily at the naïveté with which the author replied to his enemies who accused him of having been paid by the Jews, utterly denying it, and sadly adding: "Le peuple juif est le peuple le plus ingrat qu'il y ait au monde!" There are, of course, now and then examples that vanity can open the obdurate pockets of the Jews, but then their liberality is more repulsive than their meanness.[2]

[1] Instead of this passage the French version has the following: "Les Israëlites de la nouvelle génération sont encore plus chiches que leurs pères; je suis porté à croire que parmi la jeunesse dorée d'Israël, il se trouve plus d'un millionaire qui hésiterait peut-être de donner cent francs s'il peut à ce prix sauver de la bastonnade toute une tribu de Bédouins coreligionaires?"

[2] Heine would certainly appear to have been born, as the Philadelphia darkey said of his clergyman, "to sass human nature all roun'," and here he gives it to his own race without stint, going in this remark beyond the truth. What would he have said of a bequest by a Jew, of which I read the other day in

A former Prussian contractor, who, punning on his own Hebrew name *Moses* (Moses means in German "drawn from the water," or, in Italian, *del mare*), having assumed the latter corresponding more grandly sounding name of a Baron Delmar, founded here some time ago an educational institute for poor young noblemen, which he endowed with one and a half million francs,—a noble deed, which exalted him so highly in the Faubourg Saint-Germain that there even the proudly oldest dowagers and pert and saucy young damsels no longer ridiculed him aloud. But did this nobleman of the race of David ever give a farthing to any collection in the interests of Jews? And I will be bound that another Baron, drawn up from the water, who plays in the noble Faubourg the *gentilhomme catholique* and great writer, never did anything with his money or with his pen for his fellows by race (*Stammesgenossen*). And here I must make a remark, perhaps the bitterest of all. Among the baptized Jews are many who, out of cowardly hypocrisy, abuse Israel more vilely than do its born foes. And in the same fashion, certain authors, in order not to recall their origin, express themselves badly as to Jews, or are silent. That is a well-known,

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the *Times*, who left his whole fortune of £200,000 to be expended for the benefit of Liverpool and Manchester, *i.e.* for Christians, Jews, and all others without distinction?—*Translator.*

sadly laughable fact. But it may be just as well to call the attention of the public to it, since not only in the North German newspapers referred to, but also in a far more important journal, the insinuation appeared that all which was written in favour of the Jews of Damascus came from Jewish sources, as if the Austrian consul in Damascus was a Jew, as well as every other consul there, except the French. We know this game (*Taktik*); we experienced it before as regards Young Germany. No; all the consuls in Damascus are Christians; and that the Austrian consul there is not a Jew appears from the reckless and public manner in which he protected the Jews against the French consul. What the latter is time will show.

IX.

PARIS, *May* 30, 1840.

TOUJOURS LUI! Napoleon, and Napoleon yet again! He has been the constant subject of daily discourse since his posthumous return was announced, and especially since the Chamber came to such a pitiful conclusion as regards the necessary expenses. This was an inconsiderate act, which may be classed with the refusal of the dotation to the Duke de Nemours. By that vote the Chamber has placed itself in significant opposition to the sympathies of the French people. God knows whether it was not the result rather of a petty, mean spirit, than of ill-will. The majority of the Chamber was at first as enthusiastic for the transfer of Napoleon's remains as were the rest of the people, but, little by little, they came to a contrary opinion when they took account of all the dangers and listened to the threatening rejoicings of the Bonapartists, which indeed did not sound reassuringly. Now they give a more attentive ear to the enemies of the Emperor, and not only the true Legitimists, but Royalists of loose observance, avail themselves of

the discordance, as they come forth more or less adroitly with their old, deeply rooted, bitter feelings against Napoleon. So the *Gazette de France* lately gave us a series of elegant extracts (*eine Blumenlese*) of abuse of Napoleon, or extracts from the works of Chateaubriand, Madame de Staël, Benjamin Constant, and others. We who in Germany are accustomed to tougher food, would laugh at it. It would be delightful if any one, parodying the fine with the coarse, would place by those French citations as many parallel passages from German authors of the vulgarian period. Father Jahn carried a dung-fork, with which he rushed far more ragingly at the Corsican, than did a Chateaubriand with his light and sparkling court-rapier. Chateaubriand and Father Jahn! What contrast, yet what similarity![1]

But if Chateaubriand was much inspired by party-spirit in judging of the Emperor, the latter showed himself far more so by the contemptuous manner in which he at St. Helena spoke of the Pilgrim of Jerusalem. He remarked, "C'est une âme rampante qui a la manie d'écrire des livres,"—a crawling, cringing soul, who has a mania for writing books. No; Chateaubriand is

[1] To which the French version adds: "Et pourtant quelle ressemblance entre ces deux fous!"

not a base being, but only a fool, and a sorrowful fool at that, while the others are gay and entertaining. He always reminds me of the melancholy merry-maker of Louis XIII. I believe that he was called Angeli, wore a black jerkin, cap and bells, and made sorrowful jests. The pathos of Chauteaubriand has always for me something comic; at times I hear in it the ring of the black bells. But finally the feigned melancholy, the affected musings on death, become as repulsive as monotonous. It is said that he is now busied with a monograph on the funeral of Napoleon. It would be indeed an admirable opportunity for him to show off his oratorical crape drapery and immortelles, with the whole pomp of his graveyard fancies; his pamphlet will be a written tomb of state (*Katafalk*), and there will be no want of silver tears and funeral tapers, for he mourns the Emperor—since he is dead.

Madame de Staël would also mourn for the Emperor were she still walking in the salons of the living. Even at the return of the Emperor from the island of Elba, during the Hundred Days, she was not disinclined to sing the praise of the tyrant, and only made the condition that she should first be paid the two millions which, it was pretended, were due to her late father. But as the Emperor did not give her the money,

the inspiration needed for the prize poem was wanting, and Corinne improvised those tirades which were to-day so amiably repeated by the *Gazette de France*.[1] "Point d'argent, point de Suisses!" It is unfortunately too well known to us that these words are also applicable to her fellow-countryman, Benjamin Constant. Even this republican from Switzerland took money, money from Louis Philippe, some time after the Revolution of July.[2] But let us no longer throw light on the persons who slandered the Emperor. Enough! Madame de Staël is dead like Benjamin Constant, and Chateaubriand is, so to speak, also dead; at least, as he has assured us for years, he busies himself exclusively with his interment;

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[1] As Necker was a very honest man, the debt was fully due to him despite Heine's "*pretended*," which is a subtle accusation of fraud. But the latter never forgave Mme. de Staël for having written "L'Allemagne," and thus forestalled his new work. Instead of this passage the French version gives the following: "We have not the heart to speak of poor Benjamin Constant, whose slanders which he spit out at the Emperor the *Gazette* also republished. But these persons no longer exist—enough." The *point d'argent*, &c., is very amusing as coming from Heine. Mme. de Staël was mercenary because she did not sing the praises of her fraudulent debtor!—*Translator.*

[2] The disgust and horror of our author at this act of baseness are very finely expressed. There was also a German poet—one Heinrich Heine—who took *money*, money from Louis Philippe, some time after the Revolution of July, and who probably had some of it in his pocket when the above was written.—*Translator.*

and his *Mémoires d'outre-tombe,* which he publishes in fragments, are nothing but a funeral which he has arranged before his definite departure, like the Emperor Charles V. Enough! he is to be looked upon as dead, and therefore has the right to treat Napoleon as his equal.

But not only the before-mentioned excerpts from older writers, but also the speeches which M. de Lamartine delivered in the Chamber of Deputies, have been repulsive to me, although these speeches only spoke the truth. The reserved thoughts in them are dishonourable, and the orator tells the truth in the interest of falsehood. It is true—a thousand times true—that Napoleon was a foe to freedom, a despot or crowned Selfishness, and that his glorification was a bad and dangerous example. It is true that he had not the bourgeois virtues of a Bailly or a Lafayette, and that he trod the laws under foot, and sometimes the makers of the laws, of which there are still some living examples in the Hospital de Luxembourg. But it is not to the liberticide Napoleon, not the hero of the 18th of Brumaire, not the thunder-god of ambition to whom ye should dedicate the most magnificent funeral obsequies and monuments! No; it is to the man who represented Young France against Old Europe whose glorification is in question, in whose person the French race conquered, in whose person it

honours and celebrates itself—which is all felt by every Frenchman; for which reason they forget all the darker shades of the departed, and pay homage to him *quand même;* and the Chamber committed a great blunder by its untimely, petty stinginess. The speech of M. de Lamartine was a masterpiece, full of perfidious flowers, whose fine poison benumbed many a weak head; but the want of honour and integrity was scantly disguised by the beautiful words, and the Ministry should rather joy than grieve that its enemies have so maladroitly betrayed their anti-national feelings.

X.

PARIS, *June* 3, 1840.

THE daily newspapers of Paris are read on the other side of the Rhine, as they are everywhere, and people there are accustomed to deny all merit to their own newspapers in comparison with those of the French. It is true that the journals here are swarming with passages which the most careless censor in Germany would expunge; it is true that the articles in the French publications are better written and more logically conceived or composed than in the German, where the author must first make his political language and wearily fight his way through the primeval forests of his ideas; it is true that the Frenchman knows better how to shape and set forth (*redigiren*) his thoughts, and he disrobes them before the eyes of the public even unto the most significant nakedness, while the German journalist, inspired far more by innate bashfulness than by fear of the deadly red pencil, tries to drape his thoughts with all possible coverings of modesty and

humility. Yet, in spite of all this, when we judge the French press, not by its externals, but in its real self, in its *bureaux*, one must confess that it suffers from a certain kind of un-freedom, which is quite unknown to the German press, and is perhaps more injurious than our trans-Rhenish censorship. We must therefore confess that the clearness and ease with which the Frenchman arranges and treats his thoughts comes from a barren one-sidedness and a mechanical limitation which is far worse than the blooming confusion and clumsy superfluity of German journalists. To which a brief reference.

The French daily press is, to a certain degree, an oligarchy, not a democracy, for the establishment of a French journal is connected with so much expenditure and trouble, that only those persons who are in a position to spend or stake enormous sums can establish one. These are accordingly capitalists, or similar industrials, who cast out the money to found a newspaper; they therefore speculate on the profits which shall accrue when it succeeds in becoming an established party-organ, or entertain a secret idea of selling it to greater advantage to Government when it shall have gained a sufficiently large circulation. In this manner, with strict reference to the subsidy of a certain party or

of a Ministry, the journals fall into a limited dependence, and, what is worse, into an exclusiveness and reserve (*Exklusivität, eine Ausschliesslichkeit*), in all which they publish, compared to which the impediments of German censorship are as mere charming chains of roses. The *redacteur en chef* of a French journal is a condottiero, who fights for, and defends by means of his columns, the interests and passions of the party which supports him by subscriptions or a subsidy. His sub-editors, his lieutenants, and soldiers behave with military subordination, giving to their articles the required tone and colour, and from this the journal receives that unity and precision which we, afar, cannot sufficiently admire. Here there prevails the strictest discipline of thought, and even of expression. Should it chance that some heedless collaborateur fails to hear the command, or if he has not written exactly according to order, the *redacteur en chef* cuts into the flesh of his article with a military unmercifulness, such as we should find in no German censor. A German censor is still a German, and in his good-natured many-sidedness he willingly listens to reason, but the *redacteur en chef* of a French journal is a practical, one-sided Frenchman, having a set of opinions which he has formulised once for all, in determined

words, or which has been delivered to him in distinct terms by his employers. Should any one come to him with an article which would be of no direct advantage to the professed aim of his journal, treating some theme of no direct interest to the special public for which the sheet is an organ, it would be firmly refused with the sacramental words, "Cela n'entre pas dans l'idée de notre journal." Now, as every one of the newspapers here has its own peculiar political shade and its own determined range of ideas, it is easy to understand that any one who has anything to say which goes beyond this range, and has nothing of the party colour, will certainly find no organ for his contributions. Yes, so soon as any one departs from the discussion of current subjects of the day, or so-called actualities, so soon as he would develop ideas apart from trifling party questions, so soon as one would advocate the cause of humanity, the editors of the journals here would reject such an article with ironic politeness; and as one can only address the public here through the journals, or by their advertising medium, it results that the *Charte* which permits every Frenchman to publish his ideas in print is a bitter mockery for genial thinkers and cosmopolites, for there practically exists for them no freedom

of the press. "Cela n'entre pas dans l'idée de notre journal."

The foregoing remarks will perhaps throw light on many unintelligible subjects, and I leave it to the German reader to draw from them all the profitable inferences possible. They may also serve to explain why the French press have not spoken altogether in favour of the Jews of Damascus, as one would have certainly spoken in Germany.[1] The informant of the Leipzig *Zeitung* and the smaller North German sheets did not tell any direct untruths in joyfully declaring that the French press, on this occasion, showed no special sympathy for Israel. But the honourable souls wisely took care not to lay bare the ground of this fact, which simply consisted in this, that the President of the Ministerial Council, M. Thiers, took the part from the beginning of Count Ratti-Menton, the French consul at Damascus, and the editors of all the sheets which are under his control in this matter simply express his views. There are, it is true, many honest, and very honest, people among these journalists, but they now obey with military discipline the command of that generalissimo of public opinion, in whose ante-cabinet the order for the day is given out every morning, and certainly they cannot

[1] All the preceding portion of this letter was omitted in the French version.

look one another in the face without laughing, for French *haruspices* or augurs cannot restrain their risible muscles as did the Roman of whom Cicero speaks. In his morning audiences M. Thiers assures his hearers with the air of deepest conviction that it is perfectly settled that the Jews drank Christian blood at the Passover feast, *chacun à son goût;* all the reports of witnesses confirm the fact that the Rabbis of Damascus butchered *pater* Thomas and drank his blood,—his flesh was probably eaten by the minor officials of the synagogue;—in which we could behold a sad superstition, a religious fanaticism which still prevails in the East, while the Jews of the West have become much more humane and enlightened, and many of them distinguish themselves by freedom from prejudice and good taste, as, for instance, M. de Rothschild, who, it is true, has not gone over to the Christian Church, but all the more zealously to the Christian kitchen, and taken into his service the greatest cook in Christendom, the favourite of Talleyrand, once the Bishop of Autun. It is about in such terms as these that one may hear the son of the Revolution speak, to the great anger of his mother, who becomes red with rage when she hears such things from her spoiled child, or when she sees how he intrigues with her bitterest foes, as, for example, with Count Montalembert, a young Jesuit, who is known as

the most efficient tool of the Ultramontane faction. This leader of the so-called Neo-Catholics directs that zealot's daily, the *Univers*, a sheet conducted with as much cleverness as treachery, for the Count himself has both *esprit* and talent, but is a strange epicene nature combined of noble pride and romantic bigotry, and this mixture showed itself in his legend of St. Elizabeth, a Hungarian princess, whom he, by the way, declares is his cousin, and was inspired with a most horrible Christian humility.[1]

From these hints one may readily understand the illiberal language of those Opposition sheets, which, at another time, would have screamed death and murder over the fanaticism which has recently been fanned into a flame in the East, and as regards the miserable wretch who there, as French consul, disgraces the name of France.

A few days since, M. Benoit Fould raised an inquiry as to the conduct of the French consul at Damascus. I therefore withdraw the reproach which escaped me in my last letter regarding that deputy. I never doubted the intelligence or the intellectual powers of M. Fould, and I regard him as

[1] Heine here exhibits the real vulgarity which lurked deeply in his nature (and of which a lady biographer declares there is no trace in his writings), by a passage of astounding and unparalleled nastiness.—*Translator.*

one of the greatest minds of the French Chamber, but I did doubt his disposition (*Gemüthe*) or feeling. I very willingly let myself be put to shame when I have done people wrong and contradict it. The question (*interpellation*) of M. Fould manifested great shrewdness and dignity. Very few journals have given extracts from his speech; the Ministerial sheets have suppressed even these, but published all the more in detail the opposing ideas of Thiers.[1] In the *Moniteur* I have read them all. The expression, "La religion à laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'appartenir," must vividly strike a German. The reply of M. Thiers was a masterpiece of malice and deceit. By evasion and suppressing what he knew, and by apparently reserving with pain other items, he succeeded most admirably in making his adversary appear to be in a suspicious position. To hear him speak, one could really believe that Capucins' flesh was the standing dish among Jews. But no, O great writer of history, but very small theologian, as little in the East as in the West does the Old Testament allow its believers such dirty food. The disgust of the Jews for such bloody relish is altogether peculiar to them; it shows itself in the first dogmas of their religion, in all their sanitary laws, in their ceremonies of purification,

[1] The two following passages are wanting in the French version.

in their fundamental views of what is clean and unclean, in the profoundly cosmogonic revelation as to material purity in the animal world, which also forms a physical ethic, and which was not in the least understood by Paul, who rejected them as a fable.[1] No; the descendants of Israel, the pure, chosen priestly race, ate no flesh of pigs nor of old Franciscans, and drank no blood.

What strikes us most disagreeably regarding this Damascus blood question is the want of knowledge of Oriental affairs shown by the President of the Council, a brilliant ignorance which might lead to the most serious misunderstandings, if not to such as this small Syrian blood question, perhaps to that far greater question, terrible and dark with destiny, which we call the Oriental, and for which we would fain have a solution, or the beginning of one. The judgment of M. Thiers is generally right,

[1] With all due respect to Moses as a great lawgiver, it would be but fair to state that his hygiene was taken from the Egyptians, who far surpassed any race of any time in enforcing laws of cleanliness and health. They went so far in this as to have days appointed on which every one must take certain medicines—reminding us of the town in Maryland where the church-bell was rung every day at twelve o'clock to notify the inhabitants to take their quinine against fever and ague. It was said that the Jews were driven from Egypt because they would not conform to these laws. However this may be, Moses seems to have been determined to put his followers in the right way.—*Translator.*

but his premises are often quite false, and drawn from mere air-phantasms, hatched in the fanatical sun-glow of the cloisters of Lebanon, and similar caves of superstition. The Ultramontane party lent him its emissaries, and these told him marvellous things of the power of the Roman Catholic Christians in the East, while, in fact, a general rally of those miserable Latins would not bring a Turkish dog out of his fatalistic hole in the oven. They are as weak as they are despised. M. Thiers thinks that France, the traditional guardian of the faith of those Latins, will yet by means of them get the upper hand in the East. The English are far better informed as to this; they know that these pitiable stragglers of the Middle Ages, who are several centuries behind the age of civilisation, are lower than the Turks, their masters, and that in case of the downfall of the Turkish power, those who profess the Greek faith would be more likely to give the finishing stroke. The chief of these Greek Christians is not the poor scamp who bears the title of Patriarch of Constantinople, whose predecessor was there disgracefully hung between two dogs. No; their leader is the all-powerful Czar of Russia, the Emperor and Pope of all who recognise the only holy, orthodox Greek faith; he is its Messias in armour, who is to free it from the yoke of the unbelievers, the

canon-thunder god, who will some day plant his banner of victory on the towers of the great mosque of Byzantium. Yes, that is their political as well as religious faith, and they dream of a Russian-Greek-Orthodox world-supremacy which shall spread forth its arms from the Bosphorus over Europe, Asia, and Africa. And what is most terrible, this dream is no soap-bubble which a puff of air may destroy; there lurks within it a possibility which grimly grins at us while it petrifies like the head of a Medusa.

The words of Napoleon at St. Helena, that very soon in the future the world will be an American republic or a Russian autocracy, are a very discouraging prophecy. What a prospect! In the most favourable case, to die as Republicans of monotonous ennui! Poor posterity!

I have already mentioned how much better informed the English are as to all Oriental matters than the French. The Levant swarms more than ever with British agents, who extract information from every Bedouin, or, in fact, from every camel[1] wandering through the wilderness. How many sequins Mehemet Ali has in his pocket, how many guts (*Gedärme*)[2] this vice-

[1] *Kamel*, in German, means an ass, metaphorically speaking, *i.e.*, a stupid fellow.

[2] I fancy that a ghostly shadow of a semblance to *gendarmes* was here in Heine's fancy.

king of Egypt hath in his belly, is known with perfect accuracy in the bureaux of Downing Street. Here they put no faith in the miraculous histories of pious visionaries, but only in facts and figures. But England has in the West, as well as in the East, its most confidential agents, and here we often encounter people who unite to secret missions also the duty of correspondence for London aristocratic or Ministerial journals, and the latter are thereby notably well informed. Owing to the taciturnity of the British, the public seldom learns the real occupation of those secret reporters, who remain unknown to the highest state-officials in England; only the actual Minister of Foreign Affairs knows them, and transmits the knowledge to his successor. The banker abroad who has to pay a sum to an English agent does not even have his name; he only receives the order to give to a certain person a given sum, which is certified by simply showing a card on which there is a certain number.

LATER NOTICE TO LETTER X.[1]

May, 1854.

THE preceding article was not accepted by the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and we publish it from the original rough notes, which were kept by chance. And while it appears from this paper how undeserved was the reproach which a previous letter had cast on the Deputy Benoit Fould, we testified how little it occurred to us to commit therein an injustice. It truly never came into my mind to depreciate the personal appearance of the said deputy, and to use in this intent a mocking jest from the *National*. Enthusiastic visionary friends of M. Benoit Fould (and what rich man does not possess a swarm of friends who fancy all things for him?[2]) truly affirm that, at the same

[1] This notice or comment is wanting in the French version, with the exception of passages given in the preface.—*German Editor.*

[2] German—"Welcher reiche Mann besässe nicht einen Schwarm von Freunden, die für ihn schwärmen." A pun on *schwarm*, a

time, at the end of an article in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* which bore my cipher, and must therefore be ascribed to my authorship, they had read an ill-natured citation from the *National* concerning the general advocate Hebert and M. Benoit Fould, to the effect that the latter was the only one in the Chamber who offered his hand to the general advocate in the Chamber, and that he himself looked like the discourse of an *accusateur publique!* Truly those good people have a very poor opinion of my wit or sense who can believe that when I would attack a man like Benoit Fould, I had to borrow my arrows from the foolish quiver of the *National!*[1] Such a supposition would be really slanderous applied to the author of the "Pictures of Travel." No; that quotation, that *misère*, that wretched thing, came not from my pen, nor would I for easily intelligible reasons have allowed myself to speak rudely of M. Hebert. I would not come into conflict with the terrible personality of a general advocate, whose discretionary authority

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swarm, and *schwärmen*, to imagine in reverie, to rove in wild fancy or dream while awake, to transcendentalise. It suggests the "buzzy-bee" and a droning sound appropriate to visions and sleep.

[1] "Dem albernen Köcher." An appalling simile, unless we may suppose that Heine had in his head the Yiddish *cocher* or *cocumer*, meaning sense or wit. But a stupid *quiver* would be a curiosity.—*Translator.*

transcends even that of a Minister. There are people who must not be mentioned, unless one specially carries on the trade of a demagogue and longs for the fame of having been locked up. I say this now, that such a declaration may not be misinterpreted by my courageous and pugnacious fellow-combatants. At the time when the foolish citation from the *National* appeared, I refrained from all explanation; I would allow no one to call me to account for an article which appeared anonymously, and bore only a cipher on its brow, which was placed there not by me, but by the editor, for special administrative reasons, as, for instance, in settling accounts, but not at all to whisper to the honourable public, like an easily guessed charade, the name of the writer *sub rosa*. Now, as the editor, and not the real author, is responsible for every anonymous article, and as the former is obliged to represent it to the thousand-headed reading world, as well as to many quite headless or brainless public officials, and has to contend daily with innumerable hindrances, material and moral, he may well be permitted to model every article which he accepts according to the requisitions of the day, by expunging, separating, adding, and changing, at will, to make the article worthy of print, although the admirable meaning and still better style of the composer is thereby shrunk away to wretchedness.

Any one who is in any respect a political writer must, for the sake of the cause which he defends, make many a bitter sacrifice to harsh necessity. There are, indeed, many obscure small journals in which we might empty out our whole heart with all its hot coals of wrath, but they have only a very scanty public, devoid of influence, and it would amount to no more than if we were to swagger and rant in beer-houses or cafés before the regular guests—as other great politicians and patriots are wont to do. We act far more wisely when we moderate our zeal and utter our opinions with sober words only in a journal which is justly called a general newspaper for the world, and which instructs many hundreds of thousands of readers in every country. Even though most mournfully mutilated, the Word here works to good effect; the scantiest hint will ever and anon spring up to be profitable seed in unknown fields. If this reflection did not inspire me, I certainly had never undergone the self-torture of writing for the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. But as I for more than twenty-eight years had been well convinced of the truth and honesty of that deeply-loved friend of my youth and brother-in-arms who is chief editor of that publication, I was willing to tolerate many a terrible after-pang, caused by amending and idly altering my articles; for I saw before me always the honour-

able eyes of my friend, who seemed to say to the sufferer, "Am I too on a bed of roses?"[1]

This brave champion of the German press, who even in his youth endured privation and imprisonment for his liberal convictions, and who has done so much for the dissemination of generally useful knowledge, for the best means of emancipation, and especially for the political benefit of his fellow-citizens—far more than thousands of braggart heroes of mere talk (*bramarbasierende Maulhelden*)—was decried by such as servile, and "The Augsburger Harlot" was the abusive name with which the rabble of the Radicals entitled the *Allgemeine Zeitung*.[2]

But as I fall here into a current which may carry me too far, I content myself with having in a fleeting manner indicated of what kind the restraint (*Unfreiheit*) was which I endured on account of higher national views, when I wrote for the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. In this respect I met with much misunderstanding, even in spheres where intelligence was wont to rule. Such was the above-mentioned citation

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[1] All of the preceding from the words, "I would allow no one to call me to account," was published, as the reader is aware, in the Preface. But as the author and the editor of the last German edition give both, I follow their example.—*Translator.*

[2] The name *Allgemeine* also bears the meaning of generally *common* or vulgar.—*Translator.*

from the *National*, which was falsely attributed to me. And as I do not willingly suffer when innocent, I conceived at last the unhappy thought of really being guilty for once of the crime of *lèse-majesté*, which I was charged with, and on the occasion of the election at Tarbes the deputy of the *Hautes Pyrenées* had to pay for my ill-temper.[1] But as I confess every unjust deed at last, I will here say, to my own shame, that the man to whom I denied all capacity soon after distinguished himself as a statesman of the highest order. At which I rejoiced.

[1] The passage referred to may be found in the last letter of the tenth volume (German edition of 1876), p. 276.—*German Editor.*

XI.

PARIS, *June* 12, 1840.

"IT is fourteen days since the editorial department as well as the proprietorship of the *Commerce* passed into other hands." This information is indeed of little importance, but I will add to it a few comments. Firstly, I will remark that this renewed sheet lately contained an attack on my correspondence in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which was as boorish as it was silly. The accusation which it involves I have met with visor down in the *Constitutionnel*. Another observation of a common kind is forced by the question: What colour will the *Commerce* now assume? The answer which I have heard is:—This paper will not declare for the kingdom, nor for the democratic party, and for the time being it will be Bonapartist. In this apparently shifting, undecided reply, we detect a confession which

[1] In the original letter to the *Augsburger Zeitung* the greater portion of this letter was devoted to an account of an interview with Spontini. In the French version the latter is all that appears. The German editor has wisely transferred this to the volume (11th) containing musical information from Paris, or the *Salon.—Translator.*

affords much information and conclusion as to the whole political action of the French. For, in this era of hesitation, when no one knows what the immediate future may have in store for him; where many, discontented with the present, are still afraid to break with the powers that be; where the majority prefer to take a place in the Opposition, as binding them to less and as also less compromising, but which will permit them, without making any too harsh retractation, to pass according to the fortune of war either into the camp of the victorious republic or of the invincible monarchy—for such a time as this, Bonapartism is a very convenient transition-party. On this basis I explain to myself why every one who does not know exactly what he will or what he may do, or what he can, rallies round the Imperial standard. Here no one need have an idea of swearing true allegiance, and perjury is no sin against the Holy Ghost. Conscience, the better honour, here permits every desertion and change of flag. And, indeed, the Napoleonic empire was itself nothing else but a neutral ground for men of the most contradictory opinions; it was a useful bridge for people who saved themselves on it from the torrent of the Revolution, and for twenty years they ran up and down on it, undecided as to whether to take the right or left bank of the river of the time and its views. The Napoleonic

empire was little else save a romantic daring interregnum, without great minds gifted with spiritual genius (*ohne geistige Notabilitäten*), and all its ideal bloom and life is contained in a single man, who, after all, is nothing but a brilliant deed, whose real significance is as yet at least half a secret. This material intermediate kingdom was exactly adapted to the wants of the time. How easy it was for the French Sansculottes to leap into the gallooned and splendid military trousers of the Empire, with what facility they afterwards hung up the feathered hat and golden jacket of fame on the peg, and again assume the red cap and the rights of mankind! And the starved emigrants, the nobly proud Royalists, they were not obliged to renounce their courtier instincts when they served Napoleon I. instead of Louis XVI., or when they again turned their backs on the first to pay homage to the legitimate ruler, Louis XVI.

But though Bonapartism has deep sympathies among the people, and also includes the great majority of the ambitious, who will not decide for an idea, despite all this, I do not believe that it will so easily walk away with victory. If it attained supremacy, this would not last long, and it would, like the earlier Napoleonic government, only form a short intermediary period. Meantime all kinds of birds of prey flock round the

dead eagle, and the clear-sighted among the French are not a little alarmed at it. The majority in the Chamber was not so far in the wrong when it refused the second million for the funeral ceremonies, and thereby somewhat damped the high flaming lust of conquest. The Chamber has the instinct of national preservation, and it had perhaps a dark foreboding that this Bonapartism without a Bonaparte, this passion for war without great military leaders, would all lead the French people to destruction.

"And who told you that we did not know all that when we voted over the two millions for the funeral celebration?" These words escaped yesterday from one of my friends, a deputy, with whom I, after strolling through the gallery of the Palais Royal, conversed as to that vote. A significant and pleasing confession; all the more so as coming from the mouth of a man who does not belong to the timid, trembling souls. Perhaps as to this subject his name is of significance on account of the glorious memories allied to it, for he is the son of that virtuous warrior who sat in the Committee of Safety and organised victory—I mean Hyppolite Carnot. Committee of Safety! *Comité du Salut publique!* The word rings far more startlingly than the name of Napoleon Bonaparte. It was but a tame god of Olympus in comparison to that wild meeting of Titans.

XII.

PARIS, *July* 3, 1840.

WE have rest for a time at least from the deputies and pianoforte-players, those two terrible national pests, from whom we have had to endure so much all the winter to far into spring. The Palais Bourbon and the salons of Messrs. Erard and Herz are fast with triple locks. God be praised! the political and musical virtuosi are silent! The few grey-headed old men who sit in the Luxembourg murmur always softer and softer, or half lost in sleep nod their assent to the decisions of the younger Chamber. A few times, a few weeks ago, the old gentlemen gave negative nods which were regarded as threatening to the Ministry; but they meant nothing so serious. M. Thiers has anything but a determined opposition to expect on the side of the Chamber of Peers. He can rely with more security on these than on his squires (*Schildhalter*) in the Chamber of Deputies, although he has fettered the latter with strong bands and ribbands, or rhetorical

chains of flowers and gold links of full weight, to his person.[1]

The great battle will, however, break out next winter, when M. Odilon Barrot shall have entered the Ministry, and M. Guizot, who will resign his embassy, returns from London and renews his opposition to M. Thiers. These two rivals have promptly understood that they indeed conclude a short truce, but can never quite give up their feud. With the termination of that, the whole parliamentary government in France will probably come to an end.[2]

M. Guizot committed a great fault when he took part in the coalition. He afterwards confessed that it was a fault, and it was to a degree with a view of re-establishing himself that he went to London; he wished to regain in his diplomatic career that confidence of foreign Powers which he had lost in his position as a man of the Opposition, for he believes that at last, by the

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[1] "Bien qu'il se soit attaché aussi cette dernière avec des liens assez solides, avec de séduisants petits rubans rouges, et des guirlandes de fleurs de rhétorique."—French version.

[2] French version—"Quelle sera la fin de ce duel oratoire? Il me paraît très-probable qu'avec la lutte entre les deux fameux maîtres d'armes de la tribune et leurs jeux d'escrime, finira en même temps tout le régime parlementaire de France, et qu'il sera remplacé par les vulgaires assauts d'un sans-culottisme qui ne connait que la savate, ou par ceux d'une soldatesque traînant le sabre et battant le tambour."

election of the President of the Council, foreign influence will be again re-established. He perhaps also counts on certain national (*einheimische*) sympathies which M. Thiers may lose little by little, and which may come to him, the loved Guizot. Evil tongues tell me that the Doctrinaires imagine that they are now beloved—so much can self-deception blind the shrewdest men! No, M. Guizot, we are not yet so far advanced as to love you, but we have not ceased to honour you. Despite all our fancy for the active and brilliant rival, we have never failed to appreciate the heavy, gloomy Guizot; for there is something certain, trustworthy, and solid in the man, and I believe that he has the interests of mankind at heart.

At this moment nothing more is said of Napoleon; his remains are not thought of, and that is very remarkable, for the inspiration which, by dint of constant noisy repetition, had at last passed into a state of great lukewarmness, will in five months' time, when the Imperial convoy of remains shall arrive, burst out with renewed force. Will the sparks which may then play forth cause great damage? It all depends upon the weather. Perhaps, should winter's cold come on apace, and snow fall round us very heavily, the dead will have but a cold funeral!

XIII.

PARIS, *July* 25, 1840.

THERE is now being played at the theatres of the Boulevards here in Paris the story of Bürger, the German poet. We see how he, composing *Leonora*, sits in the moonshine and sings—

> "Hurrah! the dead ride swift, my love!
> Dost fear the dead or me?"

It is really a good refrain, and we will place it as motto at the beginning of this letter, and, in fact, in direct reference to the French Ministry. From afar the corpse of the giant from St. Helena comes on step by step, nearer and more threateningly, and in a few days the graves will open here in Paris, and the disappointed dead heroes of July will come forth and march to the Place de la Bastile, the fearful place haunted by the spectres of '89—"Les morts vont vite, mon amour; crains-tu les morts?"

In fact, we are very much disturbed by the coming days of July, which will be this year very magnificently celebrated, but, as people think,

for the last time; because Government cannot annually assume such a terrible burden. The agitation will be on this occasion the greater, the more sympathetic the tones are which are heard ringing from Spain, and the harsher are the details of the rising in Barcelona, where so-called wretched sufferers went so far as to grievously outrage royalty itself.

While in the West (Spain) the War of the Succession is coming to an end, the real Revolutionary war begins, the affairs of the East grow more and more hopelessly entangled. The revolt in Syria has greatly embarrassed the French Ministry. On one side it would gladly sustain with all its influence the Pacha of Egypt, while on the other it cannot quite disavow the Maronites, the Christians of Mount Lebanon, who raised the flag of rebellion, for this flag is the French tricolor, the rebels wishing to show by this that they belong to France, and that the latter only nominally supports Mehemet Ali, and that, in secret, we are exciting the Syrian Christians against their Egyptian rulers. To what degree are they justified in this belief? Is it really true, as is asserted, that certain leaders of the Catholic party, without the knowledge of the French Government, have plotted a rebellion of the Maronites against the Pacha in the hope that by the weakness of the Turks a Christian govern-

ment may be established in Syria after the Egyptians shall be expelled from it? This effort, as untimely as it is pious, will cause much mischief there. Mehemet Ali was so angered at the outbreak of the Syrian revolt that he raged like a wild beast, and thought of nothing less than exterminating all the Christians on Mount Lebanon. It was only the bold remonstrance of the Austrian consul which dissuaded him from this inhuman purpose; and it is to this great-hearted man that many thousands of Christians owe their lives, while the Pacha owes him still more for having rescued his name from endless shame. Mehemet Ali is not insensible as to what the civilised world thinks of him, and Herr von Laurin disarmed his wrath, especially by depicting the antipathy which the murder of the Maronites would attract to him throughout all Europe, to the greatest injury of his power and his fame.[1]

The old system of extirpating races is gradually becoming extinct in the East, through European influence. The right of individuals to exist is also receiving there a higher recognition, and the cruelties of torture are slowly vanishing before a milder system of criminal jurisprudence. The bloody story of Damascus will conduce to

[1] The remainder of this letter is omitted in the French version, the improvements of which on the German seem to have been effected chiefly with scissors.

this result; and in reference to this, the journey of M. Cremieux to Alexandria is one of the most important events in the annals of humanity. This famous lawyer, who is one of the most celebrated men in France, and whom I have already mentioned in these letters, has already begun his truly pious journey, accompanied by his wife, who insisted on sharing all the dangers with which her husband was threatened. May these dangers, which were meant to terrify him from his noble undertaking, prove to be as trifling as those people who create them.[1] In fact, this advocate of the Jews is really pleading the cause of all humanity. For the question is nothing less than introducing to the East European procedure in criminal cases. The suit against the Jews in Damascus began with torture, which was left unfinished because an Austrian subject was inculpated, and the Austrian consul interposed to prevent it. Now the proceedings are to be again instituted, and, in fact, without

[1] It is amusing to observe how the almost quite untravelled Heine manifests here, as in many places, a naïve feeling as regards travel even to Egypt and Syria, which was quite like those with which the same places were thought of in the twelfth century. Alexandria and Damascus sounded to him like the Old Testament and "Arabian Nights," or "things and places fabulously far." But even in 1840 there were no dangers to be encountered in going to Alexandria, nor had Mme. Cremieux anything worse to anticipate than sea-sickness.—*Translator.*

the *obligato* rack or any instruments of torture, which extract from the accused the insanest assertions and intimidate the witnesses. The French chief consul in Alexandria is setting heaven and earth in motion to avert this renewal of the trial, because thereby a strong light may be cast on his own conduct, and the disgrace of its representative may greatly injure the authority of France in Syria. And France has wide-grasping plans connected with this country —plans which date from the time of the Crusades, and which were not given up by the Revolution, which Napoleon afterwards kept in mind, and on which M. Thiers also thinks, in case Algiers should be lost, in which case French ambition must seek elsewhere in the East its aliment. The Syrian Christians expect their deliverance from the French, while the latter, however free-thinking they may be at home, pass for pious protectors of the Catholic faith in the East, and there flatter the zeal of the monks. Thus it is we explain why not only M. Cochelet in Alexandria, but our President of the Council and son of the Revolution in Paris, protect the consul of Damascus. The question really is not of the high virtue of a Ratti-Menton or the wickedness of the Jews of Damascus—there is perhaps no great difference between the two; and as the former is too petty for our hate, the latter are

too little for our love; but the question is to do away with the system of torture by a startling example in the East. The consuls of the great European Powers, that is, of Austria and England, have instituted a renewal of the trial of the Damascene Jews without torture, and it may some time be a source of vexation that M. Cochelet, the representative of the Revolution and its son, opposes this renewal of the trial and takes sides with torture!

XIV.

PARIS, *July* 27, 1840.

JOB'S messengers come tumbling in headlong over one another,[1] but the last and worst, the convention between England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia against the Pacha of Egypt, awakes far more joyous enthusiasm for combat than affliction, with the Government as among the people. The *Constitutionnel* of yesterday plainly declared that France had been vilely cheated and insulted, even to assuming its cowardly subjection. This Ministerial proclamation of the treason hatched in London acted here like a trumpet-call; one seemed to hear the cry of wrath of Achilles, and the deeply wounded national feelings and interests have caused a suspension of arms between political belligerent parties. With the exception of the Legitimists, who expect their salvation only from abroad, all the French rally round the tricoloured flag, and

[1] French version—"Les malheurs voyagent en troupes, dit le proverbe; ici les mauvaises nouvelles arrivent coup en coup."

war with "*la perfide Albion*" is their common cry.

If I have just written that the rage for war has flashed up in the Government, I mean thereby the actual Ministry, and especially our bold President of the Council, who has already written the Life of Napoleon to the end of the Consulate, and, with all the glow of a Southern imagination, has followed his hero through as many victorious marches and fields of battle. It is perhaps a pity that he did not take part, at least in the spirit, in the Russian campaign and the great retreat. Had M. Thiers advanced his book so far as to Waterloo, his passion for war would perhaps have been a little cooled. But what is far weightier and better worth observing than the martial passion of the Prime Minister is the limitless confidence which he has in his own military talents. Yes, it is a fact which I can substantiate by many years' observation, that M. Thiers believes, hard and fast (*steif und fest*), that it is not parliamentary skirmishing, but real war, the ringing play of weapons, that is his born vocation. It is not for us to here decide or seek whether this inward monitor speaks the truth, or whether he is only flattered by vain self-deceit. But to one thing will we call attention, which is, that from this imagined call to be a hero M. Thiers will not

be specially afraid of the cannon of the new coalition of sovereigns, and that he rejoices in his heart at being compelled by most pressing necessity to display to an astonished world his military talents; and even at this moment the French admirals have no doubt received the most positive orders to protect the Egyptian fleet against any attack.

I have no doubt as to the result of this protection, however terrible the moral power of England may be. I recently saw Toulon, and I have a great respect for the French marine. This is far more extensive than is generally supposed in Europe, for besides the ships of war, which are registered in the regular naval service, and which France officially possesses, there has been since 1814 almost double the number gradually built, which could be put into service in six weeks' time. But would a bombarding engagement of the French and English fleets in the Mediterranean imperil the peace of Europe and cause a general war? I do not believe it. The Continental Powers will think twice before they engage with France in a deadly strife. As for John Bull, this portly personage knows very well that a war with France, even if the latter stood all alone, would cost him dear; in one word, the English House of Commons would in no case grant the costs

of war, and that is the main thing. But if a war should arise between the two nations, it would be, speaking mythologically, a mischievous prank of the gods, who, to revenge their late colleague, Napoleon, have perhaps the intention to send Wellington again into the field, to be conquered by the General Field-Marshal Thiers!

XV.

PARIS, *July* 29, 1840.

M. GUIZOT has proved that he is an honest man; he has neither seen through the secret treachery of England, nor been able to baffle it by counter-plots. He returns to Paris as an honest man; and the annual prize for virtue, *le prix Monthyon* of this year, will be awarded him without a rival. Be calm, O Roundhead Puritan; the false Cavaliers have "put you behind the light," and made a fool of you; but there remains to thee the proud consciousness of thy own dignity, and all the consolations of the *charte verité*—the consciousness that thou art ever *Thou* thyself! As a Christian and as a doctrinaire, thou wilt hear thy misfortune with patience, and since we laugh at you heartily, our heart expands with kindness. Thou art again our dear old schoolmaster, and we rejoice that worldly éclat and splendour have not deprived thee of thy good magisterial naïveté; that thou hast been bored

and chaffed and sold,[1] but thou hast remained an honourable man! We begin to love thee, but will never again trust thee with the Ministry to London; for that there is needed a vulture-eye to spy betimes the tricks of treacherous Albion, or an altogether unlearned, rough and tough fellow, who has no literary sympathy with the British form of government, who cannot make polite *speeches* in English, but who replies in French when one will take him in with double meaning. I advise the French to send to London as ambasador the first grenadier of the Old Guard whom they can find, and with him certainly Vidocq, as the acting private secretary of legation.

But are the English really such clever heads in diplomacy? In what consists their superiority in this field? I believe it lies in this, that they are fundamentally prosaic creatures, whom no poetic illusions lead astray, whom no glowing idealism bewilders, who see everything in its most sober light, grasp the bare facts with a true eye, calculate accurately the conditions of time and place, and in this calculation are not disturbed by the beating of their own hearts nor that of the pinions of great thoughts. Yes;

[1] *Gefoppt und gedrillt worden. Drillen*, from the High German *durihil* (in which *dur*, "through"), is interesting as the probable original of our *bore*. French, *Nargué, berné, et turlupiné.—Translator.*

their superiority consists in this, that they have no imagination. This want is the whole *force* of the English, and the final cause (*letzte Grund*) why they succeed in all realistic undertakings, in industry, in making machines, &c. They have no imagination (*Phantasie*). That is the whole secret. Their poets are only brilliant exceptions; hence they are in opposition to their own kind, the snub-nosed, low-browed, and back-of-the-headless (*hinterkopflosen*) race, the "peculiar people" of prose, which remains in India and in Italy just as commonplace, cool, and calculating as in Threadneedle Street. The perfume of the lotus intoxicates them just as little as Vesuvius warms them. They drag their tea-kettle to the edge of its crater, and there drink tea seasoned with *cant*.

As I hear, Taglioni had last year no applause in London,[1] and that is her greatest merit. If she had pleased the people there, I should have begun to doubt the poetry of her feet. They themselves, the sons of Albion, are the most dreadful of all dancers, and Strauss declares

[1] Perhaps the English changed their opinions, for when I saw Taglioni at Drury Lane in London in 1848, the applause was tremendous. But Heine had the miraculous power of always hearing from mysterious sources something to illustrate what he was writing, especially if it was to anybody's detriment or discredit.—*Translator.*

that there is not one among them all who can keep time. He was made sick unto death in the county of Middlesex when he saw Old England dance. These beings have no ear, neither for time nor music in any form, and their unnatural passion for piano-playing and singing is therefore all the more repulsive. There is really nothing so horrible on earth as English music (*Tonkunst*), unless it be English painting. The people have neither hearing nor a sense of colour, and I often incline to suspect that their sense of smell is as blunted and catarrhed (*verschnupft*). It is very possible that they cannot distinguish horse-apples (*Rossäpfel*) from oranges by the smell alone.[1]

But have they courage?[2] That is at present

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[1] These beautiful and refined compliments conclude with the following parting shot in the French version :—"C'est aux Anglais que s'addressent les paroles de la Bible : Ils ont des yeux et ne voient pas, ils ont des oreilles et n'entendent guère, ils ont des nez camus et ils ne sentent rien." Heine appears to have been hard to please as regards noses, since he ridicules the short Celtic-Irish feature, which he mistook for the English (which latter is, as a rule, bold and straight or aquiline, and *not* snubbed), and also the Shemitic.—*Translator.*

[2] In the French version these comments on the unfortunate and pitiful Anglo-Saxon race are varied as follows, "to suit the piano" by our grand *maestro* :—

"Mais sont ils forts? Voila à présent la question importante. Non, leur force est très-équivoque. Quelque banale que soit la comparaison de l'Angleterre avec Carthage, il n'en est pas moins vrai que c'est toujours la vielle Carthage, mais

the important question. Are the English as brave as they have always been described on the Continent? The far famed high-mindedness of *My lords* at present exists only in our theatres, and it is quite as possible that the belief in the cold-blooded courage of Englishmen will also pass away with time. A strange doubt seizes on us when we see that a few troops are sufficient to disperse a raging meeting of one hundred thousand. And though the English may have much courage as individuals, the masses are still so enervated by the habits and comforts of a peace of more than a century, since for so long a time they have been without internal dissension;

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sans un Annibal. Ses troupes sont des mercenaires. Il est vrai que le soldat anglais est brave, il est d'une bravoure à toute épreuve, et il méprise le feu de l'ennemi autant qu'il doit se mépriser lui-même, ce pauvre instrument qui s'est vendu pour un morceau de *beef*, et qu'on fustige publiquement; le point d'honneur est incompatible avec le fouet. Les officiers sont courageux, mais peu militaires; ils ont acheté leur grade, et la guerre est pour eux une affaire dans laquelle; ils ont mis de l'argent, et qu'ils poursuivent avec cet imperturbable sang-froid qu'on trouve chez touts les négociants anglais. La noblesse d'Angleterre est vaillante, et celle qui sert dans la marine à même hérité de l'heroïsme de leurs ancêtres. Mais que dis ai-je de la masse du peuple et de cette bourgeoisie qui forme pour aussi dire, la nation officielle?"

As regards the next remark, it is worth observing how ignorant our author seems to be that true bravery and great self-respect are innately combined with a respect for the law of the land, whatever it may be.—*Translator.*

while as for wars abroad, they did not wage them in person (*eigenhändig*), but by mercenaries, hired brigands, and people paid for. It would never occur to a burgher of the city or to the Lord Mayor to let himself be shot for national interests, since men are paid for that. Owing to this by far too long protracted condition of peace, by too great wealth and too great wretchedness, by political corruption which is a result of the representative constitution, by the enervating system of manufactures, by religious hypocrisy and by pietism more pernicious than opium, the English have become as unwarlike a race as the Chinese, and ere they conquer the latter the French are perhaps fully able—should they succeed in landing—to conquer all England with less than one hundred thousand men. In the time of Napoleon the English were ever in such a danger, and the land was not protected by its inhabitants, but by the sea. Had France then possessed a navy such as she now owns, or had we known how to turn steam navigation to account so terribly as to-day, Napoleon would have landed as certainly as William the Conqueror once did; and he would have met with no great resistance, for he would have destroyed the rights of conquest of the Norman nobility, have protected the property of citizens, and wedded British freedom to French equality.

These thoughts rose in me yesterday far more strikingly in looking at the procession which followed the hearses of the heroes of July. There was an immense multitude, which, grave and proud, took part in the ceremony. It was an imposing sight, and at this time inspired with deep significance. Are the French afraid of their new allies? Certainly during these three days of July they betrayed no sign of fear, and I can even assure you that about one hundred and fifty deputies who are still in Paris have declared themselves in the most determined manner for war, in case the insulted national honour demands this sacrifice. But, what is most important, Louis Philippe seems to have bid farewell to the patient endurance of every wrong, and to have taken the most energetic resolutions, in case of need. At least he says so, and M. Thiers assures us that he often finds it difficult to appease the over-boiling rage of the King—or is such yearning for war only a *ruse de guerre* of the divinely-enduring Odysseus?[1]

[1] French version—"Ou bien cette ardeur guerrière n'est ce qu'une ruse de guerre de l'Ulysse moderne?"

XVI.

PARIS, *July* 30, 1840.

THE Bourse was closed yesterday, as it had been the day before, and the rate of funds had time to recover a little from the great agitation. Paris has, like Sparta, its Temple of Fear, and that is the Bourse, in whose halls men tremble the more anxiously the more stormily courage rages without.

I expressed myself very bitterly yesterday as to the English. From more accurate information it appears that their guilt is not so great as I at first believed. A fat Briton who comes here every year on the 29th of June to show his daughters the fireworks on the Pont de la Concorde, assured me that there prevails in England the greatest discontent with the *coxcomb* Palmerston, who should have foreseen the degree to which the coalition against Egypt would offend the French. It was, the Englishman admitted, an offence (*Beleidigung*) on the part of England, but not treachery or deceit; for France has long known that Mehemet Ali was to be driven by force from Syria, that the

French Ministry had assented to this, and that it had played, as regards that province, a very ambiguous part. The secret chiefs of the Syrian revolt, he declared, are those Frenchmen whose Catholic fanaticism finds an encouraging sympathy, not in Downing Street, but on the Boulevard des Capucines. Already in the history of the Jews tortured in Damascus the French Ministry showed itself much compromised in favour of the Catholic party, and on this occasion Lord Palmerston significantly manifested his slight esteem for the French Prime Minister, since he had publicly contradicted his assertions —*et cætera.*

However this may be,[1] Lord Palmerston might have foreseen that the *coalition* could not be carried out, and that the French would be needlessly put under arms, which certainly would lead to bad results. The more we think of it, the more we are astonished at the whole affair. There are in it motives which are as yet concealed, it may be very delicate and subtle diplomatic motives—or perhaps very stupid!

I have already mentioned the history of the Jews of Damascus. This is here still much discussed, and it forms a standing article in the *Univers*, the organ of the Ultramontane priestly

[1] Here the French version adds—"disent encore les Anglais."

party. For a long time past, this journal has published every day a letter from the East. As the steamboat from the Levant arrives only once in eight days, we are here inclined to believe in a miracle, and all the more so because the events in Damascus have carried us back into the marvellous times of the Middle Age.[1] But is it not a miracle, to begin with, that the news from the air, which is given by the *Univers*, finds any belief in France? Yes, it is not to be denied that a great part of the French people are inclined to believe that the Jews of Damascus, at their Passover feast, drank blood (out of politeness they do not believe this of the Jews of the West), and they put faith in the bloody cruelty, and the most obscure inventions of priestly cunning here strike on very feeble contradiction. Amazed, we ask, Is this France, the home of enlightenment, the land where Voltaire laughed and Rousseau wept? Are these the French who once paid homage to the Goddess of Reason in Notre Dame,[2] abjuring all priestly

[1] This is disingenuous. Heine, as a newspaper man, must have known that correspondents often send accumulated letters, and that long communications, written from day to day, may be honestly divided and printed from day to day when received.—*Translator.*

[2] The rest of this passage is omitted in the French version, which ends with the words:—"Le culte de cette divinité a passé bien vite."

deceit, and who proclaimed themselves to be the national enemies of fanaticism through all the world? We will not do them injustice, since a blind wrath against all superstitions inspired them, and because they, old children of the eighteenth century, believed that all religions were defiled with vilest deeds, and that the professors of Judaism were capable of such things, and their frivolous views as to the things done in Damascus did not proceed from anti-Jewish fanaticism, but from hatred to fanaticism itself. That no such narrow-minded views as to these proceedings could prevail in Germany only proves our more extensive erudition. Historical knowledge is so widely disseminated among the German people that even the fiercest hatred would not avail itself of the bloody old legends.

How strangely credulity is associated among common people in France, with its opposite extreme, appeared to me a few evenings ago on the Place de la Bourse, where a man had stationed himself with a great telescope, and showed the moon for two sous. He related meanwhile to the gaping crowd how large the moon was, how many thousands of square miles in extent, how there were on it mountains and rivers, how immensely far it was from the earth, and other wonderful things, which so irresistibly attracted an old porter who was passing by with

his wife, that he took out two sous to see the moon. But his better half opposed this with rationalistic zeal, and advised him to rather keep his two sous for tobacco, declaring that was all superstitious rubbish which the man was telling about the moon, and its mountains, and rivers, and its immense size. All of that was only invented to get money out of people.[1]

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[1] Perhaps it was the mention of *rivers* in the moon, in which Heine himself evidently believed, which excited the woman's suspicions.—*Translator.*

XVII.

GRANVILLE (DEPARTMENT DE LA MANCHE),
August 25, 1840.

FOR three weeks I have traversed Normandy right and left, and I can inform you from personal observation of the last events as to the state of public opinion. All minds were generally agitated by the warlike trumpet peals of the French press, when the landing of Prince Louis gave scope to all possible fears. People tormented themselves with the most despairing hypotheses.[1] To this hour the people here believe that the distinguished adventurer relied on an extensive conspiracy, and that his long delay by the Column of Boulogne indicated a rendezvous which failed through treachery or accident. Two-thirds of the numerous English families who live in Boulogne took to flight, seized by panic terror when they heard a few

[1] In the original Augsburg edition this sentence is thus given: "Public intelligence sought in this act of madness to extract some reasonable cause and tormented themselves," &c.—*German Editor.*

dangerous reports of guns, and saw battle from their own doors in the quiet little town. These fugitives, to justify their fright, bore the most terrible rumours to the English coast, and the chalk cliffs of Albion grew yet whiter for terror. By the change of events the English who dwell in Normandy are recalled by their home-retainers back to the happy island which will long be secure from the depredations of war—that is, until the French shall have equipped a sufficient number of steam vessels wherewith to manage a descent on England.

At Boulogne, such a fleet of steamers would be protected till the day of sailing by innumerable small forts. These latter which surrounded the whole northern coast and De la Manche are built on rocks, which, rising from the sea, look like stone ships of war lying at anchor. They have, owing to a long peace, become somewhat dilapidated, but now they are being repaired and equipped with great zeal. I saw on every side many new and shining cannon brought for this purpose, which laughed at me very merrily; for these intelligent creatures share my antipathy for the English, and will announce it doubtlessly more thunderingly and strikingly. By the way, I would here remark, that the cannon of the French coast shoot to one-third greater distance than the English ship-cannon,

which are indeed of as great a calibre, but not of the same length.[1]

Here in Normandy the rumours of war have stirred up all national feelings and remembrances, and as I yesterday, during the table-talk in the tavern of St. Valery, heard a plan discussed for the invasion of England, I found it by no means ridiculous, for from that very place William the Conqueror had embarked, and his comrades in that time were just such Normans as the good people whom I now heard talking over a similar attack. Let the proud English nobility never forget that there are burghers and peasants in Normandy who can prove by documents their ties of blood with the noblest houses in England, and who would like very well to pay a visit to their dear cousins and connections.[2]

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[1] It is amusing to hear poor Heine, who knew not one end of a gun from another, nor a ship's stem from its stern, talking *en connoisseur* of cannon as if they were his intimate friends, and discussing the chances of war as if he had been brought up in camps from childhood. One thing seems never to have occurred to him as to battles, any more than it does to most Paris *badauds*, which was once thus succinctly put during the American war to certain inexperienced boasters who were explaining how their forces would march from city to city as victors:—"What the d—l do you suppose the *enemy* will be doing all that time?"—*Translator.*

[2] Heine here develops a great sympathy for the friends of he Conqueror. He should have mentioned that one of them,

The English nobility is, in fact, the latest in Europe, in spite of the high-sounding names, which seldom show a sign of high birth, but are generally borrowed. The excessive pride of these lordships and ladyships is perhaps a trick of their *parvenu* youth, since, as ever, the younger the tree the more greenly bitter the fruit. That pride once drove the English chivalry into ruinous strife with the democratic tendencies and demands of France, and it is very possible that their late arrogance originated in similar causes, for, to our great amazement, we found that on that occasion Tories voted with Whigs.

But whence comes it that such an outburst of all the aristocratic interests which Lord Palmerston ever wove into the web of the English people found so much sympathy among them? The cause is that, firstly, the whole English people, the gentry as well as the high nobility, and the mob like the latter, are very aristocratically inclined, and that, secondly, there is always in the English heart a secret envy, which, like an evil ulcer, teases and festers so soon as comfortable prosperity blooms in

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Bussli, burnt alive in the tower of York about a thousand of his —Heine's—cousins and connections or ancestors. The following remark that the English nobility is the latest created in Europe is quite untrue, as our author, of all men, should have known and reflected!—*Translator.*

France, as soon as French industry flourishes through peace, and the French marine develops itself considerably.

It is especially in relation to the navy that the most vindictive envy is attributed to the English, and there is really in the French ports a development of strength which may readily induce the belief that the English maritime power will soon be surpassed by that of France. The former has been stationary for twenty years, while the latter progresses most vigorously.

I have already remarked in an earlier letter how the building of men-of-war is so energetically carried on that, in case of a war, there could in a short time be twice as many ships afloat as France possessed in 1814. A Leipzig journal denied this assertion in a tolerably harsh fashion, whereat I merely shrug my shoulders, for I have not derived my statements from mere hearsay evidence, but from direct personal observation.[1]

In Cherbourg, where I was eight days ago, and where a good number of the French fleet plashes in the harbour, I was assured that at Brest there are twice as many ships of war as formerly; that is, more than fifteen ships of the line, frigates, and brigs, some finished to within one-twentieth and equipped. In four

[1] In the French version—"Dans des conversations avec des personnes compétentes." Which is hearsay evidence.

weeks I shall have an opportunity to become personally acquainted with them. Till then I will content myself with remarking that, as here in Lower Normandy, so there prevails on the Breton coast the most warlike excitement, and that the most serious preparations are being made for war.

As for me, I do not believe in war,[1] and, as you know, I never doubted the continuance of peace. But it is always important to know with what feelings people greet an outbreak of hostilities. And as regards this, I observed among the multitude a marvellous shrewdness. The French do not deceive themselves as to the dangers which threaten them from within as well as from without. But as they know exactly their real condition, and what they want, they will act with the greatest rapidity. I am convinced that they will first of all free themselves from that party of the past which, as an irreconcilable foe of new France, cannot be disarmed either by magnanimity or reason, and which at the least hint of a foreign invasion plays its old tricks, and, as people say, stirs up the Chouans in La Vendée to civil war. Travellers assure me that a few slight skirmishes

[1] All that follows to "Ah God!" or forty-two lines, is omitted in the French edition, an omission not noted by the German editor.

have already taken place there, but that these premature attempts were soon suppressed. It was important to me to ascertain what the people here think of the King, and I remarked with pleasure that there is attributed to him the truest feeling for his people, and that there is not the least suspicion of anti-national sympathy in him. It is well known that he loves peace—and what honourable man does not?—but it is also known that he does not fear war unto cowardice.

In fact, Louis Philippe is a hero, but one after the fashion of Ulysses, who never fought willingly when he could help himself through a trouble with the diplomacy of oratory, yet who fought as bravely as any Ajax or Achilles when words were no longer of avail, and he was forced to seize sword or bow. Public opinion even has it that, even in the worst case, he would take refuge in a very terroristic defence.

Ah God! anything but war! I am afraid lest the whole French people, when hard beset, should again bring out the red cap, which will heat its head much more than the three-cornered Bonaparte wishing-hat![1] I would here put the

[1] *Wünschelhütchen*—the wishing-cap of the dwarfs. This is omitted in the French version, nor is its applicability very evident in German, or the fitness of calling it a demonic talisman.—*Translator.*

question as to how far the diabolical powers of destruction, which obey that old talisman in France, could make themselves felt abroad. It would be important to investigate the meaning of the powers ascribed to a magic means of which the French press has whispered and hissed so mysteriously and threateningly of late by the name of "propaganda." I must, for reasons readily intelligible, refrain from all such researches, and as regards the greatly discussed propaganda I permit myself to speak only in a parable.

It is well known that in Lapland there still prevails much heathenism, and that the Lapps who would go to sea, first, to buy the favourable winds, needed go to a wizard. He gives them a handkerchief in which there are three knots. When one is at sea and unbinds the first knot, the air stirs and there comes a good breeze, when the second is unfastened there is increased strength and a hard blow. But with the third, rises a roaring storm which lashes the raging sea, and the ship crashes and sinks with men and mice.[1] When the Lapp goes to his wizard,

[1] I have seen this tried in a dead calm in 1846 on a sailing vessel. The knot was tied loosely, so that it could be "flapped out," not untied, and the ceremony was accompanied by whistling. As I was the scholar or magician, it devolved on me to tie the knots which the captain flapped out. The wished-

he of course declares that he only wants one knot, a single breeze, that he wants no stronger wind, and least of all a roaring storm. But it is useless, the wind is only sold by wholesale; he must pay for all three kinds; and then woe to him should he afterwards, when on the high sea, being drunk with *branntewein*, in his folly untie the more dangerous knots! The French are not so lapsed in folly as the Lapps (*nicht so läppisch wie die Lappen*), though they might be frivolous enough to unbridle the storm by which they might perish.[1] Thus far they are far away enough from it all. As I was assured with sorrowful mien, the French Ministry did not show any marked disposition to buy when certain Prussian and revolutionary Polish wind-makers who are, however, no conjurors or wizards—offered their ware for sale.

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for wind came in due time. According to the original sources, it is not a wizard but a Lapland witch who sells the wind to Swedish or Norse sailors. The Lapps are not a seafaring race. —*Translator.*

[1] This is magniloquently rendered in French as "Les tempêtes qui les entraîneraient immanquablement eux-mêmes dans l'abîme." In Pennsylvania a silly fellow is called a *loppus*, from the German *Lappes*, or *Laffe*.

XVIII.

PARIS, *September* 21, 1840.

I HAVE returned without much booty from a late journey through Brittany. It is a wretched, desolate land, where mankind is stupid and dirty. Nor did I hear a note of the beautiful popular songs which I expected to collect; such ballads are only to be found in old song-books, of which I bought several, but as they are written in Breton dialects, I must first have them translated into French before I can communicate anything regarding them. The only song (*Lied*) which I heard on my journey was German. It was while I sat in a barber's shop in Rennes that I heard some one in the street bleating the "Maiden's Wreath" from "Der Freyschutz" in German. I did not see the singer himself, but his violet-blue silk rang for days after in my memory.[1] France

[1] "Wir winden Dir den Jungfernkranz"—

"We wind the virgin wreath for thee,
Of silk of violet blue;
We lead thee forth to dances free:
To joy and fortune too!
O fair green virgin wreath!"

is now swarming with German beggars, who live by singing, and do not much advance thereby the fame of German music.

I cannot communicate much as to the political feelings of Brittany, for the people do not speak so freely here as in Normandy; passions are as taciturn as deep, and the friend as well as the enemy of the present Government broods over it in silent wrath. As at the beginning of the Revolution, there are still in Brittany the greatest enthusiastics for it, and their zeal has been exalted to the most sanginary rage by the terrors with which the opposite party threatens them. It is an error to believe that the peasants in Brittany, out of love for the *ci-devant* aristocratic rule, flew to arms at every Legitimist outbreak. On the contrary, the horrors of the *ancien régime* are still impressed in most vivid colours on their memories, and the noble gentlemen put things to rights with a high hand, and carried on terribly enough (*entsetzlich genug gewirthschaftet*) in Brittany. You recall, perhaps, the passage in the Letters of Madame de Sévigné where she relates how, when the discontented serfs and *roturiers* had broken in the windows of the General Governor, those who were guilty were put to death in the cruellest manner. The number of those who were broken on the wheel must have been very great, for, when they afterwards

used the halter, Madame de Sévigné observed naïvely, that after so many executions by the wheel, hanging seemed to them as a change really refreshing—*les pendaisons lui semblaient un vrai rafraîchissement!* The want of love for the nobility is made up for by expectation from the promises of the latter, and a poor Breton who had taken an active part in every Legitimist *émeute*, and got nothing by it all save wounds and wretchedness, told me that he was this time sure of his reward, for that Henry V. when restored would pay to every one who had fought for him an annual life-pension of five hundred francs.[1]

But if the people of Brittany have very lukewarm and very disinterested sympathies for the old *noblesse*, it follows all the more blindly all the inspirations and suggestions of the clergy in whose spiritual and personal service it is born, lives, and dies. The Breton of to-day belongs to his priest, and obeys him even as did in the old Celtic time the Druid, and it is only by his intermission that he serves the nobleman. Georges Cadoudal was certainly no servile lackey of the nobility, even as little as was Charette, who spoke of the latter with bitterest contempt, and who wrote bluntly to Louis XVIII., "La lâcheté de vos

[1] About the income from two acres and a cow.—*Translator.*

gentilshommes a perdu votre cause." But before their tonsured chiefs these poor peasants humbly bowed their knees. Even the Breton Jacobins could never quite free themselves from churchly follies, and there was always a cleft in their feelings when freedom in their minds fought with their faith.

But now there have been many changes as regards all this. Lamennais is himself a Breton, and his doctrine is perhaps a product of his soil. The clergy must all reconcile themselves with the new dynasty of thought, since they can never hope to raise the old again. Let us do them no injustice; to benefit mankind, we must guide them, and we can only attain the means to this serious aim by alliance with ruling powers. The doctrine of Lamennais is, however, of the most terrible significance, not only for France, but for all Europe, and especially in case of a war against the Quadruple Alliance will it play an important part. I long since called your attention to the fact that the French Ministry agrees admirably with that party, and not only spares it, but now and then flatters it. Say what we may, M. Thiers is a great statesman, and, with his religious indifference, it may easily occur to him to use religion, the holy embassy of peace, as a means of destruction or disturbance. And especially during a war all kinds of events might

take place, of which we have now no foreboding, and the present moment is terrible, wherein the peace of the world depends on the least misunderstanding.[1]

But will there be war? Not now; but the evil spirit is again unchained and is haunting men's souls. Who was it waked this fiend? I believe that in this the greed of the English was as much to blame as the folly of the French. In fact, a leading statesman assured me about six weeks since that the crafty Brunnow lured the English by showing them in the background the destruction of the French marine as a natural result of the coming complications and collisions. And, strangely enough, in all Normandy, as I already wrote to you from Granville, and also in Brittany, I found the idea current everywhere like a popular legend, that England had made alliance with Russian interests out of treacherous envy of the blooming development of the French navy. What the daintiest diplomatic nose has scented, the people have seen through with their marvellous clairvoyance.

The French Ministry has acted very imprudently by blowing so suddenly with all its power the trump of war and rattling up all Europe

[1] The foregoing passage or page is omitted in the French version, with about one half of what follows in this chapter.—*Translator.*

with its drum. M. Thiers, like the fisherman in the Arabian tale, has opened the bottle from which rose high in air the terrible demon. "And didst thou really come out of so small a receptacle?" asked the fisherman of the giant, and asked him, in proof thereof, to creep back again into the flask, and when the great fool did it, the fisher closed the flask for evermore. . . . . The post is about to leave, and I break off our discourse, relying on to-morrow, where we shall not, however, bring it to an end, because of the many intervening episodes.

XIX.

PARIS, *October* 1, 1840.

"HAVE you read the Book of Baruch?" With this question La Fontaine ran one day through all the streets of Paris, stopping every acquaintance to tell him the great news that the Book of Baruch in the Old Testament was admirably beautiful—in fact, one of the best things which had ever been written. People looked at him with amazement and laughed, perhaps even as I see you smile when you receive by post the letter in which I give the important news that the "Thousand and One Nights" is one of the best of books, and especially profitable and edifying in these our times. For we can learn the East better from it than from all the descriptions of Lamartine, Poujoulat, and Co.; and though this knowledge will not positively suffice to solve the Eastern question, it will at least cheer us up a little in our Western misery. One feels so happy while reading this book! Even its very frame is more precious than the best of our Western pictures. What a glorious fellow is

Sultan Schahriar, who promptly has all his brides executed the morning after his nuptials! What a depth of feeling, what a terrible chastity of soul, what tenderness of matrimonial consciousness is revealed in that naïve deed of love, which has been hitherto calumniated as cruel, barbarous, despotic! The man had an antipathy against every defilement of his feelings, and it seemed to him that they were stained by the bare thought that the bride who to-day lay on his mighty heart, might to-morrow be on that of another—perhaps of some common vulgar fellow; therefore he rather had her slain next day! And since it is now the fashion to rehabilitate into honour many noble beings whom the stupid public has long defamed and libelled, so should we rehabilitate in public opinion brave Sultan Schahriar. I myself cannot just at this moment undertake it, being busy with an apology for King Procrustes, wherein I propose to prove that this monarch has been hitherto so falsely judged because he was in advance of his age, and sought to realise in a heroic aristocratic period the most modern of popular ideas. No one understood why he be-littled the great, and drew out the small to make them fit his iron bed of equality.

Republicanism makes every day more important strides in France, and Robespierre and

Marat are thoroughly rehabilitated. Oh, noble Schahriar and truly democratic Procrustes! ye too shall not long remain misunderstood. Now it is that men first know you. Truth conquers in the end.[1]

Madame Lafarge, since her condemnation, is discussed more vehemently than she was before it. Public opinion is entirely in her favour, since M. Raspail (the most blameless man in France)

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[1] Instead of this passage, the following is given in the original letter to the *Augsburg Journal*:—

"Republicanism makes every day more important strides in France. The overthrow of the Bonapartists is perhaps as great a gain for France as it is a loss for the adherents of the Orleans dynasty; there is now no transition party between them, and both will in consequence come into more violent collision. The Legitimists rejoice exceedingly over the Bonapartist mischance, for they hate Napoleon even more than the Republic and Louis Philippe, and they also think that Henry V. is now the only pretender. Prince Louis Bonaparte is, in fact, for ever lost, not only by the fool's business which he undertook at Boulogne, but also by choosing M. Berryer, the crafty head-steward of the Carlists, for his defender.

"Here in Paris prevails at present a discontented brooding feeling. Many troops are marching through the city with dull beating of drums, while the telegraph plays in the air with anxious inquieting haste. The trial of Prince Louis will be at an end in a few days, and it does not excite much interest in the multitude. The poor Prince makes a failure (*Fiasko*), while Madame Lafarge since her condemnation is discussed more vehemently than before."

Of which prediction in reference to "the poor Prince," it may be said, as Brummel said of his cravats: "One of our failures."—*Translator.*

has thrown his good opinion in the scale. If we consider that on one side a firm Republican appears and compromises by his assertions, against the interests of his own party, one of the most popular institutions of France, or the jury, while, on the other, the one on whose opinion the jury based their condemnation is a notorious intriguer and charlatan, a burr on the garments of the great, a thorn in the flesh of the oppressed, flattering above, slanderous below, false in speech as in singing:—O Heaven! one then doubts no longer that Marie Capelle is innocent, and that the famous toxicologist who is dean of the medical faculty of Paris, namely, M. Orfila, should be put in her place on the scaffold in the market-square of Tulle! Those who knew from nearer observation the machinations of that vain and selfish man to any degree, must be convinced to his very soul that no means are too vile for him if he can only find an opportunity to make himself known in his scientific specialty, and above all to enhance the splendour of his renown. In fact, this wretched singer, who when he bleats his miserable romances in the soirées of Paris, spares no human ear, and would fain kill all who laugh at him, would never hesitate to take a human life if it were to make the public believe that no one is so skilled as he in bringing every secret poison

to light! Public opinion declares that there was no poison in the body of Madame Lafarge, but a great deal in the heart of M. Orfila. Those who approve the verdict of the jury of Tulle are in a very small minority, and no longer speak with the same assurance as before. There are, however, people among them who believe indeed that there was poisoning, but who regard the crime as a species of self-defence, and so relatively defend it. Lafarge, they say, was guilty of a great misdemeanour; in order to save himself from bankruptcy by means of a dowry, he had, as it were, stolen the noble woman by means of false representations, carried her into his robber's den, where, surrounded by the rudest associates, amid moral martyrdom and deadly privations, the poor petted and spoiled Parisienne, accustomed to a thousand intellectual refined wants, had necessarily to fade, die away, and decay miserably like a fish out of water, like a bird among bats, or a flower among Limousin brutes. Was not that murder, and was not defence of desperate nature (*Nothwehr*) excusable? This is what her defenders say, adding that when the wretched woman saw that she was imprisoned, incarcerated in the desolate charterhouse (*Chartreuse*) called Glandier, watched by the old thief-mother, without legal aid, or rather fettered by the law itself, she lost her head, and

among the mad means of deliverance which she at first attempted, was that famous letter in which she falsely represented to her husband that, as she loved another, she could never love him; that he should in consequence let her go free; that she would fly to Asia, and that he might keep her dowry.

The poor dear fool! In her delusion, she believed that a man could not live with a wife who did not love him—that he would die of it—it must be death. But when she saw that the man *could* live without being loved, and that want of love did not kill him,[1] she flew to pure arsenic—rat poison for a rat! The jurymen of Tulle seem to have felt something of all this, otherwise it would not be intelligible why they should have spoken in their verdict of extenuating circumstances. But this much is certain, that the trial of the lady of Glandier is a most important legal precedent, on the solution of which depends the whole social life of France. The extraordinary interest which this trial has awakened in the public is the result of a con-

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[1] It would be difficult to find in any English writer such instances of idle repetition as abound in these letters.—*Translator.*

[2] In the French version these words follow: "Cette naïve prière date du moyen âge, où les Juifs avaient tant à souffrir, et où ils n'étaient nullement heureux."

sciousness of suffering. Poor women! you are truly to be pitied! Jews in their daily prayers thank God that he did not create them to be women here. A naïve prayer for men who are hardly to be called lucky in having been born, but who regard being a female creature as the most terrible disaster! They are quite right even in France, where woman's misery is covered with so many roses.

XX.

PARIS, *October* 3, 1840.

SINCE yesterday evening there prevails here an excitement beyond belief. The thunder of the cannon of Beyrout is re-echoed in the hearts of all Frenchmen. I am as if stunned; terrible fears thrill through my soul. War is the least of the evils which I fear. There may yet pass in Paris scenes compared to which all those of the former earlier Revolution would seem to be a Midsummer Night's Dream! The former Revolution? No; the Revolution is ever one and the same; we have as yet only seen the beginning, and many of us will not survive the middle of it. The French would be in evil case should the majority of bayonets decide here. But it is not iron which kills, but the hand, and that obeys the soul. So all depends on how many souls there will be in either scale. Trains are being formed before the *bureaux de recrutement* as before the theatres when a good play is given, and a countless number of young men enrol themselves as volunteers for military service. The

Palais Royal swarms with workmen reading newspapers and seeming very serious. The seriousness which now manifests itself in taciturnity is far more a cause of anxiety than was the loquacious anger shown two months ago. It is said that the Chambers are to be assembled, which will be perhaps a new misfortune. Deliberating bodies paralyse all force of action in a government, unless they themselves exercise the governmental power, as did, for instance, the Convention of 1792. In those days the French were in a much worse condition than at present.[1]

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[1] To this the French version adds: "Et cependant ils en sont sortis victorieux. Il ne faut pas l'oublier.

XXI.

PARIS, *October* 7, 1840.

POPULAR agitation increases every hour. With the fiery impatience of the French, it is hardly to be conceived how they can remain in this state of uncertainty. "Decision—a determination at any price!" is the cry of the whole people, who believe that their honour is wounded. Whether this wound is real or imagined, I cannot decide. The declaration of the English and Russians that what they do is all for public peace sounds very ironically when at the same time the thunder of cannon at Beyrout proclaims the contrary. It provokes the utmost exasperation that the firing was especially directed at the tricoloured flag of the French consul. Yesterday evening the occupants of the *parterre* in the Grand Opera cried to the orchestra to play the Marseillaise; but as a police officer forbade this, it was sung without accompaniment, but with such angry excitement that the words were stifled in the singers' throats and growled out unintelligibly. Or have the words of that terrible song been

forgotten by the French, and do they only remember the air?[1] The commissaire of police, who advanced on the stage to speak to the public, stammered out, among many bows, that the orchestra could not play the Marseillaise because it was not on the bill of the play. "Messieurs, l'orchestre ne peut jouer la Marseillaise parceque ce morceau de musique n'est pas marqué sur l'affiche." A voice in the *parterre* replied, "Monsieur, that is no reason; for you are not down in the bill yourself." To-day the prefect of police has given leave to all the theatres to play the Marseilles Hymn, and I do not regard this circumstance as a trifle. I see therein a symptom and sign of war which is more significant than all the warlike declarations of the Ministerial press. These have been blowing of late so terribly on the trumpet of Bellona that war seems inevitable. The Ministers of war and of the navy were the most pacific; the most belligerent of all was the Minister of Public Instruction, a worthy man, who, since he has been in office, has won the esteem even of

[1] Very few people know more than a few lines of any national melody. In 1861, in a private assembly of ardent Republicans in New York, some one spoke of the vast influence of patriotic songs, when Mr. afterwards General Birney remarked that he did not believe there was a person present who could repeat more than the first lines of the "Star-spangled Banner." All who were present confessed that this was true.—*Translator.*

his enemies, and who is now developing as much practical power as enthusiasm, but who certainly is not so well qualified to judge of the military force of France as the Ministers of War and of Marine. Thiers counterbalances them all, and is really the man of the nationality (*der Mann die Nationalität*). The latter is a great lever in his hands, he having learned from Napoleon that the French can be far more effectively moved by it than by ideas, or that one by it can protect ideas. Despite his nationalism, France remains the representative of the Revolution, and the French only fight for this,[1] even when they fight from vanity, selfishness, and folly. Thiers has imperial longings in him, and, as I wrote to you at the end of July, war is the joy of his heart. Now the floor of his study is covered with maps, and there he lies, *sur le ventre*, sticking black and green pins into the paper, just like Napoleon. It is as infamous as ridiculous a calumny that he has ever speculated on the Bourse. A man can obey only one passion, and ambition seldom thinks of wealth. By his familiarity with unprincipled *chevaliers d'industrie*, Thiers has attracted all the slanders which defile his fame. These people,

[1] The French version here adds: "Pour cette cause commune de tous les peuples." This addition or variation, like many others, is not given in the German edition.—*Translator.*

when he turns his back on them, slander him even more than his political foes. But why does he keep company with such blackguards? He who lies down with dogs will rise with fleas.

I admire the King's courage. Every hour of delay by him in satisfying the wounded national feeling increases the danger which threatens his throne more terribly than all the cannon of the Allies. [What a hand that must be which has the power to rein raging passions, and does not fear to be a sacrifice.[1]] To-morrow, it is said, the orders will be published which assemble the Chambers and declare France to be in a state of war. Yesterday evening at the *Bourse de Nuit* or night-exchange at Tortoni's it was said that Lalande had received orders to hasten to the Strait of Gibraltar in order to defend the entry to the Mediterranean from the Russian fleet, should the latter attempt a junction with that of the English. The *rentes*, which had the day before already fallen two per cent., tumbled down two more. M. de Rothschild, it is declared, had the toothache—others say the colic.[2] What will

[1] This extraordinary figure of the hand holding the reins, which does not fear, &c., is wisely omitted from the French version. It is worthy of Sir Boyle Roche.—*Translator.*

[2] Instead of this passage the following was given in the first letter to the *Augsburger Zeitung:* "And it is also said that a

come of it all? The storm draws on apace, and in the air we hear the flapping of the wings of the Valkyrie, the sorceress goddesses who guide the fate of battles. It is no shame to any man to tremble at such a time.

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terribly highly peppered ultimatum, equivalent to a declaration of war, has been sent to London. There are to-day contradictory reports afloat. An article in the *Courier Français*, which is aimed full at the King and speaks of him as an impediment, bewilders everybody."

In the French version this passage follows:—"Je viens de parler à un agent de change dont l'odorat est très-fin, et qui a eu l'honneur de pouvoir s'approcher un moment de M. de Rothschild; il m'assure que la Baron est atteint d'une colique très-prononcée, et que les rentes fléchiront davantage aussitôt que cette nouvelle sera connue à la Bourse."

XXII.

PARIS, *October* 29, 1840.

THIERS goes out and Guizot comes in. But it is the same play, only the actors change. This change of parts was effected by the particular request of many very distinguished, and indeed most distinguished, individuals, and not at all by that of the public, which was very well contented with the play of its first hero. The latter, it is true, played a little too much to the pit; his successor looks more for applause to the boxes, especially the *loges d'ambassadeurs*.

We have in these columns always freely expressed our liking for Thiers, and never concealed a prejudice against Guizot, but we have always unconditionally praised the private character of the latter, and we willingly pay him the tribute of our respect, while our reproaches were only directed at the statesman. Shall we be able to exercise the extremest impartiality towards the latter? We will honourably attempt it. At this hour it is our greatest duty.[1]

[1] The preceding passage, from the words "We have," is omitted in the French version.

At this present time we will not refuse our pity to the man who, under present circumstances, enters the Hotel des Capucines; he is much more to be pitied than he who leaves this house of torture or of ennui (*Martyrhaus oder Drillhaus*). He is almost as much to be pitied as the King himself:—people shoot at the one and slander the other. How much mud was thrown at Thiers during his Ministry? To-day he will return again to his little house on the Place Saint-George, and I advise him to at once take a bath. There he will again show himself to his friends in unsullied greatness, and, as happened four years ago, when he in the same sudden manner left the Ministry, every one will see that his hands have remained clean, and that his heart has not shrunk. He has only grown a little graver, though true seriousness was never wanting to him, and concealed itself under light forms of life, as was the case with Cæsar.[1] The accusation of *forfanterie*, of boasting and arrogance, which was of late so often urged against him, he refuted justly by leaving the Ministry; justly, because he was not a boaster, since he made great preparation for war; for that reason he was compelled to retire. And now every one sees to-day that his cry to arms was no braggadocio sham-fighting. The sum expended for the army,

[1] The French version adds *et le Cardinal de Retz.*

the marine, and the fortifications already exceeds four hundred millions of francs, and in a few months there will be six hundred thousand soldiers in marching order. More formidable preparations for war were projected, and that is the reason why the King, before the meeting of the Chambers, must rid himself at any cost of the great military Minister—of this chief of all the drums—(I avoid the expression *tambour-major*, for reasons easily guessed). He must, as I said, get rid of this chief of drummers, who beat the *reveille* which called to war in a manner as reckless as it was rattling (*d'un façon aussi étourdie qu'étourdissant*). Some very narrow heads of deputies will of course cry out at the useless expenses, never reflecting that it is just these preparations for war which will assure us peace. One sword doth keep another in its sheath. The great question as to whether France was or was not insulted by the proceedings before the Treaty of London will now be debated in the Chambers. It is an entangled question, the reply to which involves attention to the difference of nationalities.[1] But just at present we have peace, and praise is due to King Louis Philippe for having shown as much courage in maintaining peace as Napoleon did in making war. Do not laugh; he is the Napoleon of peace.

[1] This sentence is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

XXIII.

PARIS, *November* 4, 1840.

MARSHAL SOULT, the man of the sword, takes care of the internal peace of France, and this is his exclusive task. The external tranquillity is the business of Louis Philippe, the king of craftiness, who with patient hands, and not with the sword, tries to disentangle the meshes of diplomacy in its Gordian knot. Will he succeed? We hope so, and that in the interests of the princes as well as of the peoples of Europe. The last by war gain death and misery. The former, or the princes, may, in the most favourable case, by a victory over France make real the dangers which perhaps now exist only in the imagination of certain statesmen as serious apprehensions. The terrible turning of the wheel which took place in France fifty years ago is now, if not ended, at least checked, unless some power from without shall set it to whirling again. By the threats of a war with the new coalition, not only the throne will be endangered, but also the rule of that *bourgeoisie* which Louis Philippe

rightly or certainly actually represents. The *bourgeoisie*, not the people, began the Revolution of 1789, and ended that of 1830; it is that which now governs, although many of its representatives are of aristocratic blood, and it is *that* which holds in check the urgent multitude, which demands not only equality of laws, but also of enjoyments. The *bourgeoisie*, which has to defend its painfully achieved work, the new constitution of the state, against the pressure of the people, which cries for a radical overthrow of society, is certainly too weak, should foreign foes attack them four to one. Ere it came to invasion the *bourgeoisie* would abdicate; the lower classes would assume their place as in the terrible time of 1790, but better organised, with clearer consciousness of what they need, with new doctrines, new divinities, new earthly and heavenly powers; so that the stranger must fight with a social instead of with a political revolution. Prudence would then suggest to the allied Powers to support the present Government, lest far more dangerous and contagious elements should be set loose and act with power. Divinity itself gives its earthly representatives such an edifying example; the latest attempt at murder shows how Providence peculiarly protects the head of Louis Philippe; it protects the great master of the fire-brigade, who extinguishes the

fire and prevents a general conflagration of the world.[1]

I do not doubt that Marshal Soult will succeed in establishing internal peace. Thiers by his military preparations has left him enough soldiers, who, of course, are deeply discontented with their change of destination. Will he be able to count on these when the people with armed impatience cry for war? Will the soldiers be able to resist the passion for war in their own hearts, and rather fight their brothers than the foe? Will they calmly endure the reproach of cowardice? Will they not lose their heads altogether when all at once the dead field-marshal from St. Helena arrives? I would that the man now lay at peace under the cupola of the Invalides, and we had happily survived the funeral procession.

I will subsequently discuss the relation of Guizot to the two above-mentioned supporters of the state.[2] Therefore it is not certain how far he intends to shield both with the ægis of his word. His talent as orator will be in full requisition within a few weeks, and if the Chamber, as it is declared, shall establish a principle of the

[1] The sixteen lines which follow are omitted from the French version.

[2] In the French version this passage is thus given: "Je parlerais plus tard des rapports entre Guizot et le président titulaire du conseil qui s'appele Soult, tandis que le véritable président se nomme Louis Philippe."

casus belli, then the learned man may set forth his political erudition in the most brilliant manner. The Chamber will take particularly into consideration the declaration of the Powers in coalition that they intend by pacification in the East no increase of their territories or similar private advantages, and to determine absolutely as a *casus belli* any infraction of this. Such declarations are always deceptive, and greed always gets before honesty where there is a good booty to divide. Such will be the case at the fall of the Ottoman Empire, whose prolonged death-struggle is a terrible thing. The crowned vultures fly about the dying to tear away later every one his strip of flesh. Who will get the fattest morsel?—Russia, England, or France? France will have for its part only disgust at the sight. This is called the Oriental Question.

What part M. Thiers will play on this occasion, and whether he means to oppose his old antagonist Guizot with all the force of his eloquence, I can only let you know at a later date.

Guizot is in a difficult position, and I have often said to you that I feel great pity for him. He is a brave man of firm convictions, and Calumatta has truly depicted his noble exterior in an admirable portrait—a stiff Puritan head leaned against a stone wall; should he move his head hastily backwards, he might hurt himself

badly. I cannot praise this portrait sufficiently; it was published some time ago by Rittner, the German art-dealer on the Boulevard Montmartre, whence a number of beautiful works have come —for instance, the "Fisher" of Leopold Robert. When Herr Rittner lately showed me this masterwork of the graver, now almost finished, he remarked that his customers in the provinces, as in foreign countries, require fifteen portraits of Thiers to one of any other distinguished man.[1]

[1] The words from "I cannot praise" appear in the original Augsburg letter, but only in a foot-note in the later German edition. The French version is a little varied: "Une dédaigneuse figure de Puritain, le front élevé et obstiné. . . . Le portrait est exposé aux vitraux de Goupil et Rittner. Bien du monde s'arrête pour le regarder, et M. Guizot a déjà en effigie beaucoup à supporter les lazzis moqueurs des Parisiens."

XXIV.

PARIS, *November* 6, 1840.

A BOOK has just been published on the Revolution of July and the part which Louis Philippe took therein, which excites general attention and is everywhere discussed. It is the first part of Louis Blanc's *Histoire de Dix Ans.* I have not as yet seen the work; when I shall have read it I will endeavour to give an independent opinion as to its merits. To-day I only inform you what I may say in advance as to the author and his position, that you may have the true point of view from which to exactly decide how much party-spirit is in the book, and how much faith or distrust you may accord to it.

The author, M. Louis Blanc, is a man as yet young, at the most not over thirty, though from his appearance he might be taken for a small boy of thirteen. In fact, his really tiny form, his rosy-cheeked, beardless little face, and his delicate, tender treble of a voice, as yet unformed, all give him the appearance of a nice little boy just escaped from the third class of some college,

and wearing his first dress-coat;[1] and yet he is a notable of the Republican party, and in his reasoning there is a moderation such as is only heard from grey-haired men. His physiognomy, especially the lively eyes, indicate a South of France origin. Louis Blanc was born at Madrid of French parents. His mother is from Corsica and a Pozzo di Borgo. He was educated at Rodez. I do not know how long he has been in Paris, but six years ago I met him here as the editor of a Republican journal called *Le Monde*, and since then he founded the *Revue de Progrès*, now the most important Republican organ. His cousin, Pozzo di Borgo, the former Russian ambassador, has not been much pleased, it is said, with the direction which the talents of the young man have taken, and not unfrequently complained of it. [I may mention, by the way, that very sad news has been received regarding that distinguished diplomat. His mental malady appears to be incurable, he often becomes raging mad, and then imagines that Napoleon wishes to have him shot.]

The mother of Louis Blanc, and all her family, live in Corsica; but that is consanguinity of body, not of soul. Spiritually, Louis Blanc is most nearly akin to Jean Jacques Rousseau,

[1] French version—"Portant encore l'habit de sa première communion."

whose works are the departing-point of all his thought and style. His warm, simple, truthful prose recalls that first father of the Church of the Revolution. *L'Organisation du Travail* is a work by Louis Blanc which has for some time directed attention to him. We find in every line of the little book, if not thorough knowledge, a glowing sympathy for the people, and there is manifest in it[1] both a predilection for absolute authority and a profound aversion for eminently gifted individuality (*gegen genialen Personalismus*), by which Louis Blanc distinguishes himself markedly from several of his Republican contemporaries—as, for example, the *spirituel* Pyot. This difference some time ago came near causing dissension when Louis Blanc refused to assent to the absolute freedom of the press, which was claimed by the Republicans.[2] Here it is evident enough that the latter love freedom only for freedom's sake, but that Louis

[1] In the French version—"Il s'y manifeste en même temps la plus grande prédilection pour l'autorité absolue, et une profonde aversion pour toute individualisme éminent, aversion qui pourrait bien avoir sa source cachée dans une jalousie contre toute superiorité d'esprit et même de corps ; oui, on dit que le petit bonhomme jalouse même ceux qui sont d'une taille qui dépasse la sienne. Cette disposition hostile contre l'individualisme le distingue," &c.

[2] To which the French version adds—"Comme le palladium de la liberté, comme un droit imprescriptible." The next passage is wanting.

Blanc regards it as a means of advancing philanthropic aims, so that to him, from this point of view, governmental authority, without which no government can greatly benefit the people, is of far greater avail than all authority or privilege of individual power or greatness. Yes, it may be that on account of his small stature every great personality is repulsive to him, and he regards them with an antipathy which he has in common with another pupil of Rousseau, the late Maximilian Robespierre. I believe that this mannikin (*Knirps*) would like to cut off every head which rises above the prescribed recruiting measure—of course in the interests of public welfare, universal equality, and of social popular happiness. He himself is sober, appears to refuse all enjoyment to his small body, and will therefore introduce a general equality of cookery, wherein the same Spartan black broth shall be boiled for us all, and, what is more terrible, where the giant shall get the same allowance as his brother dwarf.[1] No, none of that

[1] The reader will find these bits or hints from Heine expanded into genial and vigorous chapters in the work *Sozialdemokratische Zukunftsbilder von Eugen Richter.* It does not seem to have occurred to either writer that while the tremendous problem of individualism *versus* general communistic laws, and of human nature against theory is as yet unsolved, such objections as these of the general kitchen, blacking boots, and servants, &c., amount to little or nothing, and, in fact, *aid*

for me, if you please, my new Lycurgus! It is true that we are all brothers, but "I'm the big brother, while you're the little one, and therefore I must have the biggest piece."[1] Louis Blanc is a comical compound of Lilliputian and Spartan. In any case, I believe that he has a great future, and that he will play a part, though it may be brief. He is peculiarly well adapted to be the great man among the small, who can easily carry such as he on their shoulders, while men of a colossal stature—I would almost say minds of great corpulence—would be for them far too heavy a load.

Though Louis Blanc yearns for Republican austerity (*Strenge*), he is nevertheless afflicted with that childish vanity which is almost always

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the Communists. Yet it would appear that this vast majority, including even the most cultivated minds, can at present only understand the *personal* argument, or what would be inconvenient in a *transition* state. Louis Blanc had every opportunity given him to test his theories in 1848, and they signally failed.—*Translator.*

[1] To which is added in the French version—"Et il y en a qui ont des goûts-aristocratiques, et qui préfèrent les truffes aux pommes de terre les plus vertueuses." Which is very contradictory; Heine himself having twice declared with emphasis in "Germany" that he anticipated a commune where everybody was to enjoy every luxury, even to perfumes. The prediction that Louis Blanc would play a part, though brief, was marvellously fulfilled in 1848, when he became a member of the Provisional Government, and was generally regarded as the man who was to re-model society.—*Translator.*

found among men of very small stature. He would like to shine among women, but these frivolous creatures, these vicious wretches, laugh in his face; let him march round them as he may on the stilts of conversation, the ladies do not take it in earnest, and prefer some idiot with long mustachios to the beardless tribune. This tribune, however, devotes to his reputation as a great patriot and to his popularity the same care which his rivals give to their mustachios; he nurses them, oils them, clips them, curls them, strokes them again and again, and courts the favour of the smallest humbug (*Strolch*) of a journalist who may put two lines of puff of him into his journal. The most agreeable compliment which can be paid to him is to compare him to M. Thiers, whose own stature is not, in fact, that of a giant, but who is still far too great physically or morally to be compared to M. Blanc, unless it be in malice and spite (*Bosheit*). A Republican who does not devote himself overmuch to politeness,—as becomes men with great convictions,—said one day coarsely enough to Louis Blanc, "Do not flatter yourself that you resemble M. Thiers; there is a great difference between you. M. Thiers, citizen, resembles you as a little piece of ten sous resembles a smaller one of five sous."[1]

[1] This was the reverse of what was said sometime during the Twenties of a Doctor H. of Philadelphia, who was only three

The new book of Louis Blanc is said to be admirably written, and as it contains a mass of perfectly new and very malicious anecdotes, it has a great interest of substantial kind (*ein stoffartiges Interesse*) for the great and mischief-loving multitude. The Republican will revel in it with rapture, for the wretched meanness (*misère*), the pettiness of the dominant *bourgeoisie*, who would overthrow them, is here delightfully depicted. But to the Legitimists the book is real caviare, for the author, who is merciful to them, scoffs at their *bourgeois* conquerors, and throws poisoned mud on the royal

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feet high, yet a very distinguished physician. Being one day among half-a-dozen of his calling who were all six-footers, the little doctor was asked "how he felt" in such society. "Feel," replied the minim, "I feel like a fippeny-bit among six cents—worth the whole of you." The fippeny-bit, or Spanish half-real (now no longer in circulation), was a silver coin worth six and a quarter cents. It is a remarkable indication of eccentricity, if not of folly and weakness in Heine, that he attached such undue importance to such characteristics as good looks, great height of stature—in short, to mere *personal* attractions or peculiarities, the real basis of it all being that as he firmly believed himself to be the best-looking and cleverest man in the world, it must follow that genius in all human beings necessarily included good looks. It cannot have escaped the reader that all Heine's descriptions of geniuses include their personal portraits, especially when he deals with an antipathy, which is a departure from higher truth, since all works of genius which are really worth anything in themselves should be judged quite independently of their producers—a view which is, of course, unintelligible to the gossip-mongering, petty biography reader of the present day.—*Translator.*

mantle of Louis Philippe.[1] Are the tales which Louis Blanc tells of him true or false? If the latter be true, the great French nation, which talks so much of its *point d'honneur*, has allowed itself to be governed during the past ten years by a common juggler or a crowned Bosco. The book narrates, for instance, the following:[2]—

The 1st of August, when Charles X. had appointed the Duke of Orleans lieutenant-general of the kingdom, Dupin went to the latter at Neuilly, and represented to him that, to avoid the dangerous suspicion of duplicity, he should break off definitely with Charles X. and write to him a letter declaring a decided rupture. Louis Philippe heartily approved of the sage counsel of Dupin, and begged him to draw up for him or draft such a letter. This was done in the harshest form, and then Louis Philippe, on the very point of sealing up the letter, and while holding the sealing-wax at the candle, suddenly turned to Dupin with the words, "In important matters I always consult my wife. I will first read this letter to her, and if she approves of it, we will send it off at once." On this he left the room, and

[1] Louis Blanc was one of the first who effected the most in removing the opposition of the multitude from the aristocracy to the *bourgeoisie* and "exploiters" of capital.—*Translator.*

[2] It may be observed that Heine has more than once declared that he has not, at the time of writing this letter, seen the book! But it may be that Louis Blanc related the story to him.—*Translator.*

returning after a while with the letter, sealed it up quickly and sent it without delay to Charles X. But only the envelope was the same, for the royal prestidigitateur had adroitly substituted a very humble letter for the rude epistle of Dupin, in which, protesting his fidelity as subject, he accepted the appointment as lieutenant-general, and adjured the King to abdicate in favour of his grandson. The first question here is, "How was this fraud discovered?" M. Louis Blanc replied verbally to one of my friends, "M. Berryer, when he journeyed to Prague and to Charles X., most respectfully bade him observe that his Majesty had been too hasty in his abdication; upon which his Majesty, to justify himself, showed the letter which the Duke of Orleans had written to him at that time, adding that he had followed his advice the more eagerly because he had recognised in him the lieutenant-general of the kingdom." It is therefore M. Berryer who saw the letter, and on whose authority the whole story rests. This authority is all sufficient for the Legitimists, and also for the Republicans, who believe everything which Legitimist hatred invents against Louis Philippe. We recently had full proof of this in a case where an old hag of vile character forged certain well-known letters, on which occasion M. Berryer showed himself in all his glory as the advocate of falsification.

We who are neither Legitimist nor Republican,[1] we believe only in the talent of M. Berryer, in his sonorous voice, his taste for play and music, and especially in the vast sums with which the Legitimist party enrich their great steward.

As regards Louis Philippe, we have often expressed our opinion of him in these columns. He is a great king, though more like Ulysses than Ajax, the raging autocrat, who had to miserably succumb in strife to the inventive endurer.[2] But he did not juggle away the crown of France like a knave, but the bitterest necessity, I might say the disfavour of God, pressed the crown[3] on his head in an hour of terror and fraught with a dire destiny. It is true enough that he, on this occasion, played comedy a little; he had not the most honourable intentions as to his constituents, the heroes of July, who had raised him on the shield; but then, had these latter really honourable inten-

[1] Nor anything else, unless it were a private pensioner. The next sentence is as follows in the French version:—"Nous croyons à son enthusiasme pour les beaux arts, pour les lettres, pour la musique, enfin, pour tous les nobles jeux de l'ésprit et du hasard;—mais il ne nous fera pas croire aux anecdotes qu'il fait avaler à des gobe-mouches républicains." Did Heine himself believe this scandalous story? If not, why does he give it?—*Translator.*

[2] This is better given in the French version as "l'inventif et calme favori de Minerve."

[3] French version—"Cette couronne d'épines"—very little to its credit.—*Translator.*

tions as to him, the Orleans? They regarded him as a mere puppet, and they placed him on a red velvet sofa in the full belief that they could throw him down again if he did not obediently obey the wires when pulled, or should it please them to again play that old piece "The Republic." But this time it was the kingdom itself which played the part of Junius Brutus in order to cheat the Republican, and Louis Philippe was clever enough to assume a mask of the most sheep-like simplicity, and wandered through the streets of Paris with the great sentimental umbrella under his arm, like Staberle, shaking the unwashed hands of Citizen Kreti and Citizen Plethi, and to smile and be fondly touched. He played at that time a strange part, and when I came to Paris a little while after the Revolution of July, I often had an opportunity to laugh at it. I remember very well that on my arrival I hastened to the Palais Royal to see Louis Philippe. The friend that conducted me said that the King only appeared now at certain hours on the terrace, but that formerly and within a few weeks he could be seen at any time for five francs. "For five francs!" I cried with amazement; "does he then show himself for money?"[1] "No, but he is shown for money, and this is the

[1] French version—"Est il donc si bourgeoisement économe qu'il se montre pour de l'argent?"

way in which it is arranged: There is a society of *claqueurs*, dealers in second-hand tickets, and similar scamps, who for five francs will show you the King. For ten the monarch will raise his eyes to heaven, and press his hand to his heart, as if protesting the sincerity of his sentiments, but for twenty he would be heard to sing the Marseillaise. If one gave these fellows a five-franc piece, they would raise tremendous hurrahs under the King's windows, when his Highness appeared on the terrace, bowed and re-entered. But if ten francs had been paid, the fellows cried much louder, and behaved as if possessed, during which the King appeared, and in token of his mute emotion, raised his eyes to heaven and laid his hand devoutly on his heart. But the English sometimes expended as much as twenty francs, and then the enthusiasm was raised to the highest pitch, and so soon as the King appeared on the terrace, the Marseillaise was raised and thundered out so terribly that Louis Philippe, perhaps to make an end to it, bowed, raised his eyes to heaven, laid his hand on his heart, and joined in the song. Whether he really beat time with his foot, as is asserted, I do not know. Nor can I guarantee the authenticity of this anecdote. The friend who told it to me died seven years ago; therefore he has not lied for seven years. Consequently M. Berryer is not the authority to whom I refer.

XXV.

PARIS, *November* 7, 1840.

THE King has wept! He wept publicly on the throne,[1] surrounded by all the dignitaries of the realm, in the face of the whole people, whose chosen representatives stood opposite him, and there were as witnesses of the sad sight all the foreign princes, represented in the persons of their ambassadors and minor officials. The King wept! This is a sadly moving event. Many indeed distrust these royal tears, and think they are like

[1] To this sentence the following note was appended in the *Augsburger Zeitung*:—

"We have announced that at a passage in the speech to the throne (Darmes' attempt at murder), Louis Philippe, deeply moved, checked himself with an effort while his voice quivered. Parisian correspondents and journals add that tears came into his eyes." In the next sentence, after the words, "The King wept," we have this substitute:—

"This is a terrible incident, and we own that our heart is thereby moved to its depths. Let certain people shake their heads at this softness, and even suspect it. And they would suspect even the tears of a king! As if it were not more tragic when a king is so harassed and anguished that he must take refuge in the damp relief of weeping! No, this prosaic explanation is as ridiculous as perfidious. Louis Philippe," &c.—*German Editor.*

those of Reinecke. But is it not sufficiently tragic when a king is so harassed and anguished that he must take refuge in the damp relief of weeping? No, Louis Philippe, the royal sufferer, has no occasion to violently check his lachrymal glands when he thinks of the terrors with which he, his people, and the whole world is threatened. Like all great men, he earnestly seeks to bring his own wants into harmony with those of the community; hence there rises in him the conviction that war is not only a disaster for him, but for all mankind, and so he regards as martyrdom all his contests for maintaining peace, the dangers in which they have entangled him and the attacks of illness which they have caused. Perhaps he is right—perhaps he suffers for us all; at least, do not slander his tears! It was a sorrowful fact, which meets the most melancholy interpretation.[1]

Nothing positive can be asserted as regards the disposition of the Chamber of Deputies. And yet everything—the internal and external peace of France and of the whole world—depends on it. Should a serious difference arise between the

[1] This letter, so far, can only be regarded as a clumsy and unsuccessful effort by Heine to play fast and loose with Louis Philippe, as he has done before in almost every paper. But the manifest ridicule of the King's weeping is not balanced by the thin and affected sentiment of the conclusion.—*Translator.*

bourgeois notabilities of the Chamber and the Crown, the chiefs of Radicalism would not delay with an insurrection, which is already secretly organised, and only awaits the hour when the King can no longer rely on the support of the Chamber of Deputies. While the two only squabble, but do not break the marriage contract, no overthrow of Government can succeed, as the wire-workers (*Rädelsfülerer*) of the movement very well know; for which reason they for the time being swallow all their wrath, and guard against every premature uprising. The history of France shows that every important phase of the Revolution always had parliamentary beginnings, and the men of legal opposition ever gave the dread signal more or less significantly to the people. By this participation, we might almost say complicity, of a parliament, the interregnum of the strong hand or of brute force is never of long duration, and the French are much better shielded against anarchy than other races who are in a revolutionary condition—as, for instance, the Spaniards. We saw this in the days of July (as in those of the first Revolution), when the Parliament changed itself into an executive convention.[1] It is such a change which we now await, in the worst which may befall.

[1] The rest of this letter is wanting in the French version.

The victory which the Ministry won yesterday in the Bureaux of the Chamber is not of such importance as might be supposed from the triumphal shouts of its journals. The election of the president and vice-president indicates a certain lukewarmness, but is in the main of no significance. The French Deputies are just such Frenchmen as the rest, and will be moved like them to passionate action by the course and force of events. Just let news be received of anything which irritates national feeling, and the moderation of the most moderate will disappear, leaving no trace behind. The people on whom the Ministry relies belong chiefly to that *Marais* whose characteristic virtue is in this, that it supports the Government so long as it is not attacked by strong forces. To-day the Marais is against Thiers, to-morrow for him—but we will not anticipate events with our judgment.

XXVI.

PARIS, *November* 12, 1840.

THE birth of the Duke of Chartres is an appendix to the royal speech. "Pity, the naked child," says Shakespeare. And the little child is, moreover, a prince of the blood, and therefore destined to endure the saddest trials, even if not to bear on his head the royal crown of thorns of France. Give him a German nurse that he may suck the milk of patience. He is healthy and lively.[1] The clever child promptly understood the situation, so began at once to weep. And he is said to much resemble his grandfather. The latter shouts for joy. We do not begrudge him this comfort, this balm for the heart; he has suffered of late so much. Louis Philippe is the most admirable father of a family, and it is in fact his exaggerated care for the fortune of his family which has brought him into so many collisions with the national interests of the French. It is just because he has children and loves them that he cherishes the most decided tenderness for peace. Warrior princes are generally childless. This feeling for

[1] Wanting in the French version.

domesticity and home-happiness, as it prevails by Louis Philippe, is certainly worthy of honour, and is, in any case, the highest example of the most wholesome influence on manners. The King is virtuous in the most *bourgeois* style, his home is the honestest or most respectable in all France, and the middle class who chose him as their state-holder have all-sufficient reasons to be content with him.

And so long as the *bourgeoisie* are at the helm, the present dynasty is in no danger. But how will it be when storms arise, when stronger hands grasp the middle, and those of the *bourgeoisie*, more accustomed to counting money and keeping books, are drawn back in fear?[1] The citizen class will offer far less resistance than the former aristocracy; for even in their most pitiful weakness, in their enervation resulting from immorality, in their degeneration by courtiership, the old noblesse was still inspired by a certain *point d'honneur*, which is wanting in our *bourgeoisie* which blooms through industry, and yet must perish. Lamartine promised them another Tenth of August, but I doubt whether the citizen-knights of the throne of July will show themselves as heroic as the powdered marquises of the old *régime*, who in silken coats and with slender court-rapiers opposed the

[1] The French version adds: "et ferait défaut au roi en lui laissant à lui-même tout le soin de se tirer de affaire?"

mob bursting into the Tuileries.[1] I have spoken of the great poet Lamartine.[2] This man has also a great future in politics. I do not like him, but he shall be treated with full impartiality when he next raises his noble voice in the Chamber to speak on the Oriental question.

The news which comes from the East is sorrowful for France, for its authority is there lost, and will become the booty of England and Russia. The English have got what they wanted, the real upper hand in Syria, the security of their commercial route to India; the Euphrates, one of the four rivers of Paradise, will become an English stream, on which steamboats will run just as one goes to Ramsgate or Margate—the steamboat office is in Tower Street, where one gets his ticket —you land and take tea or porter at Bagdad, the ancient Babylon.[3] The English swore daily in

[1] Heine elsewhere describes this same group of nobles on the same occasion as a pack of contemptible, cowardly old wretches, who had but one brave soul among them all, that is to say, Marie Antoinette.—*Translator.*

[2] All of this passage, as well as the foregoing allusion to Lamartine, are omitted in the French version. Here Heine is inspired again to one of his marvellous prophecies. Lamartine had indeed a great political future, for he became in 1848 the President of the Republic, at which time I frequently saw him, and was once presented to him as a member of a deputation.—*Translator.*

[3] Another prophecy in which Heine hits the white. But it may be observed that he speaks of the English obtaining the

their journals that they did not want war, and that the famous treaty of pacification would not in the least injure the interests of France or cast into the world the torch of war; and yet it all came to pass. The English have most bitterly wronged the French, and exposed all the world to a general conflagration to get for themselves a few wretched discreditable advantages (*Schacher-vortheile*) in trade! But selfishness cares only for the moment, and the future is preparing their punishment. The advantages which Russia gained by the same treaty are not so much of the money-down description; they cannot be so quickly reckoned up and classified; but they are of incalculable value for the future. Above all, the alliance between France and England was broken, which was a great advantage to Russia, which must sooner or later be at war with one of the two. Then there was destroyed the power of that Egyptian, who by putting himself at the head of the Muslim could have guarded the Turkish realm against the Russians, who consider it as their destined property. And many other advantages

security of the route to India as if it were a victory over, if not an outrage on, the French! That the French did not *ab initio* take all India, or secure the Suez Canal, or occupy Egypt, is simply due to the fact that foresight was not in them, and that they do not colonise successfully. All the abuse of *egoïsme* and perfidiousness which can be invented will not supply ability in diplomacy.—*Translator.*

of this kind have the Russians gained, and that without much expenditure of danger, since in case of a war the French could not reach them any more than they could reach the English. For between England and the wrath of the French lies the sea, and between that and the Russians lies Germany; and we poor Germans, by the fate of place, must fight for things which in no way concern us—for naught and still for naught, just as if for the Emperor's beard. Ah, that it were for the beard of an Emperor![1]

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[1] In the French version this passage, from the words, "And many other advantages," is omitted, and the following termination of the letter given:

"Peu leur importe aux Russes que les Anglais devorent de plus en plus les Indes, et qu'ils finissent même par s'emparer de la Chine, le jour viendra où ils seront forcés de lâcher leur proie en faveur des Russes, qui se fortifient en Crimée, qui se sont déjà rendus les maîtres de la Mer Noire, et qui poursuivent toujours le même but: la possession du Bosphore, de Constantinople. C'est vers l'ancienne Byzance que sont dirigés les yeux avides de tous les Moscovites; la conquête de cette ville est pour eux une mission non-seulement politique, mais aussi religieuse, et c'est au haut des rives du Bosphore que leur Czar doit soumettre tous les peuples du globe à ce sceptre de cuir de Russie, qui est plus souple et plus fort que l'acier, et qu'on nomme le *knout*. Est-il vrai que Constantinople soit d'une telle importance universelle, et que la possession de cette cité porvorait décider du sort du monde? Un de mes amis me disait dernièrement: 'A Rome se trouve les clefs au royaume des cieux, mais à Constantinople se trouvent les clefs de l'empire terrestre, qui s'en empara empara régnera sur le monde entier.' Qu'elle terrible question que celle d'Orient!"

XXVII.

PARIS, *January* 6, 1841.

THE new year began like the old, with music and dancing. In the great opera resound the melodies of Donizetti, with which one fills up the time till the *Prophet* shall come—by which I mean the so-called work of Meyerbeer. The day before yesterday, Mademoiselle Heinefetter made a début with grand and brilliant success. In the Odéon, that nest of Italian nightingales, there warble, more meltingly than ever, Rubini, who is growing old, and Grisi, immortally young, the singing flower of beauty. The concerts have also already begun in the rival salons of Herz and of Erard, the two artists in wood. He who has not the opportunity to *ennuyer* himself in these public institutes of Polhymnia may gape and yawn unto his heart's content, in private soirées, where a host of young dilettanti, who have a right to the most terrible hopes, let themselves be heard in all tones on all kinds of instruments—and there M. Orfila baas and bleats his most heartless romances, which are like rat-poison made vocal and sung. After the bad music,

lukewarm *eau-sucrée* or salt-water ice-creams are handed round; then there is dancing. The *bals masqués* are also beginning to come forth, amid beat of drum and trumpet-sound, and the Parisians are hurling themselves into the roaring whirlpool of pleasure. The German drinks to free himself from care, the Frenchman waltzes in the wild galop. The goddess of thoughtless gaiety would fain banish all sad seriousness from the souls of her loved people, but in vain. In the pauses between the quadrilles Harlequin whispers in the ear of his neighbour Pierrot, "Do you believe that we must fight this spring?" Even champagne seems to have lost its power; it only clouds the senses, but the hearts are sober as before; and many a time in merriest banquets all the guests turn pale, wit dies upon their lips, glances of mutual terror pass around—for they see *Mene, Tekel, Peres!* (*Upharsin*) on the wall!

The French do not hide from themselves the danger of their situation, but courage is their national virtue. And after all, they know that the political possessions which their fathers gained with love of battle blent with bravery cannot be kept by passive yielding and idle humility.[1] Even Guizot, the so undeservedly defamed and slandered Guizot,[2] is by no means inclined to keep peace at

[1] In the French version: "une humilité chrétienne."

[2] The French text here gives the following very important

any price. This man maintains, it is true, an unterrified resistance to raging Radicalism, but I am convinced that he would oppose with the same firmness the attacks of Absolutism or the hierarchy. I do not know how great was the number of National Guards who at the Imperial funeral cried "*À bas Guizot!*" but I do know that if that Guard understood its own interests, its members would show their sense as well as their gratitude by publicly protesting against that disgraceful cry. For the National Guard is, after all, only the *bourgeoisie* under arms, and it was just this which, when assailed simultaneously by the intriguing party of the old *régime* and the preachers of a republic *à la* Babœuf, found in Guizot their natural defender, who protected them at once from above and from below. Guizot has never desired aught so much as the supremacy of the middle class, which he believes is qualified by culture and means to guide and represent state interests.

I am convinced that if Guizot had found in the French aristocracy any element of life by which they would have been made capable of governing France for the benefit of the people and of humanity, he would have become their champion with as much zeal, and certainly with

addition to the text: "Même Guizot, le ministre si décrié pour être trop indulgent envers l'étranger."

much greater unselfishness, than Berryer and similar paladins of the past. I am in like manner persuaded that he would combat for the sway of the proletariats, and that with stricter honour than Lamennais and his fellow-crusaders, if he believed the lower classes sufficiently developed in culture and in intelligence to hold the helm of government, and if he did not see that the untimely triumph of the agrarians would be of short duration and a misfortune for mankind, since they in their idiotic delirium of equality would destroy all that is beautiful and noble on earth, and would especially let loose their iconoclastic fury on art and science.[1]

The future will award to this man the most glorious justice; it may be that it will soon be awarded to him; he need only leave the Hôtel des Capucins. Would he in this case resume his post as ambassador to London? Would he, despite his sympathy for England, uphold that new Ministry which dreams of an alliance with Russia? It is possible; for in case France should be forced to war, then Guizot, scorning all revolutionary means, would strive for only political alliances. "If we cannot, in spite of all sacrifice and moderation, uphold peace, then we will wage

[1] The writings of Bebel, and indeed of most Socialists, express and urge this in the most cynical manner. The remainder of this letter is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

war like a power (*puissance*), and not as a noisy mob" (*cohue*). These words were uttered lately by Guizot in a confidential *salon*. And in this lies the main reason why all those dislike him who only expect victory from a propaganda, and would make themselves necessary implements in one. Such are the journalists who think that all possible aid and benefit should come from their pens. "The best thing in the world is a cotton nightcap," says the dealer in such caps, and the journals, "The best thing is an article in a newspaper." How mistaken they are we lately learned when the propaganda phrases of the *National*, the *Courier Français*, and the *Constitutionnel* caused so much irritation in Germany. The men of the last generation were more practical; when they saw the cosmopolite ideas of the Revolution in danger they sought for aid in national feeling. Their sons, when they see their nationality threatened, take refuge in cosmopolite ideas; but these do not impel to deeds so vigorously as those inspiring vapours from the earth which we call the love of our native land.

I doubt whether, in case of war, a Russian alliance would be better for France than the propaganda. Only the form of society for the time being can be endangered by the latter, but the former endangers the existence of society itself, its deepest principle of life, the soul of the French people.

XXVIII.

PARIS, *January* 11, 1841.

THE opinion is spreading more and more among the French that in the coming spring the trumpets of Bellona will out-thunder the song of the nightingales, and that the poor violets will exhale their dying perfume in gunpowder smoke, crushed under horses' hoofs. I cannot agree with this opinion, and the sweetest hope of peace obstinately nestles in my heart. Still it is always possible that the prophets of evil are in the right, and that the reckless spring with heedless linstock is approaching the loaded cannon. But if we escape this danger, and the hot summer passes away without a storm, I believe that Europe will be for a long time safe from the horrors of war, and that we may consider ourselves assured of a long-lasting peace. The confused perplexities which came from above will there be calmly settled, and the base brood of national hatred which has developed itself in the lower strata of society will be again trodden into its mud by the more enlightened

views of nations.[1] This is well known to the demons of destruction and subversion on this and that side of the Rhine, and just as here in France the Radical party, for fear of the definite confirmation of the Orleans dynasty and its duration assured for a long time, desire the contingencies of war in order to win the chance of a change of Government, so on the other side the corresponding faction preach a crusade against the French in the hope that unbridled passions will cause a state of disorder in which the ideas of agitation may be realised far more readily than in a tame and tamed period.[2] Yes, the fear of the somnolising and chaining power of peace brought these men to the desperate determination of *sacrificing the French people* (as they expressed it in their innocence). We say it openly, because this heroism seems to us to be as foolish as it is ungrateful, and because we feel an unspeakable compassion for the bear-like, blundering stupidity which fancies itself shrewder than all the foxes

[1] The two preceding paragraphs form an amusing comment on the marvellous beauty and clearness of style which Heine has assured us characterise this work. In the next sentence the very needless repetition relative to the Orleans dynasty is omitted in the French version.

[2] French version—"Un état désordonné qui sorte de la routine moutonnière et favorise la réalisation d'un empire allemand uni et libre." Which is what Heine expressed a hope for in Letter XXVI. of this series. Maintenant, nous avons changé tout cela.

of cunning! O ye fools! I counsel you not to attempt the dangerous trade of political craft and cunning. Be German-honourable and humanly-thankful, and do not think that *you* can stand when France—your only support on earth—falls.

But are not the sparks of discord stirred up also from above? I think not, and it occurs to me that the diplomatic entanglements are rather the result of want of tact than of evil will. But who wants war? England and Russia may now be contented; they have already gained advantages enough by fishing in troubled waters. For Germany and France the war is as needless as it is dangerous. The French would like, it is true, to possess the frontier of the Rhine, but only because without it they are not sufficiently secured from invasion,[1] and the Germans had no reason to fear the loss of the Rhine border so long as they themselves did not break the peace. Neither the Germans nor the French desire war. I need not prove that the rhodomontades of our German revivers (*Deutschthümler*), who scream for the possession of Alsace and Lorraine, do not express the views of German peasants, nor of the German

[1] Which was precisely the reason why Germany took Lorraine and Alsace. The argument, however, recalls that of the Western American who justified his taking a sum of money by force from another by saying that "he did not care a darn for the cursed money; he only took it to buy a hoss, and *that* he *did* need dreadful."—*Translator.*

bourgeoisie. But neither do the French any more than the German citizens, the kernel and the mass of all the land, desire war, for the middle class desires only industrial gain after conquests of peace, and the former still remembers from the days of the Empire how dearly, as if at the very price of blood, he had to pay for the triumphs of national vanity.

The passion for war, which flamed and bubbled so storm-like in the French,[1] is gradually tolerably extinguished, and how little the military *furor francese* now prevails among them was shown at the funeral celebration of the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. I cannot agree with the journals of my native country, who beheld in the drama of that wondrous burial only pomp and pageantry. They had no eye for the feelings which shook the French people to their depths. But these feelings were not those of merely soldierly ambition and pride; the victorious Emperor was not accompanied by the joyous cries of prætorians, and that roaring

[1] How a storm could at once flame and emit bubbles while boiling (*brodelten*) is not explained to us. Another specimen of the exquisitely clear style in which, Heine assures us several times, he surpassed all his contemporaries. In the original letter to the *Augsburger Zeitung* this was better expressed as follows:—"It is true that the Gallic people has, in every age, been unable to suppress its warlike longings. But these are, at present, if not quite extinguished, certainly a little cooled, and the voice of the people at the obsequies of the Emperor Napoleon may serve as a fresh proof of this assertion."—*Translator.*

frenzy of glory and plunder which is still well remembered in Germany, associated with the Empire. The old conquerors have since then given their farewell benediction to their time (*das Zeitliche gesegnet*),[1] and it was an altogether new generation which beheld the funeral procession, looking not with burning wrath, but with the sorrow of deep devotion (*Pietät*) at the golden catafalque, in which all the joys, sorrows, glorious errors, and disappointed hopes of their father—the real soul of their father—lay encoffined! There were more silent tears than outcries loud. And then the whole display was so fabulous, so fairy-like, that one could scarce believe his eyes, and seemed to dream. For this Napoleon Bonaparte, whom men actually saw being borne to the grave, had long since disappeared in the realm of legends, among the shades of Alexander of Macedon and Charlemagne—when lo! all at once, on a cold winter day, he reappears to us, who are living, on a golden triumphal chariot, which rolls away, spectre-like, into the white morning mist.

But this mist vanished marvellously as soon as the funeral train arrived in the Champs Elysées. Then the sun suddenly burst forth from a dark cloud, and kissed its darling for the last time,

[1] "The Empire is as dead as the Emperor himself, and was buried with him under the cupola of the dome of the Invalids," is the beginning of this sentence in the *Augsburger Zeitung*.

casting rosy lights on the imperial eagle which was borne before him, and irradiating as if with gentle pity the poor scattered remains of the legions which once with stormy tread conquered the world, and who now in obsolete uniforms tottered with weary limbs and old-time manner behind the hearse, as if they were related mourners. (Between us, these veteran invalids of the *Grande Armée* looked like caricatures, like a satire on fame, like a Roman mocking song on the dead triumphator.)[1]

The Muse of History has inscribed this funeral train on her annals as a great memorial, but for our present time the occurrence is of less importance,[2] and only gives proof that the *soldatesca* spirit does not flourish among the French, as many a Bramarbas[3] boasts this side of the Rhine, and as many a fool your side the Rhine repeats. The Emperor is dead and buried. We

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[1] Even as this remark in itself betrays the frivolity of the author's heart. As Heine was devoid of all settled *principles* in serious questions, so his feelings in minor matters never went far below the surface, however brilliant that surface might be. When I in 1832 beheld in a procession many hundreds of old Revolutionary soldiers in their ancient Continental uniforms, I am sure that the coarsest and rudest man among the spectators would have been indignant had any one called them "old caricatures" and a satire on fame.

[2] *Ganz unwichtig*, "altogether unimportant," appears in the *Augsburger Zeitung*.—*Translator.*

[3] *Bramarbas*, the Bombastes Furioso of a Danish play.

will praise and sing him, but likewise praise God that he is dead. With him died the last hero of old-fashioned fancy, and the new Philistine world breathes more freely, as if freed from a splendid nightmare. Over his tomb rises an industrial *bourgeois* age, which admires a very different kind of hero—as, for instance, the virtuous Lafayette and James Watt the cotton-spinner.[1]

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[1] "Die neue Menschheit," our new humanity.—*Augsburger Zeitung.*

XXIX.

PARIS, *January* 31, 1841.

AMONG peoples who possess a free press, independent parliaments, and especially the institutions of public management,[1] misunderstandings plotted by the intrigues of courtiers and the demand of party-spirit cannot long endure. Only in darkness can the seed of darkness grow to irreparable discord. As on this side, so on the other side of the Channel, the noblest voices have expressed the conviction that only criminal stupidity or deliberate wickedness, fatal to liberty, would disturb the peace of the world. While the English Government, by the silence of the speech from the throne, officially continues its evil conduct towards France, the English people protest against this through its worthiest representatives, and give the French the fullest satisfaction (*die unumwundenste Genugthuung*). Lord Brougham's speech in the lately opened Parliament has here pro-

[1] "Die Institutionen des offentlichen Verfahrens." French version—"Les institutions publiques d'un gouvernement constitutionnel."

duced a very conciliatory effect, and he may justly boast that he has rendered a great service to all Europe. Other Lords, even Wellington, have uttered admirable words, and the latter was this time the organ of the true wishes and opinions of his nation. The threatened alliance of the French with Russia has opened his lordly eyes, and the great gentléman is not the only one who has received this illumination. Also in our German valleys the moderate Tories have risen to a better understanding of their own political interests, and their bull-dogs or old German wolf-hounds,[1] which had raised the most joyful howl, are again quietly leashed in couples, and our Christian Germanic Nationalists have received from the highest source injunctions not to bay any more at France. But as for the awful Alliance, it is as yet "all abroad" (*in weitem Felde*), and the ill-feeling against England, even if raised to the highest degree, would still excite in France no love for Russia.

Yet I no more believe in a speedy solution of the Oriental puzzle than I do in the Russian alliance. On the contrary, affairs in Syria become more entangled, and Mehemet Ali there plays his enemies many a dangerous trick. There are in circulation very strange, though generally con-

[1] *Rüde*, hound, male dog, fox, or wolf. Anglo-Saxon, *hryðhdha.*

tradictory rumours of the wiles by which the old Pacha seeks to regain his fallen dignity. His failing is excess of craftiness, which hinders him from seeing things in their true light. He is thus caught in nets of his own spinning—as, for example, by gaining the good graces of the press he succeeded in having all kinds of false reports as to his power trumpeted all over Europe, and so won the sympathy of the French, who overvalued his alliance; but it was his own fault that they thought he had sufficient force to resist till spring without their aid. It was that which ruined him, and not his tyranny, of which the *Allgemeine Zeitung* gave pictures which were overdrawn. And now the sick lion is kicked by the weakest donkey.[1] The monster is not perhaps so bad as he is represented to be by people whom he has not bribed or whom he did not care to bribe. Ocular witnesses of his great deeds declare that Mehemet Ali is personally gracious and benevolent; he loves civilisation, and only extreme necessity and the state of war in his country drove him to that system of extortion with which he afflicts the fellaheen. These unfortunate Nile peasants are indeed a mass of miserable figures, who, driven by the stick to work, are squeezed to their very blood. But that is, we are told,

[1] French version—"Le lion malade reçoit maintenant de chaque petit correspondant le coup de pied de l'âne."

the old Egyptian plan, which was the same under all the Pharaohs, and which should not be judged according to modern European standards. The poor Pacha might retort on the philanthropists with the same words which our cook excused herself when she boiled the crabs alive in gradually heated water. She wondered that we considered this proceeding cruel, and assured us that the poor creatures were always accustomed to be so treated.[1] When M. Cremieux conversed with Mehemet Ali of the judicial horrors which had been suffered in Damascus, he found him inclined to institute the soundest reforms, and had political events not intervened too stormily, the famed lawyer would have succeeded in persuading the Pacha to introduce the European system of criminal law into his kingdom.

With the fall of Mehemet Ali pass away the proud hopes with which the Mahometan imagination solaced itself as in wild dreams in the tents of the desert. There Ali was regarded as the hero destined to make a rough end to the weak Turkish Government at Stamboul, and there, by seizing the caliphate, properly protect the standard

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[1] "Our cook" seems to have also thought, on the same principle, that telling ancient jokes over again made them into new. There is a certain legend about skinning eels which was widely current long before the *cuisinière* of Heine rehashed this tale.

of the Prophet. And indeed it would be better raised in his strong fist (*Faust*) than in the weak hands of the present gonfaloniere of the Mahometan faith, who must sooner or later yield to the legions and still more dangerous policy of the Czar of all the Russias. The political and religious fanaticism which the Russian Emperor—who is also the head of the Greek Church—can control, could have been resisted by a regenerated Moslem rule under Mehemet Ali or some such new dynasty with equal power, for then a fanatical element not less impetuous would have entered the lists to uphold the latter. I speak here of the genius of the Arabs, which has never quite died, but only slept in silent Bedouin life, and often, as if dreaming, grasped the sword when some great lion without made warlike roar. These Arabs await perhaps only the right call, when, strengthened by sleep, they shall come storming forth from their burning wastes as wildly as in the time of Mahomet. But now we need not fear them as in the days of yore, when we trembled in our terror before the crescent standards, and it would be indeed most favourable for us if Constantinople could become the arena of their religious combats. This would be the best bulwark against the Muscovite covetousness, which has nothing less in its plans than to seize by craft or force the keys of universal dominion on the banks of the Bosphorus. What a tremen-

dous power is already in the hands of the Emperor of Russia, who must really be called modest when we reflect how arrogantly others would behave in his place. But far more dangerous than the pride of the lord is the service-pride of his people, who live only in his will, and with blind obedience seek to glorify themselves in the sacred omnipotence of their sovereign. The enthusiasm for the Roman Catholic dogma is worn out; the ideas of the Revolution now find only lukewarm enthusiasts, and we must seek some new and fresh fanaticism which we can oppose to the Slavonian-Greek Orthodox absolute imperial faith.

Ah! how terrible is this Eastern question, which in every political complication grins at us so mockingly![1] If we wish to forestall the danger which threatens us from this side, we have war; if, on the contrary, we would remain patient spectators of the progress of evil, we have the certainty of a foreign yoke. It is a sad dilemma. However the poor maiden Europa may conduct herself—whether she wisely watches by her lamp, or, as a very foolish virgin, goes to sleep with an extinguished light—she has no day of joy to await.

[1] It does more in the French version, where it "présente sa face hideuse en grinçant les dentes d'un air sarcastique."

XXX.

PARIS, *February* 13, 1841.

THEY attack every question directly, and pull at it until it is either solved or else thrown aside as insoluble. That is the character of the French, and their history, for this reason, develops itself like a judicial trial. What a logical and systematic consequence do all the events of the French Revolution present! In this madness there was really method,[1] and the writers of history, who, after the example of Mignet, attaching but little importance to chance and human passions, represent the most extravagant deeds since 1789 as a result of the sternest necessity—this so-called fatalistic school is in France quite in place, and its works are as true as they are easy to understand. The methods of seeing and of representing of these writers applied to Germany would, however, result in very erroneous and ill-digested works of history; for the German, for fear of any innovation whose results cannot be clearly ascertained, avoids every

[1] To which the French version adds: "Comme disait le vieux Polonius dans la tragédie de Hamlet."

important question of politics as long as possible, or endeavours to find in detours a proper adjustment of difficulties, the questions meanwhile collecting and entangling themselves till they form an inextricable knot, which at last perhaps, like the Gordian, can only be cut by the sword. Heaven forbid that I hereby cast reproach upon the great German people! Do I not know that this embarrassment is the result of a virtue which is wanting to the French? The more ignorant a nation is, the more readily, the more recklessly it hurls itself headlong into the stream of action; but the more erudite, cultivated, and reflecting, the longer does it sound the flood, which it then wades with careful steps, if it does not delay and stay altogether on the bank for fear of hidden depths, or wet which gives colds and might cause a great national catarrh. And after all, it makes little difference that we advance slowly or by standing still, lose a few centuries, for the future belongs to the German people, and, in fact, a very long and significant future. The French act so quickly and manage the present with such haste, because they perhaps foresee that the twilight of their day is drawing near, and so they haste that their day's work may be done. But their *rôle* is still attractive and beautiful enough, and the other nations are still only the honourable public which forms the audience which beholds the

French comedy of State and People. It is true that this public has sometimes a fancy to express its approbation or dissatisfaction very energetically, and even to climb on the stage and take part in the play; but the French are always the chief actors in the great drama of the world, whether people throw laurels or rotten apples at their heads. "All is over with France!" With such words many a German correspondent here runs about prophesying the fall of the present Jerusalem, but he maintains his own pitiful existence by reporting what these fallen French daily act and do, and his own employers (*Kommittenten*), the German editors, would, without letters from Paris, be unable to fill their columns for three weeks. No, France is not yet finished, but, like all nations and humanity itself, it is not eternal; it has perhaps outlived its glorious age, and it is now undergoing a transformation which cannot be denied; wrinkles are stealing over its smooth brow; grey hairs begin to appear on its heedless head, which sinks as if full of care and busy with to-morrow—for it no longer thinks only of to-day.

The vote of the Chamber on the fortifications of Paris indicates this era of transition in the mind of the French people. Of late they have learned much, and thereby have lost the desire to go storming forth blindly into dangerous foreign soils. They prefer at present to fortify themselves

at home against the possible attacks of foreigners.[1] On the grave of the imperial eagle they have got the idea that the citizen-kingly cock is not immortal. France lives no longer in the wild intoxication of invincible power; it is sobered by the Ash Wednesday consciousness of its vulnerability, and ah! he who reflects on death is already half-dead! The fortifications of Paris are perhaps the giant-coffin which the giant, moved by gloomy foreboding, prepared for himself. Yet it may be long ere his last hour is tolled, and many a smaller being will ere then receive from him deadly blows. In any case, the crashing burden of his fall will shake the earth, and will torment his enemies more terribly than in life by his posthumous works as a night-wandering spectre.[2] I am sure that if Paris were destroyed, its inhabitants would disperse themselves all over the world, as did the Jews,

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[1] When these fortifications were being erected, it was observed that they were planned far more with a view to suppress insurrections in the city than attacks from without; and when Louis Napoleon III. Haussmanised Paris, a main object was to form radiations of streets from given points, so that cannon could command the whole. And it was all in vain for Emperor as well as King.—*Translator.*

[2] French version—"En tout cas, si le jour venâit où ce géant dût succomber—que les dieux ne fassent jamais arriver ce jour maudit!—le fracas de sa chute ferait trembler la terre; et bien plus terriblement que pendant la vie, le colossal fantôme du défunt tourmenterait ses ennemis par sa mission posthume."

and thereby extend still more efficaciously the seeds of social transformation.

The fortification of Paris is the most important event of our time, and the men who voted for or against it in the Chamber of Deputies have exercised the greatest influence on the future. To this *enceinte continue*, to these *forts détachés* is bound the fate of the French people. Will these erections shelter from the storm, or will they draw the lightning more terribly? Will they serve freedom or slavery? will they preserve Paris from surprise, or will they unpityingly expose it to the destructive rights of war? I know not, for I have neither seat nor voice in the councils of the gods. But this much I know, that the French will fight well when they shall be called to defend Paris against a third invasion. The two former attacks only served to increase the fury of resistance. Whether Paris, if it had been fortified, would have resisted them,[1] as was declared in the Chambers, I doubt from very good grounds;

[1] Both in the German and French we here have "those two first times"—"jene zwei ersten male"—"les deux premières fois." All which Heine here asserts as to the resistance increased by memory of the former invasions was most carefully considered by the Germans, who made their preparations accordingly in 1870. It is very possible that many among them had in mind what Heine has here written. *Præmonitus, præmunitus*—Forewarned, forearmed.—*Translator.*

Napoleon, exhausted by all kinds of victories and defeats, was not in condition to oppose to invading Europe the magic spell of that idea which stamps armies up out of the ground; he had not strength enough left to keep the fetters with which he himself had bound that idea; it was the Allies who, at the taking of Paris, set at liberty the obtained idea. The French Liberals and Idéalogues did not behave so stupidly nor foolishly when they refused to aid the hard-pressed Emperor to resist, for he himself was far more dangerous to them [1] than all the foreign heroes who in the end would all depart with money or good words, and only leave behind them a weak regent, of whom one could in time get rid, as really happened in July 1830, since which time the ideas of the Revolution have been again installed in Paris. It is the power of those ideas which will make head (*die Stirne bieten wurde*) against a third invasion, and which now, taught by bitter experience, no longer relies on the omnipotence of enthusiasm, but also does not disdain to protect itself by material bulwarks.

[1] The beginning of this sentence is as follows in the *Augsburger Zeitung*:—"It was not the Revolution which was conquered in 1814 and 1815, but its crowned jailer, and the manifestoes which declared that war was waged only against Napoleon Bonaparte contained much more truth than their authors surmised. The French Liberals were then quite right in refusing to support the Emperor, a murderer of Liberty, for he was more dangerous," &c.—*German Editor.*

Here we strike on the split (*Spaltung*) which at this moment is found among the Radicals regarding the fortification of Paris, and which is exciting the liveliest debate. It is well known that the Republican section, represented by the *National*, defended most actively the project for the law proposing the fortifications. Another division, which I may call the Republican Left, opposes it with wildest rage, though it has but few organs of the press; hitherto the *Revue de Progrès* is the only journal in which it can express itself. The articles in it referring to this subject are from the pen of Louis Blanc, and are deserving the most careful attention.[1] I also hear that Arago occupies himself with a paper on the same theme. These Republicans resist the idea that the Revolution need seek shelter in material bulwarks; they see in it a weakening of the moral means of defence, a debilitation of the old dæmonic energy, and they would rather decree a victory, as did the mighty Convention, than establish institutions of defence against defeat. It is, in fact, the traditions of the Committee of Public Safety which occupy the thoughts of these people, while the gentlemen of the *National* have rather in their minds the traditions of the Empire. I have said the gentlemen of the *National*, for that

[1] This compliment is omitted in the French version.

is the nickname by which those who call themselves citizens call their antagonists. Both factions are in reality Terrorists, with this difference, that the gentlemen of the *National* would operate by means of cannon, while the "citizens" would work with the guillotine. It is easy to understand that the first have conceived a great sympathy for the project of a law by which the Revolution in an emergency could assume a purely military form, so that the cannon could control the guillotine. Thus, and not otherwise, do I explain the zeal with which the *National* has declared for the fortifications of Paris.

It is strange, but this time the *National*, the King, and Thiers all united in the most ardent wishes for the same object. And yet the union is a very natural one. Let us not calumniate any of the trio by suspecting them of reserved thoughts of personal interest. Whatever individual prepossessions may have been in play, all have acted before all things in the interest of France—Louis Philippe as well as Thiers and the gentlemen of the *National*. Yet, as I have said, personal considerations came into the game. Louis Philippe, the declared enemy of war and of destruction, is passionately addicted to building; he loves everything which sets a-going the hammer and trowel, and the plan for fortifying Paris flattered this inborn passion. But Louis Philippe

is also the representative of the Revolution, whether he will or no, and where this is threatened his own existence is in danger. He must maintain himself in Paris at any cost, for if foreign potentates should seize his capital, his legitimacy would not protect him so inviolably as those kings by the grace of God, who, wherever they are, form the pivot of their kingdom. Should Paris, in consequence of a revolt, fall into the hands of the Republicans, it is possible that the foreign Powers would come with their armies, but hardly to attempt a restoration in favour of Louis Philippe, who in July 1840 became King of the French, not *parceque Bourbon*, but *quoique Bourbon*.[1] The crafty ruler feels this, and so entrenches himself in his Malapartus.[2] That the fortification of Paris is a matter of safety and of necessity for him and for France is his firm belief, and in company with personal fancy and the impulse of self-

[1] The conclusion of this passage is as follows in the French version:—"Voilà ce que sent le fils de Laërte, et voilà pourquoi il se retranche dans son Ithaque. D'ailleurs la ferme croyance du roi est que ces fortifications sont nécessaires pour la France, et avant tout il est patriote comme tout roi l'est, même le plus mauvais."

Another reason may be found in the fact that Paris is France, and that France is too much centralised in Paris.—*Translator.*

[2] Malapartus, the feudal castle of Reynard the Fox or Reineke Fuchs. The whole of this passage is omitted in the French version.

preservation he is here guided by true and sincere patriotism. Every king is a natural patriot and loves his own country, in whose history his life is rooted and with whose fortunes he has grown up. Louis Philippe is such a patriot, and indeed in the citizenly, father-familiarly, new-fashioned sense, just as there developed in the Orleans branch an altogether different kind of patriotism from that in the elder line, which was more inspired with historical family pride and mediæval nobility than with real love of France.[1]

As this love of one's native land is regarded as the greatest virtue by the French, it was a very practical piece of rascality (*eine sehr wirksame Büberei*) to cause the patriotic sentiments of the king to be suspected by means of forged letters. Yes, these famous letters are partly falsified and partly false altogether, nor can I comprehend how many honest men among the Republicans have been able to believe an instant in their authenticity.[2] But these men are always the dupes of

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[1] In the *Augsburger Zeitung* this passage ends as follows:—"There is not a sub-lieutenant in the army who is inspired with better patriotism (*Vaterlandsliebe*) than the present Duke of Orleans or his brothers, princes of the truest French blood. This guarantees some security for the royal future of the present dynasty, for what the French most highly prize is love of France."

[2] An infamous trick, not at all unknown to unscrupulous politicians in the United States, which consists of ferreting

the Legitimists, who forge the weapons wherewith to attack the life or the good name of the King. The Republican is always ready to set his life at stake in every dangerous misdeed, yet he is only a clumsy tool of the cleverness of some one who thinks and calculates for him. One can say, in the true sense of the word, of the Republicans, that they have not as yet invented the powder wherewith to shoot at the King.[1]

Yes, whoever in France possesses and understands national feeling exercises an irresistible magic charm on the masses, and may lead or drive them at will, and draw from them money or blood,[2] and put them into all kinds of uniforms, be it the knightly garb of fame or the livery of service. That was the secret of Napoleon, and his historian Thiers caught it craftily from him (*hat es ihm abgelauscht*); caught it with the heart, not by mere reason, for only feeling understands feeling. Thiers is truly penetrated with French national feeling, and he who has observed it understands his power and his weakness, his errors and his advantages, his great- and little-

out some old, entirely private letters, making scandalous forged additions, and circulating them in manuscript. It is described in the "Breitmann Ballads."

[1] "He did not invent gunpowder." A common German saying, meaning that a man has little sense.

[2] The rest of this sentence is wanting in the French version.

ness, and his claims on the future. This national feeling explains all the acts of his Ministry. Here we see the transfer of the imperial remains, the most glorious festival of heroism, beside the miserable justification of that wretched Consul of Damascus, who upheld mediæval judicial tortures, yet was a representative of France. Here we see the most frivolous raging and alarm-beating when the London treaty was divulged, and France was offended, and therewith the deliberate activity of arming, and the colossal scheme of fortifying Paris. Yes, it was Thiers who began the latter, and who from this beginning carried little by little the law through the Chambers. He never spoke with greater eloquence, and never bore away with finer tact a victory from any Parliament. It was a great battle, and at the last instant the issue was very doubtful; but with the piercing eye of a great general, Thiers at once saw where the danger was which threatened the law, and an improvised amendment decided the conflict. To him the honour of the day is due.

People were not wanting to attribute the zeal which Thiers showed for the project, to selfish motives. But here patriotism is really predominant, and I repeat that Thiers is penetrated by this feeling. He is altogether the Man of Nationality, and not of the Revolution, whose son he so earnestly claims to be. And in fact, the filiation

is real—the Revolution *is* his mother; but no one need infer from this that he feels any extravagant sympathies for his parent. Thiers chiefly loves his native land, and I believe that he would utterly and unconditionally sacrifice to it all maternal interests—that is to say, of *la Révolution*. His enthusiasm is greatly cooled for the whole grand spectacle of freedom, which now rings only as a dying echo in his soul.[1] As its historian, he has lived in sympathetic spirit with all its phases; as statesman, he has been obliged to daily strive and wrestle with the continued movement, and it must have often happened that to this son of the Revolution his mother has been very annoying (*fatal*),[2] for he knows very well that the old lady is quite capable of cutting his head off. She is not, in fact, what one would call an amiable person; a Berliner would say she has no *Gemüth* (feeling). When we see Messieurs her sons treating her roughly, one should not forget that she herself, the

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[1] Another of the "inimitable graces." How a *spectacle* can ring as a dying echo in the soul is incomprehensible to any save a writer who claimed to be the clearest and most intelligible of his time. In the French version *spectacle* is changed to *tohu-bohu*, the Hebrew for confusion and void (Genesis i.), but which is popularly used to signify a noisy row.—*Translator.*

[2] This word *fatal* in German means in most cases less than it looks. The French version is here given as "très incommode, très-fâcheuse."

old woman, never showed any lasting tenderness, and even killed her best children.[1]

We are inclined to do justice to every one, and not to expect of M. Thiers things which are not in his nature and are irreconcilable with his history. We have praised his patriotism, we would also recognise his inspiring genius.[2] It is strange that these heterogeneous excellences are united in this man. Yes, he is not only a patriotic Frenchman, but a man of genius, and often, when he becomes conscious of it, he forgets his limited provincial national feeling; he has the presentiment, as it were, of a temporal cosmopolitism, and in such moments he once spoke the remarkable words, "I love my country, for it is a native land which I possess in time." [3]

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[1] The French version of this letter ends with the words: "Comme il y a des enfants terribles, il y a aussi des mères terribles; et vous, maman, vous êtes de ce nombre!"

[2] *Genialität.* Not merely *genial*, as in English, implying joyous, quick, and ready sympathy, but marked with genius, gifted, ingenious. It is often limited in America to the merely joyous or strictly Bacchanalian temperament.

[3] A variation on a well-known German couplet, employed by Carlyle as a motto for "Sartor Resartus."—*Translator.*

XXXI.

PARIS, *March* 31, 1841.

THE debates in the Chamber of Deputies on literary property are very unsatisfactory. But it is in any case a significant sign of the times that society, which is based upon the rights of property, is actually willing to grant to intellects (*Geistern*) a certain share of this privilege of possession, moved by a sentiment of equity, or as a means of bribery and corruption.[1] Can thought become property? Is light the property of the flame of the candle-wick? I refrain from all judgment on such a question, and only rejoice that ye are willing to give the poor wick, which consumes itself while burning, a small recompense for great merit of disinterested illumination.

The destiny of Mehemet Ali is less discussed here than would be supposed, but it seems to me

[1] That is to say—especially in America—so far as "literature" does not in the least interfere with the profits and convenience of publishers, printers, booksellers, and others; meaning that everybody concerned in publishing a work shall be fully recompensed before the author is paid a *possible* profit.

that there prevails secretly in many hearts deep pity for the man who trusted too much to the star of France. Respect for the French is vanishing in the East, and this loss has evil effect for Oriental relations: stars in which one no longer believes grow pale. When the American business assumed such a significant form, the English undertook with great zeal the settlement of the Egyptian question. France would have then found it easy to act in favour of the Pacha,[1] but the Ministry seems to have done nothing to secure its truest ally.

[1] Instead of the preceding paragraph, we have in the *Augsburger Zeitung* the following:—

"We will see what may be done for him, and whether the full inheritance of his pachalik will be effected and secured. But even in case this inheritance should become a reality, his power has still been destroyed, and he will never counterbalance the power of the Sultan, as once when, perhaps by the equal weight of the two opponents, the peace of the Turkish provinces was maintained. The provincial governors remained faithful to the weak great rulers, because they feared the too powerful vassals, as they waited for the issue of the great struggle, undetermined as to desertion or changing sides, restrained by the respect with which they treated the once victor. The present obeys to a degree an authority of the future. Now this band of union is disturbed, every one knows that the Pacha will never attain to independent rule; and every one knows, too, that the exalted supreme authority of the Sultan is only a brilliant sham-power, an Oriental firman-hyperbola, an occidental protocol delusion, and piece by piece the whole Turkish empire will fall asunder, as did of old the Caliphate.

"But can peace in the East, under these circumstances, be so established that the conflict will not extend to us? I fear

It is not the American negotiations alone which impel the English to settle the Egyptian question of inheritance as soon as possible, and thereby to put French diplomacy into a condition to take part in the councils and conclusions of the great Powers of Europe. The question of the Dardanelles stands threateningly before the door, crying for prompt decision, and here the English rely on the support of the French Cabinet in conferences, whose interests on this occasion, as opposed to those of Russia, coincide with their own.[1]

Yes, the so-called question of the Dardanelles is of the greatest importance, not only for the great European Powers, but for all of us, for the least

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lest the greatly praised pacification, by which the Pacha is weakened and the Sultan not strengthened, may give the signal to a general breaking up of the Osmanli empire, and to the beginning of a great war of succession."

[1] The rest of this letter is wanting in the *Augsburger Zeitung*, the following passage being in its place:—

"What result is to be expected from a war with America? Nothing brilliant in any case. Even if the whole English race were to be hanged in effigy in the person of MacLeod, John Bull would long reflect ere he undertook a serious boxing-match with Jonathan. He is before all things a calculating man of business, and an affair of honour does not irresistibly attract him when there are substantial advantages to be lost instead of gained, as is here the case. Though we do not much love these nations of egoism, still we would not wish that it should come to a war between them—war is an infectious disease."

In which last remark is the very quintessence of "egoism." —*Translator.*

as well as the greatest, for Reuss-Schleitz-Greiz and Back-Pomerania, as much as for all-mighty Austria, for the smallest cobbler as for the greatest manufacturer of leather; for the destiny of the world is here at stake, and this question must be solved on the Dardanelles, no matter how. So long as this remains in doubt, Europe will suffer with a secret malady which will permit no repose, and must finally break out in a form which will be more terrible the longer it is delayed. The Dardanelles question is only a symptom of the Eastern question itself, of the Turkish question of inheritance, of this fundamental evil with which we are tainted, of the material basis of disease which ferments in the European bodies of state, and which, unfortunately, can only be cut out—perhaps with the sword. Even when we speak of other things, all the great monarchs have an eye on the Dardanelles, on the Sublime Porte, old Byzantium, Stamboul, Constantinople—the affliction has many names. If the principle of popular sovereignty were sanctioned in European states, the collapse of the Ottoman empire would not be so dangerous for the rest of the world, since then in the separated provinces the single races would soon elect their own regents, and be governed on as well as they could. But the doctrine of absolutism prevails as yet in the greatest portion of Europe, according to which land and people

are the property of the prince—property which one can acquire by the right of the strongest, by the *ultima ratio regis*, or the cannon-law.[1] It is no wonder that none of the great Powers will permit the Russians to seize on this great inheritance, and that every one will have his slice of the Oriental cake:—every one would feel keen appetite, seeing the barbarians at their feast, and the smallest German duodecimo-prince will ask at least for a *pour-boire*. Such are human impulses, and the real reason why the fall of Turkey would endanger the world. The political reasons why England, France, and Austria cannot permit Russia to settle in Constantinople are evident to every schoolboy.

The outbreak of a war, which is in the nature of things, is, however, for the time delayed. Short-sighted politicians, who have only recourse to palliatives, feel tranquillised, and hope for undisturbed days of peace. Our financiers especially see everything in the loveliest light of hope. Even the greatest among them seems to yield to such a delusion, though not at all times. M. de Rothschild, who for some time appeared to be ill, is now quite restored and looks sound and well. The augurs of the Bourse, who perfectly understand deciphering the physiognomy of the great Baron, assure us that the swallows of peace nestle

[1] French version—"Le droit peu canonique du canon."

in his smiles, that every anxiety as to war has vanished from his face, that there are no electric sparks foreboding storm visible in his eyes, and therefore it is clear that the terrible cannon-thunder-weather (*Kanonendonnerwetter*) which threatened the world is now dissipated. He even sneezes peace. It is true that the last time when I had the honour to make my call of respect (*Aufwartung*) on Herr von Rothschild, he gleamed with enraptured delight, and his rosy humour almost burst forth into poetry; for, as I once related, in such merry moments the Herr Baron lets his stream of oratory foam and sparkle in rhymes. I found that this time he succeeded marvellously well at rhyming, but he stopped at *Constantinople*, and scratched his head, as all poets do when rhymes are wanting.[1] As I am myself something of a poet (*ein Stück Poet*), I permitted myself to ask the Herr Baron whether a Russian *Zobel* (sable) would not rhyme to Constantinople.[2]

[1] To which it might emphatically be said, "Speak for yourself, or for your friend and kind." All poets have not the habits of Herr Heine, and there are few living writers, in English or German, who would be guilty of such extreme vulgarity and coarseness as occurs twice in the course of this letter.

[2] French version—"Etant moi-même un tant soit peu poëte, je pris la liberté de proposer à mon confrère en Apollon, M. de Rothschild, de dire *Constantinopolis* en lien de Constantinople, et de rimer ce mot à *Métropolis*, en disant par exemple: Constantinopolis, la future métropolis des Russes."

But this rhyme seemed to greatly displease him; he declared that England would never permit it, and that from it an European war might arise, which would cost the world much blood and many tears, and himself a great deal of money.

Herr von Rothschild is, in fact, the best political thermometer; I will not say weather-frog, because the word is not sufficiently respectful. And certes! one must have respect for this man, be it only for the respect which he inspires in others. I like best to visit him in his banking-house, where I can as a philosopher observe how people, and not only God's chosen, but all other kinds, bow and duck before him. There you may behold such a twisting and bending of back-bones as the best acrobat could hardly equal. I have seen people who, when they drew near the great Baron, shrunk up as if they had touched an electric battery. Even while approaching the door of his cabinet many experience a thrill of awe such as Moses felt on Mount Horeb when he saw that he stood on holy ground, and even as Moses took off his shoes, so more than one courtier or broker would fain remove his boots before entering the private cabinet of M. de Rothschild. That private cabinet is indeed a remarkable place, which inspires sublime thoughts and feelings, as does the

The two stories being quite different, it may well be doubted whether either is true.—*Translator.*

sight of the sea or of the starry heavens. We see here how small man is and how great is God! For gold is the God of our time and Rothschild is his prophet.

Some years ago, when I was about to call on Herr von Rothschild, a servant in livery crossed the corridor carrying the chamber-pot of the latter, while a speculator on the Bourse who was passing at the instant most respectfully took off his hat before the mighty pot.[1] So far extends—with reverence be it said!—the devotion of certain people. I noted the name of that devoted man, and am sure that in time he will become a millionaire. When I one day told Monsieur —— that I had lunched (*zu Mittag gespeist*) with Baron Rothschild in the inner apartments of his bureaux, he clasped his hands in amazement, declaring that I had enjoyed an honour which had hitherto only been granted to a Rothschild of the blood or to a few sovereign princes, and that he would give half of his nose for such an honour. I will here remark that the nose of Monsieur —— would be quite large enough even if diminished by half.

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[1] This very Heine-like story is beyond question entirely a *pièce de manufacture*. Were it otherwise, it would naturally cause some wonder as to what the customs of the *ménage* could have been, or what our author supposed them to be, in certain families.

The *comptoir* of M. de Rothschild is very extensive; it is a labyrinth of halls, a barrack of wealth. The room in which the Baron works from morning to night—he has naught else to do save work—has been of late very much beautified. On the chimney-piece there is at present the marble bust of the Emperor of Austria, with whom the House of Rothschild has done the most business. The Herr Baron will, moreover, out of deep regard, have made the busts of all the European princes who have contracted loans through his firm, and this collection of marble busts will form a Valhalla which will be far greater than that of Regensburg. Whether Herr Rothschild will celebrate his Valhalla-contemporaries in rhymes or in unrhymed royal Bavarian lapidary style, I know not.

XXXII.

PARIS, *April* 29, 1841.

THE verdict of the jury, by which the editor of *La France* has been entirely acquitted from the charge of deliberate slander on his Majesty, is significant as sad. I do not know whom I should pity most. Is it the King, whose honour has been sullied by forged letters, and yet cannot vindicate himself in public opinion as others can do? What is permitted to every and any other injured person in such a strait is cruelly denied to him. Any other man who saw himself compromised in the eyes of the public by false letters accusing him of traitorous conduct could proceed by formal accusation, and in due course of trial accurately prove the falseness of those letters. But there can be no such honourable rehabilitation for the King, whom the constitution declares to be inviolable, and who cannot appear in person before a tribunal. Still less is he permitted to have recourse to the duel, "the judgment of God," which still maintains in affairs of honour a certain power of justification. Louis

Philippe must endure being shot at, but never take a pistol in his hand to seek for satisfaction from his foes. Neither can he, in the vindictive style which men are wont to use in such a case, insert a sharp denial in the press, even though it were the basest calumny, for—more's the pity!—monarchs, like great poets, dare not defend themselves in such a way,[1] and must endure in long-drawn sufferance all the base slanders which men cast on them. I feel, in fact, the deepest compassion for the royal martyr, whose crown is a target for libels, and whose sceptre is worth less for self-preservation than a common cane. Or shall I pity you still more, ye Legitimists, who attitudinise as the paladins elect of royalty, and yet have degraded the very being of royalty or respect for the King? In any case, I pity you when I think of the terrible consequences which you call down by such mad conduct on your own heads. With the fall of the monarchy what again awaits you is the guillotine at home and the beggar's staff in foreign lands. Yes, your fate would be far worse than formerly—you, the scorned and duped companions of your hangman, will not be slain with wild wrath, but extinguished with scornful laughter, and when among strangers alms will be given you, not with

[1] There are two or three, or even more, great poets in England who have shown no want of such courage on such occasions.

the respect due to undeserved misfortune, but with contempt.

But what shall I say of the good men of the jury, who in blind bewildered competition put the crowbars to the breaking up the foundations of their own homes? The foundation-stone on which your whole citizen states-shop rests—that is, royal authority—has been scandalously loosened by that slanderous and shameful verdict. The whole evil significance of this verdict is now being gradually understood; it is the constant subject of daily discourse, and people behold with terror how the fatal consequences of the trial are being systematically turned to profit. Forged letters have now a legal support, and with the absence of responsibility, audacity increases among the enemies of order as it exists. At this time there are being circulated all over France innumerable lithographed copies of these autographs, and jealous cunning rubs its hands delighted at the success of this *tour d'adresse*. The Legitimists cry "Victory!" as if they had won a battle. Truly a great victory, in which the contemporary—the widow of the *grande armée*—the infamous[1] Madame de Sainte-Elme, bore the banner! The noble Baron Larochejaquelin protected with his armorial shield this new Joan

[1] *Verrufene.* Curiously given in the French version as *vertueuse.*

d'Arc. He guarantees her veracity—why not also her virgin purity? But before all, thanks are due for this triumph to the great Berryer, to the citizen-servant of the Legitimist chivalry,[1] who always speaks brilliantly and well, be the cause bad as it may.

Meanwhile, here in France, the land of parties where all results are at once squeezed out of events, the evil action goes hand in hand with a more or less healthy reaction. And this shows itself in reference to that unhappy verdict. Its bitter consequences are for the nonce somewhat neutralised by the jubilation and victorious cries raised by the Legitimists; for they are so hated by the people that the latter forget all their discontent with the King when the hereditary enemy of new France triumphs too exultingly over her. The worst reproach brought against the King in later days was just that he was accused of being too eager in his reconciliation with the Legitimists, and sacrificed to it the democratic interests. So it was

[1] "Who will always fight well and be well rewarded" is the conclusion of this sentence in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*. In the French version we have "dont les honoraires, quelque exorbitants qu'ils soient, seront toujours au-dessous de son inappréciable talent." With these words the letter concludes.

The letter itself is admirable, as setting forth with clear ability a principle which it is to be regretted that our author frequently violated, *i.e.*, not to wantonly attack those who are defenceless.—*Translator.*

that the slander arose which struck at the King through these censorious nobles, added to a certain mischievous tendency among the *bourgeoisie*, who, goaded on by the journals of the discontented middle-class, falsely fable the most vexatious things as to the reactionary intentions of the present Ministry.

But how has it any relation with those reactionary intentions which are especially ascribed to M. Guizot? I cannot credit it. Guizot is a man of resistance, but not of reaction. And I believe that he would long ago have been left, on account of his resistance above, had there not been great occasion for his resistance below. His real business is the practical maintenance of that *régime* of the *bourgeoisie* which is as grimly threatened by the marauding stragglers of the past as it is by the plunder-seeking *avant garde* of the future. M. Guizot has laid out a hard task for himself, and—more's the pity!—nobody thanks him for it. And truly most ungrateful of all to him are those good citizens whom his strong hand protects and guards, but to whom he never gives the hand in confidence, and with whose petty passions he never makes a common cause. They love him not at all, these stupid cits (*Spiessbürger*), for neither does he laugh with them at Voltairian witticisms, nor is he "industrial;" neither doth he dance with them round the May-

pole of *la Gloire!* He bears his head very high, and a melancholy pride shows itself in every trait, and seems to say, "I could do something better perhaps than waste my life in weary daily struggle for this blackguard pack!" That is, in fact, the man who does not woo very passionately for popularity, and has even assumed the principle that a good Minister must be unpopular. He never cared to please the multitude, not even in those days of the Restoration when he was honoured most gloriously as a learned tribune of the people. When he delivered in the Sorbonne his memorable lectures, and the approbation of the assembled youth went to extremes, he subdued the flattering tumult with the firm words, "Gentlemen, order must prevail even in enthusiasm." Love of order is a predominant trait in the character of Guizot, and even on this account his Ministry worked most advantageously in the confusion of the present. On account of this love of order he has often been accused of pedantry, and I confess that the stiff seriousness of his personal appearance is softened by a certain associated learned pedagogue mien (*Magisterhaftigkeit*) which recalls our German home-land, especially Göttingen. He is as little of a reactionary as Court Councillor Herren Tychsen or Eichhorn were; but he would never suffer the beadles to be thrashed, or that after the same fashion students should riot and ramp

in the Weender Street and break the street-lamps.

There is, in fact, something German in his nature, but German of the best kind; he is thoroughly erudite, honourable, generally humane and universal. We Germans, who would have been proud of him were he one of us, should at least do him justice where his personal worth and dignity is in question. Regarding this, I cannot sufficiently wonder how honourable people in Germany could think that the German press had aught to fear from the intervention of such a man. I know not what relation this has to the complaints of the *Oberdeutschen Zeitung*, but I do know that only error or malicious representation is shown when any one regards Guizot as the instigator of restrictions with which a German newspaper is threatened by its local censorship. I read such an accusation in the 113th number of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which arrived here yesterday. I have not the honour to be personally near to M. Guizot, else I should certainly refute that undeserved reproach with more accurate information. But this much I can assert, that M. Guizot cherishes more than any man in France the greatest sympathy for the independence of German literature and journalism (*Schrifthums*) and the free development of German intellect, and in this consciousness he believes

himself so sure of our intelligent recognition of his services (*Auerkennung*) that he lately paid to one of my fellow-countrymen the naïve compliment, "A German would never regard me as a reactionary."[1]

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[1] All of the preceding, from the words, "There is, in fact," is only given in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, and omitted in the German and French editions of his works. The omission is significant when we reflect that Heine received from the French Government a pension, bestowed by Guizot. The German editor adds to the extract the following note:—

"The remark of Heine as to the accusation that Guizot was the instigator of the above-mentioned limitation of liberty of the press in Germany was, when published, accompanied by this editorial note:—'An earlier contribution from another of our Paris correspondents assured us that M. Guizot took no part in that diplomatic proceeding indicated by the public press.'"

XXXIII.

PARIS, *May* 19, 1841.

LAST Saturday that section of the Institut Royal called the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques held one of their most remarkable sittings. The place was, as usual, that hall of the Palais Mazarin which recalls by its highly arched roof, as well as by those who assemble there, the cupola of the Dome des Invalides. In fact, the other sections of the Institute which there deliver their addresses only manifest grey-haired impotence, but the above-mentioned Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques is an exception, and bears a character of freshness and force. There prevails in this section a high-toned intellect, while the organisation and general spirit of the Institut Royal is wretchedly petty. A wit remarked truly enough, "This time the part is greater than the whole." In the meeting of last Saturday there was the inspiration of a decidedly youthful spirit. Cousin, who presided, spoke with that courageous fire which often does not warm but always gives light; and even Mignet, whose

task it was to eulogise the memory of the late Merlin de Douai, the celebrated jurist and member of the Convention, delivered a discourse as attractive and fresh as himself (*so blühend schön wie er selbst aussieht*). The ladies, who always attend in great numbers the sitting of the section of Sciences Morales et Politiques whenever an address by the handsome *secretaire perpetuel* is announced, came perhaps more to see than to hear, and as many among them are very pretty, they are often truly distracting. As for me, I was entirely absorbed by the subject of Mignet's oration, for the celebrated historian of the Revolution again spoke of one of the most important leaders of the great movement which transformed the citizen life of the French, and every word was the result of interesting investigation.[1] That was the voice of an historian, of a true guardian in chief of Clio's archives, and it seemed as if he held in his hand the eternal tablets on which the stern goddess had traced her decision. It was only in the choice of expressions and their gentler intonation that the traditional duty of the Academician to praise betrayed itself. But Mignet is also a statesman, and with shrewd circumspection he discussed, as was his duty, the affairs of the day in the latest occurrence. It is a

[1] *Bürgerliche Leben.* French version—*vie sociale.* Heine does not wish here to include the nobility, whose life is not that of the people.

delicate matter to discuss the storm through which we just have passed before our ship is safely lodged in port, and the French ship of state is perhaps not as yet quite so strongly secure as the excellent Mignet thinks. Not far from the orator, and on a bench, I saw M. Thiers, and his smile was to me deeply significant at those passages where Mignet spoke with by far too great ease and satisfaction of the definite foundation of modern conditions of society.[1] So smiled Æolus when on the silent shore fair Daphnis sweetly blew the peaceful flute!

You may see the whole address of Mignet in print, and the fulness of its contents will delight you; but no mere reading can give the vivid delivery, which, like a deeply meaning music, awakes in the hearer a series of thoughts.[2] So there still rings in my memory a remark which the speaker uttered in few words, yet which is fertile in deep thought. He observed how fortunate it was that the new Code Français had been composed by men who had just passed through the tremendous trials and tortures of a great revolution of state, and who, in consequence, had

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[1] "Begründung der modernen Zustände." French version —"La consolidation definitive des institutions modernes."

[2] French version—"Son chaleureux débit, c'est une musique de pensées qui se suivent, liées entre elles par des guirlandes de fleurs de rhétorique."

become perfectly familiar with human passions and contemporary wants. Yes, if we consider this circumstance, it will seem as if it especially favoured the present French legislation, and gave extraordinary value to that Code Napoléon and its commentaries, which were not, like other books of law, prepared by leisurely and cool casuists, by enthusiastic saviours of humanity, who had seen all passions in their nakedness, and who were initiated by experience into the sufferings of modern life. The philosophical school of Germany has formed as false ideas of the vocation of our age for law-making as has the historical: the first is dead, and the last has never lived.

The address with which Victor Cousin opened the sitting of the Academy on Saturday last breathed a spirit of independence which we always recognise in him with joy. *D'ailleurs*, he has been so very highly praised by one of our colleagues in these columns, that he must for the present have enough of it. This much I will say, that the man whom we formerly did not specially love has of late inspired, if not a real affection, at least a kinder appreciation. Poor Cousin! we maltreated you terribly once, you who were always so good and friendly to us Germans. It is strange that while the true pupil of the German school, the friend of Hegel, our Victor Cousin, was Minister in France, there

burst out in Germany that blind hatred against the French which is now gradually disappearing, and which may be at some future time unintelligible.

I mind me of a time last autumn when one day I met M. Cousin on the Boulevard des Italiens, where he stood before a picture-shop, admiring, among the engravings hanging there, etchings from Overbeck. The world had then flown off its hinges;[1] the thunder of cannon from Beyrout, like an alarm-bell, had awakened all the warlike passions of the East and of the West; the pyramids of Egypt trembled; on this and that side of the Rhine sabres were being whetted, and Victor Cousin, then Minister of France, stood calmly before the picture-shop of the Boulevard des Italiens, and admired the peaceable and pious heads of saints by Overbeck, and spoke with rapture of the excellence of German art and science, of our genius, sentiment, and depth of feeling, our love of justice and humanity. "But in heaven's name!" he suddenly cried, as if waking from a dream, "what does the raging madness mean with which you in Germany have

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[1] "Die Welt war aus ihren Angeln zerrissen." French version—"Le monde était sorti de ses gonds." Both of these expressions, to "fly off the hinges" or "off the hooks," signifying sudden and extravagant excitement or rage, are extremely common in the United States.—*Translator.*

begun all at once to storm and howl against us?" He could understand nothing of this Berserker rage, and I also did not understand it; and arm in arm strolling over the Boulevard, we exhausted ourselves in sheer conjecture as to the grounds of this enmity till we reached the Passage des Panoramas, where Cousin left me to buy a pound of chocolate of Marquis.[1]

I confirm with peculiar predilection the least circumstance which indicates the sympathy which I find for Germany among French statesmen. This is intelligible enough in Guizot, because his manner of seeing things is like our own, and he thoroughly understands the wants and just rights of the German people. This intelligence reconciles him with our eccentric perversions. I read the words "*Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*,"

[1] None are so blind as those who *will not* see; and it is amusing to find Heine and a Minister of France bewildered over what had struck me while a schoolboy in America as a most palpable and natural cause of German irritation. In 1839, 1840, and 1841 there was in France a revival of the old Napoleonic passion for *la gloire* and a desire for foreign conquest, which found utterance in innumerable works, and which was expressed openly by M. Thiers, and also, as I have before said, by Victor Hugo, the leader of French literature, in the words: "France—take back the Rhine!" The irritation and provocation, as in the Franco-German war, all came from France, and the whole tone of the German war-literature of that time, as in Becker's Rhine song, was in the form of replies to a threat. If Heine did not know this, he was ignorant indeed.—*Translator.*

not long since on the seal of a beautiful woman. Guizot may be, as every man declares, of a puritanical character, but he still understands those who feel and think differently. His soul is neither unpoetically narrow nor dull; it was this Puritan who gave the French a translation of Shakespeare, and when I, some years ago, wrote of the British king of poets, I could not better set forth the magic charm of his fantastic plays than by giving verbatim the commentary of that Puritan, the Roundhead Guizot.[1]

Strange! the warlike Ministry of the 1st of March, which was so decried, consisted for the greater part of men who honoured and loved Germany with truest zeal. Next to Victor Cousin, who knew that the best "Critique of Pure Reason" was to be had of Kant, and the best chocolate of Marquis, there sat in the Ministerial councils M. de Remusat, who was devoted to German genius, and had made special study of our literature. Even in his youth he translated several German dramas, which he published in the *Théâtre Etranger*. This man is as intelligent and witty as he is honourable; he knows the summits and the depths of the German race, and I am sure that he has a higher idea of its magnificence than all the composers of airs to the song of Becker, if

[1] Vide *Shakespeare's Mädchen und Frauen*. English version in the first volume of this series.—*Translator*.

not than the great Nicolas Becker himself! What recently pleased us most in Remusat was the straightforward manner in which he defended the fame of a noble brother-at-arms against slanderous insinuations.[1]

[1] To this the French version adds, "Le chef du cabinet du 1er mars." The Rhine-song of Becker was an admirable lyric, because, like the Marseillaise, it expressed clearly and passionately a great national emotion, which Heine never succeeded in doing, never having felt one, and his sneers at the lyric may be fairly attributed to envy. There is in it a spirit of grim defiance and stern self-reliance which recalls the battle-songs of rude but great races in early times.

The picture of Heine arm-in-arm with Cousin, going to buy a pound of chocolate, is one of the most amusing on record, and one which, if it does not precisely recall the lying down of the lion and the lamb, at least vividly suggests the friendly interview of the honest dog with crafty Master Fox in Bulwer's tale. When we remember that Heine had unpacked his heart of words, and abused Cousin in a paper in which vulgar petty rage by its excess had rendered every utterance feeble and silly, we cannot fail to be impressed by the magnanimity of Cousin and the meanness of his adversary, who could not refrain from exulting that, after all his envious slanders, he had actually walked arm-in-arm with a Minister! And the manner in which the wretchedly poor-in-dignity Heine speaks patronisingly of "poor Cousin" recalls one of the "lift men" at a London hotel, who, when he had on his best coat of a Sunday, was wont to say that he was "going to visit his aunt the Queen—the poor old lady had not seen him for a week!"

XXXIV.

PARIS, *May* 22, 1841.

THE English people here make anxious faces. "Things are going badly—badly," they hiss to one another in anxious dread, whispering together, when they meet at Galignani's; and it truly looks as if the whole Great Britannic empire were tottering and near its fall; but it is all only false appearance. This state is like the leaning tower of Pisa: its oblique position frightens us when we look up, and the traveller hurries with quickened step past the *campanile*, fearing lest the mighty tower might suddenly tumble on his head. When I was in London in the time of Canning, and frequented the wild meetings of the Radicals, I thought that the whole edifice of state was about to crumble in; but it was all show. My friends who were in England during the excitement of the Reform Bill were seized by the same fear. Others, who beheld the drama of O'Connell's agitation and of the Catholic Emancipation rioting, experienced the same anxiety. Now it is the Corn Laws which cause a storm which threatens

to overwhelm the edifice. But fear not, oh son of Albion!

"Though it crack, it may not break;
And if it break, not break on thee!"

Here in Paris there is at this present time a dead calm. People are tired of talking about the forged letters of the King, and an amusing diversion for us was the abduction of the Spanish Infanta by Ignaz Gurowski, a Pole, and brother of the famous Adam Gurowski, whom you remember.[1] Last summer our friend Ignaz was in love with Mademoiselle Rachel; but as her father, who is of good Jewish family, opposed the match, he turned to the Princess Isabella Fernanda of Spain. All the court ladies of both the Castiles, yea, and of the whole universe, will hold up their hands in horror; they will understand that at last the world of traditional respect has come to an end!

Louis Philippe has long understood this, and on this account he did not base his power on the ideal sentiment of reverence, but on real need and bare necessity. The French could not spare him,

[1] I for one remember him very well, having frequently met and conversed with him in New York in 1860–61. His adventures and misadventures had been numerous, varied, and extraordinary. He was shortly before his death employed, I believe, as secretary by President Lincoln. Ignaz died about 1889. The Gurowskis were of very good Polish family, and Adam was a prominent leader in the insurrection of 1830.—*Translator.*

for their own maintenance is also based on his. Those same dull citizens who do not think it worth their while to vindicate the honour of their King against calumny, and who by meat and wine often calumniate him themselves, would still at the first tap of drum haste with gun and sabre to his defence, for he is the security for their own political prosperity and endangered personal interests.

I cannot refrain from here mentioning that a Legitimist journal, *La Presse*, has attacked us bitterly because we were guilty of publishing in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* a defence of the King. To which attack we will only incidentally reply, that we are very far from taking any part in the internal partisan controversies of France. In our contributions to these columns, we aim especially at a true understanding of men and things, of incidents and what relates to them, and can thereby boast of the utmost impartiality—so long as no German interests are concerned to influence our opinions. For who can keep himself free from such influences? So it may of course come to pass that our sympathy for French statesmen, and also for Louis Philippe, is often heightened when we recognise in them views for the good of France. I fear that I may often be misled into speaking favourably of a ruler who has guarded us from the horrors of

war, and to whom our thanks are due that we can in peaceful leisure establish the alliance between France and Germany. This alliance is in every respect more natural than one with England or Russia, since these are two extremes from both of which there is here a gradual retrocession. A secret repulsion has always seized the French when it was proposed to approach Russia; they are shy of the embraces of that bear of the North, whom they have learned to know personally on the icy fields of Moscow. And they will have as little to do with England, having lately enjoyed a specimen of Albion's perfidy. Moreover, they mistrust the duration of the Government there, and believe it to be nearer death than is really the case.

The inclined downward direction (*sinkende Richtung*) of the British state deceives them. Yet it will fall some time, this leaning tower! Domestic moles continually loosen its foundations, and, after a time, the bears of the North will come and shake it with angry claws. A Frenchman might hope that the leaning tower will at last fall, and the conquering bear be buried under the ruins!

XXXV.

PARIS, *December* 11, 1841.

Now when the New Year—that great day of presents—approaches, the shops surpass themselves in varied display. The sight of these marvellous attractions is for the *flâneur* of leisure a most agreeable pastime, and if his brain be not quite vacant, ideas will often rise when he sees behind the gleaming glass-panes the varied fulness of the splendid show, with all its wealth of luxury and art—casting at times his glance upon the crowd which presses round him gazing at the wares. The faces of this public are so ugly with seriousness and suffering, so impatient and threatening, that they form an uncanny contrast with the objects at which they stare. Then dread feeling steals over us that these men might all at once strike with clenched fists and smash all these gay and jingling toys for the elegant world, and the elegant world itself with them. If a man is not a great politician, but only an ordinary *flâneur*, who troubles himself little as to the shade or tint of Dufaure and Passy, yet pays attention

to the people in the streets, he will attain the firm conviction that sooner or later the whole *bourgeois* comedy of France, with its parliamentary dramatic heroes and supernumeraries, will have an awful end amid hideous hisses, and that there will be an after-piece called the Rule of the Commune (*Kommunistenregiment*). This epilogue, it is very true, cannot last a long time, but it will the more powerfully move and purify our souls, and be a real tragedy.[1]

The late political trials might open the eyes of many, but they find blindness too agreeable. No one would willingly be reminded of to-morrow's dangers while he enjoys to-day. Therefore all men think evil of the man whose firm and piercing eye sees clearly down, into, and through the night of the abyss of the dread future, and whose stern hard words recall the thoughts of perils imminent when we are seated at a joyous feast. They all growl at the poor schoolmaster Guizot.

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[1] Our author here predicts with sagacity what came to pass in the brief after-piece of the Commune, and what may possibly take place again while there are brutal and ignorant mobs. But he errs, always, in attributing to such outbursts the deepest moral significance and healthiest results. If wealthy society is radically bad, it may be terribly purged by petroleum, but not cured. And the Commune neither deeply moved nor purified all hearts. What lies at the bottom of it all with Heine is envy and bitterness.—*Translator.*

Even the greater portion of the so-called Conservatives are disinclined to him, and in their dim delusion dream that he may be replaced by some one whose cheerful countenance and winsome speech will not be to them suggestive of torment and terror. Oh, ye Conservative fools, who are unable to conserve anything but your own folly, you should guard Guizot as the apple of your eye. Yes, you should drive the very gnats from him—the Radical as well as the Legitimist—to keep him cheerful, and you should often send him flowers to the Hôtel des Capucines—cheering, joyful flowers, roses and violets; and instead of disgusting him in the House by your constant grumbling, or driving him by your intrigues quite out of it, you should rather chain him to it. Were I in your place, I should be in constant fear lest he should suddenly escape from the splendid torments of his Ministerial palace, and take refuge in his quiet little study in the Rue Ville l'Evêque, where he once lived so happily among his old volumes bound in sheepskin or vellum.

And yet, is Guizot really the man who is able to avert the impending disaster? There are indeed united in him the generally separated qualities of the most profound sagacity and an iron will; he would defy all storms with his antique firmness, and avoid dangerous sunken

rocks with a most modern shrewdness;[1] but the quiet tooth of the mice had gnawed too many holes in the bottom of the French ship of state, and Guizot, as he himself well knows, is powerless against this inner evil (*Noth*), which is far more dangerous than aught without. There lies the danger. Subversive or destructive doctrines have in France taken too strong a hold of the lower class; people are no longer contending for equal political rights, but for equality of enjoyment of the blessings of this earth, and there are in Paris about four hundred thousand roughs,[2] who only await the word of command to realise the idea of absolute equality which broods in their rude brains. We hear from many sides that war would be a good means of diverting such a possible means of destruction. But would not that be driving out Satan by Beelzebub? War would only hasten the catastrophe and spread the evils over all the globe, which at present only press

[1] French version—"Il éviterait les écueils funestes avec un jésuitisme tout moderne." A curious accomplishment for a steersman. In the next line we have the addition of "Le dent secrète des petites souris et des grands rats." From which it would appear that, like the ancient Graiae or Fates, the rats and mice had but one tooth among them.—*Translator.*

[2] *Rohe Fäuste* in the original, which, reckoning two fists to a man, would only give half as many roughs. But recent statistics raise this class, comprehending its allies, to half-a-million.

on France. The propaganda of Communism possesses a language which every nation understands, and the elements of this universal tongue are as simple as hunger, envy, and death. It is easily learned.

But let us quit this sad theme and return to the more pleasing objects behind the vast plate-glass panes of the Rue Vivienne and the Boulevards. How they gleam and glitter, laugh and allure! (*das funkelt, das lacht und lockt!*). Vigorous life, expressed in gold, silver, bronze, gems, in all possible forms, especially in the forms of the Renaissance, whose imitations are at present all the fashion. What is the cause of this predilection for the Renaissance, that new birth, or rather resurrection, when the antique world rose from the tomb to make more beautiful the Middle Age in its dying hours? Does this our time feel an affinity with that age, which sought in the past, even as we are doing, a rejuvenating fountain, thirsting for the cool and refreshing draught of life? I know not, but that age of Francis I. and of his contemporaries exerts on us an almost terrible charm, like the memory of things seen and a life lived in dreams.[1] Then there lies an all-unusual

[1] French version—"Il y a quelque chose de magique, de singulièrement hardi, de mysteriéusement original, dans la manière dont cette époque a su travailler et absorber en elle l'antiquité retrouvée."

original fascination in the way and manner in which that age worked the rediscovered antiquity into itself. Here we do not see, as in the school of David, a dry academic imitation of Greek plastic art, but a fluent blending of it with Christian spiritualism. In the forms of art and of life which owe their strangely original (*abentheuerliches*) existence to that fusion of most unlike elements, there lurks such a sweetly melancholy humour, such an ironic kiss of reconciliation, such flourishing disdain, such a superbly elegant horror, which subdues us by an unearthly spell we know not how.[1]

But just as we for to-day leave politics to the petty professionals,[2] so we will also abandon to the duly patented historians the exact determination of the degree to which our time is allied with that of the Renaissance, and, *en vrais flâneurs*, stop on the Boulevard Montmartre before an engraving which Messieurs Goupil & Rittner have

[1] French version—"L'union de ces deux éléments tout à fait hétérogènes, portent l'empreinte d'un esprit si mélancholique et si doux, d'un baiser de réconciliation à la fois si rêveur et si ironique, d'une volupté si élégante et d'une joie si funèbre et si sinistre, que nous en sommes saisis de frissons et subjugués, nous ne savons comment."

[2] *Kannegiesser*, pewterers, also pourers from pots, whence pot-house, petty, would-be politicians, or "politicasters." Hence *kannegiesien*, to talk politics. The name was given to a character in a Danish comedy, whence, according to W. D. Whitney, it became popular.

there exhibited, and which attracts all glances as the copperplate lion of the season. It well deserves this general attention, for it is "The Fishers" of Leopold Robert. It has been expected "for a year and a day" (*seit Jahr und Tag*), and it is indeed a charming Christmas present for the public, to whom the original may be unknown. I refrain from all detailed description of this work, because it will soon be as well known as "The Harvesters" by the same painter, to which it forms a significant and charming companion-piece. As that celebrated picture represents the country in summer, where Roman peasants drive homewards with the blessings of harvest as if on a triumphal chariot,[1] so we see in this last picture by Robert, in sharpest contrast, the little wintry port of Chioggia, and poor fishermen, who, to gain their scant daily bread, are preparing, despite wind and weather, for a cruise in the Adriatic. Wife and child and the old grandmother look at them with painful resignation; they are touching figures, whose sight awakens in our heart feelings quite contrary to all police regulations. These unhappy beings, the very serfs of poverty, are condemned to lifelong afflic-

[1] French version—"Ce tableau . . . représente une campagne inondée par un soleil d'été, et que traversent, comme sur un char de triumphe, des campagnards romains, rentrant les richesses dorées de leur récolte."

tion, and weary and waste away in hard poverty and affliction. A melancholy curse is painted here, and the artist, as soon as he had painted it, cut his own throat. Poor people and poor Robert! Yes, just as "The Harvesters" of this master is a work of joy, which he conceived and executed in the Roman sunlight of love, there is mirrored in "The Fishermen" all the thoughts of suicide and autumnal fogs which gathered round his soul while he dwelt in ruined Venice. As much as the first picture calms and enraptures us, so does this last fill us with uprising discontent;[1] in the one Robert painted human felicity, and in the other its misery.

I shall never forget the day when I first beheld the original picture of "The Fishermen" of Robert. The news of his death had struck us like lightning from a cloudless sky, and as the picture, which arrived at the same time, could not be exhibited in the *Salon*, which was already opened, its owner, M. Paturle, conceived the very praiseworthy intention of making a special exhibition of it for the benefit of the poor. The Mayor of the Second Arrondissement supplied a place, and the receipts, if I am not mistaken, amounted to more than sixteen thousand francs. May the

[1] French—"Nous remplit de courroux révolutionnaire." German—"Mit emporsüchtigen Unmuth."

philanthropic works of all friends of the people produce such practical results after their deaths!

I remember that as I ascended the stairs of the Mairie to the room of the exhibition, I read on a side-door the inscription, "*Bureau des décès.*" There were in the *Salon* many people before the picture, but no one spoke; there weighed on all an anxious heavy silence, as if the bloody corpse of the dead painter lay behind the canvas. What was the cause why he slew himself—a deed in contradiction to the laws of morality and nature—holy laws which Robert all his life had reverenced like a child. Yes, he was brought up in strong Swiss Protestantism; he held firmly and truly to this fatherly faith, and there was in him no trace of religious scepticism, or even of indifference. He was also conscientious in fulfilling his civic duties —a good son, a good domestic manager, who paid his debts, acting fully up to all the requisitions of society, who carefully brushed his coat and hat; nor was there as regarded him any suspicion of immorality. He clung to Nature with all his soul like a child to its mother; she nourished his talent and revealed to him all her glory. I may say *en passant* that she was dearer to him than the traditions of the great masters; yet that was not less a departure from Nature. Therefore it was not a transcendental sinking into the delicious delirium of art, unnecessary yearning for the delights of

a world of dreams, or a deviation from Nature which allured the marvellous man to his death. His money affairs were all in order; he was honoured, admired, and even in good health. Then what was it? There was for a time a rumour in Paris that love for a *grande dame* in Rome caused his suicide. This I do not believe. Robert was thirty-eight years of age, and at that time of life the outburst of great passions is indeed very terrible, but men do not then kill themselves as in early youth, when in the immature (*unmännlichen*) Werther period of life.

What drove Robert to death was perhaps that most terrible of emotions, when an artist discovers a disproportion between his desire to create and his ability to express it (*Darstellungsvermögen*). This consciousness of inability is of itself half death, and the hand only helps to abridge the agony. However ingenious and vivid the works of Robert may have been, they were still only the pale spectres of the blooming beauties of Nature which swept before his soul, and a practised eye easily discovers a wearisome painful strife with the subject (*Stoff*) which he could only overcome by the most desperate effort. Fair and firm are all these pictures by Robert, but most of them are not free; there is not in them daring, direct inspiration (*der unmittelbare Geist*)[1]—they are

[1] French version—"Le souffle d'un esprit prime-sautier."

composed. Robert possessed a certain intuition of genial greatness, and yet his soul was banned and bound in narrow circles. To judge by the character of his pictures, one would believe that he was an enthusiastic admirer of Raphael Sanzio d'Urbino, the ideal angel of beauty. No; his intimate friends declare that it was Michael Angelo Buonarotti, the stormy Titan, the wild thunder-god of the "Last Judgment," of whom he dreamed and whom he adored. The true cause of his death was the bitter irritation of the *genre* painter, who yearns to be a supremely great historical artist: he died of a missing link (*lacune*) in his power of execution.

The engraving of "The Fishermen" now exhibited by Messieurs Goupil & Rittner is admirable as regards technical execution—a real masterpiece, far superior to that of "The Harvesters," which was perhaps too hastily finished; but it wants the character of originality which so fully enraptures us in "The Harvesters," and which was perhaps due to this picture having been the result of a single study, be it from without or from within, and then followed and formed with great fidelity.[1] "The Fishermen," on the contrary, are too much composed; the figures are over-carefully combined

[1] Abbreviated in the French version to: "Ce chef d'œuvre a eu sa source dans une totalité de conception." Which is explanatory, but not satisfactory.

side by side; they mutually incommode, instead of bringing out one another; and it is only by the colours that what is incongruous in the original picture is balanced, and the whole receives an air of unity. In the engraving, where the colour or the varied adjustment is wanting, the superficially allied elements naturally separate again; we perceive uncertainty and separate details, and the whole is not an unity. "This is a sign of Raphael's greatness," said one of my friends to me not long ago, "that his pictures lose nothing of their harmony when engraved. Yes, even in their worst imitations, without any colour or devoid of shading, in their bare-cut lines the works of Raphael still keep that harmonious power which moves our soul. That comes because they are real revelations — revelations of genius, which, as in Nature, manifests perfection even in mere sketches."

My abridged opinion of "The Fishers" of Robert is that they lack unity, and that only details, such as that of the young woman with the sick child, deserve the highest praise. In proof of this, I appeal to the first sketch, in which Robert expressed his first idea, and there, in this primitive conception, there reigns that harmony which is wanting in the finished picture; and when we compare the two, we can see clearly how the painter long tormented and wearied his soul ere he brought the picture to its present state.

XXXVI.

PARIS, *December* 19, 1841.

WILL Guizot keep his place? Lord! in this country nothing keeps its place long; all totters, even the Obelisk of Luxor—which is no hyperbole, but a literal truth; for it has been rumoured for several months that the Obelisk does not stand firmly on its pedestal; it leans now and then here and there, and some fine morning early it will tumble on the heads of the passers-by. Timid people, when their way is across the Place Louis-Quinze, try to keep out of the way of the falling grandeur. Bolder spirits, of course, do not let themselves be disturbed, and do not give way a finger's-breadth;[1] yet they still, when passing by, give a squint upward to see whether the great stone has become shaky of disposition. However this may be, it is always a sad sign when the public begin to doubt the duration of things, for their very best support goes with the faith in their duration. Will *he* hold his own? In any

[1] A line from a very popular old Lutheran hymn.

case, I think that he will last through the next session, be it the Obelisk or Guizot—who has a certain likeness to the former in this, that he does not stand in his right place. Yes, neither of them are in their proper places; they have been torn from their natural surroundings and violently transplanted into an unbecoming neighbourhood. The Obelisk once stood before the lotus-headed giant columns at the entrance of the Temple of Luxor, which looks like a colossal coffin, and contains embalmed death, the dried bodies of kings, the dead wisdom of the early world. By him stood a twin-brother of the same red granite and the same pyramidal form, and ere one came to these he passed through two avenues of sphynxes, silent and enigmatic beings, beasts with human heads, or Egyptian doctrinaires. Indeed, such surrounding was far fitter for the Obelisk than that which has been given it on the Place Louis-Quinze, the most modern in the world, and where the modern age really begins, having been cut off with mad and raging axe.[1] Does the great Obelisk perhaps tremble and shudder at finding itself on such a godless soil—he who, like a stone Swiss porter in hieroglyphic livery, kept watch for thousands of years before

[1] French version—"Passé par la hache fatale du 21 janvier."

the holy gates of the tombs of the Pharaohs and the absolute empire of the Mummies? Be that as it may, he stands there very much isolated, almost comically so, among thoroughly theatrical edifices of the latest style of architecture—rococo statuary, fountains with gilt naïads, allegorical statues of French rivers, whose pedestal curtains a porter's lodge in the centre, between the Arc de Triumphe de l'Etoile, the palace of the Tuileries, and the Chamber of Deputies—just as the sacerdotally profound, Egyptian, taciturn Guizot stands among the imperially-rough Soult, the mercantile flat-headed Humann, and the hollow twaddler Villemain, streaked half-Voltairian, half-Catholic, and who certainly has had a streak too much of luck.[1]

But let us set Guizot aside, and only speak of the Obelisk, for it is quite true that people are discussing its possibly speedy fall. It is said that

[1] French version—"Comme le doctrinaire Guizot, avec sa mine sacerdotale, avec sa raideur et sa taciturnité égyptiennes, se trouve placé entre sas collègues, notamment Soult, troupier illettré et peu artiste, mais grand amateur de Murillos, qui ne coûtent rien; puis Humann, bourgeois industriel à la tête bourrée de chiffres mercantiles; et enfin Villemain, rhéteur ignare, frivole bel esprit, qui s'est un peu frotté à la poussière des pères de l'Église pour se donner une certaine odeur d'érudit religieux, mais qui n'en sent pas moins à dix pas de distance son Voltairianisme renié." Heine is here doing yeoman's service for the pension. It must be admitted that Guizot got his money's worth.—*Translator.*

in the silent, burning, sunny heat of the Nile-land, in the peace and solitude of its home, it might have stood for thousands of years, but that here in Paris it is stirred by constant change of weather, the feverishly exciting anarchic atmosphere, the incessantly blowing damp and cold breeze, which is far worse for the health than the hot simoom of the desert; in short, the air of Paris does not suit it. The real rival of the Obelisk of Luxor is the Colonne Vendôme. Does *it* stand very firmly? I do not know—but it stands in its right place, in harmony with all around it. It is truly rooted in its native soil, and he who holds to that, has firm and fast support. What! *really* firm? No; here in France nothing is absolutely, firmly settled. A storm has already torn away the capital of the column, the capital iron man, and should the Communists ever attain to government, the same may happen again, unless, indeed, the Radical madness of equality should overthrow the column itself,[1] so that this monument and symbol of the passion for glory may vanish from the earth, because no man or work of man shall rise above a fixed communal measure; and therefore architecture as well as epic poetry is threatened with destruction.

[1] Which it really did. Not "one of our failures." It was a miraculously clever prediction for 1841, and perhaps, in a measure, led to its own fulfilment.

"What do we want in these times with a monument to an ambitious murderer of mankind?" I heard not long ago from an enraged leveller, apropos of the competition for models of the Mausoleum of the Emperor. "It will cost the money of living people, and we will break it up when the time shall come." Yes, the dead hero should have remained in St. Helena, and I will not be bound (*dafür stehen*) that his monument will not one day be shattered and his body thrown into the beautiful river on whose banks he would fain so sentimentally repose.[1] As Minister, Thiers has done him no great service.

In truth, he has done the Emperor a greater service as historian, and has erected to him a

[1] The mania for such destruction of every relic of the past, which is so markedly characteristic, not only of the lower, but of the most cultivated Communists, is a conclusive proof of their weakness of mind and unfitness to rule. When Rochefort gave the command to burn up Paris, special pains were taken that the National Library should be destroyed, and it was only saved by the accidental breaking of a battery wire! *Great* men, capable of rule, would regard evolution from the past as a law, and far from childishly endeavouring to efface its traces, carefully preserve and study them to aid in future development, even as he who would study the branches must know the roots. Thus far, such worse than idle unrepublican destruction or tyranny has, in France, taken precedence of building up. The excuse is, that it is necessary to clear the ground. Which recalls the American who was so *very* thorough, that when he cut down the forest which stood where he wished to build, he did not leave a stick wherewith to erect his house.—*Translator.*

more solid monument than the Column of Vendôme and the projected monument by the great historical work at which he constantly works, notwithstanding the exactions of his political tasks upon his time.

This work, as his bookseller, through whose hands it has chiefly passed, assures me, has greatly advanced of late. I refer here to M. Dubochet, one of the noblest and most upright men whom I know. The worst malevolence will admit that I here speak from trustworthy information.[1] Other credible persons who live about Thiers have assured me that he is busy by night and day with his book. I myself have not seen him since his return from Germany, but I hear with joy that he there not only attained his historical aims, but also gained far greater insight into German affairs than he manifested during his Ministry. He speaks with great liking and decided respect of the German people, and the views which he brought back with him of our native country will certainly have good practical results, whether he grasp the helm of state or only the stylus of history.

Thiers alone has the material and means to write the history of Napoleon Bonaparte, and he

[1] One is here reminded of what Gargantua said in effect to Panurge, that it was not necessary to swear with such vehemence to a thing which no one would doubt.—*Translator.*

will write it better than those who believed themselves to be especially called to it, because they were true companions of the Emperor, and even in constant personal attendance. The new friends or acquaintances of a great hero, his fellow-warriors, servants, chamberlains, secretaries, adjutants, perhaps his contemporaries altogether, are the least qualified to write history; they often seem to me to be like a fly which has walked over a man's head, and that in the nearest place to his thought, and perhaps buzzed round him everywhere, without having the least idea of his true life and the scope of his action.

And as appropriate to this subject, I call attention to a copperplate engraving which is at present to be seen at all dealers in art, and which represents the Emperor after a picture by Delaroche, who painted it for Lady Sandwich. The artist executed this picture, as he does all his work, eclectically, and to compose it used many unknown portraits which are owned by the Bonaparte family, also the cast of the dead Napoleon; further, many details as to the peculiarities of the imperial countenance which were supplied by ladies who had known him, and finally his own recollections, as he had many times seen the Emperor in his youth. I cannot here give my full opinion as to this picture, as I must in such case write fully as to the manner of Dela-

roche. The principal characteristic I have already indicated, that is, the eclectic proceeding, which inspires to a certain degree external truth, but which does not permit the development of ideal truth or deep and fundamental ideas.[1] This new portrait of the Emperor has been published by Goupil & Rittner, who have issued nearly all the known works of Delaroche.[2] They recently published Charles the First insulted and mocked in prison by soldiers and underlings, and as a companion-piece we have had in the same form the picture of Strafford, who, while being led to his execution, passes the prison where Bishop Laud is confined, and gives to the passing Count his parting blessing. We see indeed only the Bishop's two hands stretched out of the barred

[1] One of the maxims which Heine was fond of manufacturing out of the single case in hand. The power of the eclectic system in art or literature to represent ideal truth or beauty depends entirely on the mind which employs it. It is, in fact, a search for an ideal drawn from a wide range of thought. Shakespeare was in the highest sense an eclectic ; but Heine was deeply prejudiced against the *word* "Eclectic," as representing the system of Cousin—as were most Germans of his time.—*Translator.*

[2] To which the *Augsburger Zeitung* adds, in here ending the letter: "And it is admirably engraved by a young etcher on copper, who developed in it the greatest talent. He is called, if I am not mistaken, Aristide Louis, and he is a pupil of Dupont." I think that this engraving was, however, on *steel.—Translator.*

window, and which, as they look like the two hands on a mile-post, have a very prosaic effect.[1]

In the same art-magazine we see the great cabinet-piece of Delaroche—his dying Richelieu, seated in a boat, and descending the Rhone in company with his two victims, the condemned Chevaliers Cinq-Mars[2] and De Thou. The two children[3] whom Richard III. had murdered in the Tower is the most pleasing (*anmuthigste*) picture which Delaroche has painted. At present there is being engraved a work by him which represents Marie Antoinette in the prison of the Temple. The poor princess is very indigently dressed,

[1] French version—"Procédé prosaïque et visant à un effet absurde." As I and many readers have not thought of the mile post, we may be excused for having been impressed by this picture of the mysterious *hand*, which has been employed in all ages without exciting ridicule. The hand which emerges from the lake to meet and grasp the sword of King Arthur might quite as well have suggested a finger-post as those depicted by Delaroche. According to such criticism, any work of art which can be shown to have a vulgar or commonplac parody becomes thereby ridiculous. A bronze monument is ugly because it looks like a new kettle (*vide* Handbook for Munich), and an Italian Gothic cathedral, because it is striped like a zebra. And as such parallels occur readily to vulgar minds, therefore no work of art can be dignified.—*Translator.*

[2] In the German text "*Saint*-Mars."

[3] French version—"Les Enfants d'Edouard." This picture contributed more than any other cause to render popular the dressing of children in mediæval style; "Little Lord Fauntleroy" being one of the results.

almost like a woman of the people, which will certainly cause the most Legitimate tears to flow in the noble faubourg. One of the most touching works of Delaroche, which represents Lady Jane Grey just as she is about to lay her blonde head on the block, has not as yet been published, as it is still in hand. His Marie Stuart, also, is not as yet engraved. The picture of Cromwell lifting the lid of the coffin in which lies the body of the beheaded Charles the First, if it be not the best, is the most effective of any by Delaroche, as to which I have elsewhere written in detail.[1] The engraving is also a masterpiece of technical perfection. Delaroche manifests a peculiar predilection or idiosyncrasy in his choice of subjects. They are invariably very high personages, who are either being executed or else doomed to be so. M. Delaroche is the court-painter to all decapitated sovereigns. He can never quite withdraw himself from the service of such distinguished delinquents, and his soul is busy with them, even when portraying the potentates who departed (*das Zeitliche segneten*) albeit without the assistance of the executioner. Thus in his *tableau* of the death of Elizabeth of England we see how the grey-haired queen rolls herself despairingly on the floor, tormented in the dying hour by the memory of Count

[1] The article here referred to will be found in another place in this work.

Essex and Mary Stuart, whose bloody spectres seem to appear to her fixed eyes. This picture is one of the ornaments of the Gallery of the Luxembourg, and it is neither so horribly vulgar nor vulgarly horrible as the other pictures in the historic style by the same artist, favourite works of the *bourgeoisie*, the brave honourable citizens, who regard the overcoming difficulties as the highest problem of art, who confuse the horrible with the tragic, and who are gladly edified by the sight of fallen grandeur, being themselves in the delightful consciousness that they themselves are safe from such catastrophes in the modest darkness of a back shop in the Rue Saint-Denis.

XXXVII.

PARIS, *December* 28, 1841.

I EXPECT very little that is enlivening or agreeable from the recently opened Chamber of Deputies. All that we shall witness there will be petty squabbles, personal disputes, weakness, and perhaps at last a general stagnation. And, in fact, a legislative chamber must be composed of compact masses of (different) parties, or else the whole parliamentary machine cannot act (*fungiren*).[1] Should every deputy bring a special different and isolated opinion to market, there could never be a vote which could be in any way regarded as the expression of a common will, and yet the most essential condition of the representative system is that such a common will shall manifest itself. Like all French society, the Chamber is decomposed or cracked into so many splits and splinters, that there are in it no two men who quite agree in their views. When I

[1] *Fungiren*, a form of *fonctioniren*, French, *fonctioner*, to officiate, to perform its functions. Heine was extravagantly fond of such baroque French-Latin terms.—*Translator.*

consider the French of to-day in this relation, I always recall the words of our well-known Adam Gurowski,[1] who denied to German patriots all capacity for action, because among twelve Ger-

[1] French version—"Notre spirituel Adam Gurowski." He said clever things, but always grumbled at, and spoke sarcastically of everything, especially everything in America. Hence I called him Growl-owski in an article in *Vanity Fair* (New York, 1861). Adam Gurowski was quite angry at me once for speaking favourably of A. W. von Schlegel in a biographical sketch, and made a special appointment to meet me and induce me to think worse of the great writer. Gurowski thought well of me because I had translated the *Reisebilder* and *Buch der Lieder* of Heine, whom he naturally liked—*Arcades ambo*—hence his dislike of Schlegel. When in a good temper, as, for instance, after the opera and in the club, he could be amusing. Gurowski liked to be thought young. One day, on meeting with an American acquaintance, he pointed to a statue which was very much in the way in some public thoroughfare, and said, "Where would you see except in America such vile taste as to put a statue in such a place." "You may see it in Paris," was the reply, "where the statue of Molière is just in the middle of a street." "I do not remember it," replied Gurowski; "there was no such thing in Paris when *I* was there." "That may be," was the answer; "it is only about 150 years since it was put up." Gurowski departed roaring with rage. It may be here remarked as a curious incident, that if Gurowski really made the remark to Heine which is given above, he simply condensed what Heine himself had long before set forth in detail in his description of the character of Heinrich Kitzler ("The Gods in Exile," "Germany," vol. ii. p. 297. Heinemann, 1892) in which he depicts a German who can never achieve anything because he always considers both sides too equitably and fairly.—*Translator.*

mans there are always twenty-four parties. For, with our many-sidedness and conscientiousness in thought, every one of us has duly taken in and considered the views most contrary to his own, with all their reasons and arguments; hence there are always two parties in every person. This is now the case with the French. But what will be the end of all this fine splitting, this dissolution of all the connecting links of thought, this *particularism*, this extinction of all mutual intelligence, which is the moral death of a race? What led to this state of affairs was the culture of material interests, selfishness, and money. Will this last long, or will there be suddenly some tremendous outburst of a greater power or deed of chance, or a disaster which will again mutually bind and blend French souls? "God never abandons a German;" but neither does he any Frenchman, or any other man of any race; and when a nation slumbers, be it from weariness or laziness, he appoints private watchmen of the future, who, hidden in darkness apart, await their hour—the hour of general awaking. Where do the watchmen watch, the wakers wake? I have often sought to know, and I was told in deep mystery that it was with—the army! "Here, in the army," I was told, "there is still a strong national feeling; here, under the tri-coloured flag, those higher feelings have taken refuge which

the predominant Industrialism has repulsed and ridiculed; here the modest and contented civic virtue, the intrepid love of great deeds and of honour, the burning faculty of enthusiasm, live here, as well as the healthiest life, while all around is discord and decay; and here too is wonted respect for authority, or in any case an armed unity." "Therefore it is not impossible," added my informant, "that some fine morning the army will knock over the present *bourgeois régime*, the Second Directory, and make another Eighteenth of Brumaire. Military management (*Soldatenwirthschaft*) would then be the end and refrain of the song, and human society must again endure being quartered on.[1]

The condemnation of M. Dupoty by the Chamber of Peers did not spring from servile fear, but from that hereditary hatred for the Revolution which

[1] The French version has this ending for the chapter, what follows being omitted in it:—"Le gouvernement du sabre serait donc la fin de la chanson, et la société humaine serait encore une fois régalée du vacarme de la gloire avec ses eternels *Te Deum Laudamus*, ses lampions de suif, ses héros aux grosses épaulettes d'or et ses coups de canon en permance." Heine should here have mentioned the little-noted and remarkable fact that there sprang up in the army under Napoleon several secret societies, chief among which was that of the *Philadelphiens*, whose object was to reform the world on a military basis, and reduce society, not to a half-time workhouse *à la* Socialist, but to a general system of barracks.

secretly nestles in the hearts of many ancient nobles. For the personages of the illustrious assembly do not consist of merely freshly baked men of the modern era. We have but to cast a glance on the list of men who voted in the affirmative to see with amazement that by the name of an Imperial or Philippistic parvenu there are always two or three of the old régime. The bearers of these names, therefore, form a majority, and there they sit on the velvet-covered benches of the Luxembourg; old guillotined men with their heads sewed on again, which heads they feel with great anxiety whenever the people outside murmur; spectres who hate every cock, and the Gallic cock most of all, because they know from experience how soon his early crowing in the morn will put an end to all their haunting show; and it is a terrible show when these wretched dead men sit in judgment on the living, who are still more wretched—namely, over the youngest and most despairing children of the Revolution—over those orphaned and disinherited children whose misery is as great as their madness—over the Communists! Nor is there any more mercy to be expected from the plebeians who sit in the peers by the ancient hard-baked;[1]

[1] *Altbackenen Patriciern*, the "old-baked" batch, in contrast to the new and soft. This corresponds to the American

they endeavour, with few exceptions, to repudiate their Revolutionary origin, and damn decidedly their own blood. Or is there a certain inborn servility among these new men, which shows itself at once when they as peers sit by their ancient masters? The old subordination again seizes on their souls; a bit of livery shows itself under the ermine, and in every question they implicitly obey the interests of their gracious betters (*gnädigen Herrschaftsinteressen*) of the House.[1]

The condemnation of Dupoty will do indescribable harm to the institution of peers, for the latter is as much disliked by the people as it is discredited. The last batch contains names against whom little can be alleged, but all that does not make the soup stronger nor more savoury. The list has been fully scraped and scrawled in all the newspapers, and I therefore refrain from further comments. I will only incidentally remark as regards M. Beugnot, that this new peer must be extremely familiar with our German tongue, and still more with our ways, since he grew up to full youth

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Hardshell, as indicating the Orthodox or Conservative party. —*Translator.*

[1] *Gnädige Herrschaft.* I have known Germans in America to be very indignant at newly-arrived fellow-countrymen for using this term as regarded their employers. It may be observed that none of them did after they had ever been a month in the country. Those who had used it the most at home hated it most abroad.

in Germany, that is, in Düsseldorf, where he had the public teaching of the gymnasium, and distinguished himself by industry and notable intellect. There is always for me something comforting and composing when I see among the members of the French power of state some individuals of whom I am convinced that they know German, and do not know Germany only from hearsay.[1]

The promotion of Messrs. De Murat and De Chavigny, who are rallied or re-allied Legitimists, is announced. The latter was secretary to M. de Polignac. It is also generally rumoured that M. Benoit Fould will be made a peer of France, and it is more than possible that we shall soon witness this delightfully sad show. That is all which the poor peerage wants to be the mockery of the world. The brilliant victory of the soberest and hardest moneyed materialism was wanting to it. Raise James Rothschild as high as you please—he is a man, and has a human heart. But this Monsieur Benoit Fould! The *National* of to-day says that the banker Fould is the only one who, on the opening session, pressed the hand of the General Procurator Hébert. "M. Fould," he adds,

[1] If it was soothing and composing to Heine to behold in a State Assembly people who could talk *Deutsch*, he should have been able to look into the Pennsylvania Legislature. It might have set him to sleep altogether.—*Translator.*

"rassemble beaucoup à un discours d'accusateur publique."

To this letter the German editor adds:—"In a later notice to the letter of June 3, 1840, Heine defends himself against the accusation of being the originator of the above remarks on Benoit Fould. The passage may, however, be found at the end of the preceding published letter, of which Heine gave the greater portion in his book 'Lutetia.' The author is so far correct that he certainly did not write the lines referred to in an earlier article (namely, not before the 3rd of June 1840), and it may have escaped his memory in penning the 'later notice' (May 1854), that he had really published the passage at another time (in the letter of December 28, 1841)."

XXXVIII.

PARIS, *January* 12, 1842.

WE laugh at the poor Laplanders, who, when they suffer with complaints of the chest, leave their home and go to St. Petersburg, there to enjoy the softer airs of a more southern clime. The Algerine Bedouins who are here may in the same fashion smile at many of our fellow-countrymen, who for their health prefer to pass the winter in Paris rather than in Germany, and fancy that France is a warmer land. I assure you that it is at this moment no colder on the heath of Lünenburg than it is here in Paris, where I am now writing, my fingers stiff with frost. And it must be quite as bitterly cold in the provinces. The deputies who are now arriving in shoals (*rudelweise*) only talk of snow, glair-ice, and overturned diligences. Their faces are still red and catarrhal (*verschnupft*), their brains frozen up, their ideas at nine degrees below zero. They will not thaw before the opening speech. Everything has here

at present a frosty, dismal look. There is no agreement even as to the most important questions, and the wind is continually changing. What men would yesterday, to-day they will not, and God only knows what they will want to-morrow, for there is naught save quarrel and distrust, wavering and difference of opinion. King Philip has carried the maxim of his Macedonian predecessor of the same name, "Divide and rule," to the most dangerous extreme. Too great division has again made government, even the constitutional, difficult, and Guizot will have sad trouble with the splitting and shredding of the Chamber. Guizot is always the defence and resource of existing interests. But the so-called friends of these interests, or the Conservatives, think little of them, and have already forgotten that only on the last Friday, "*A bas Guizot!*" and "*Vive Lamennais!*" was loudly cried. For the man of order, for the great organiser of tranquillity, it was indeed a direct triumph that he was decried in order to exalt that frightful priest, who had wedded political to religious fanaticism, and given the final consecration to universal disorder. Poor Guizot! poor schoolmaster! poor rector magnificus of France! these students cry out "Down with him!" (*Pereat!*) who would do much better to study thy books, in which there is so much instruction, so much noble profundity, so many suggestions for the welfare of

mankind.[1] "Take care," said a demagogue[2] once to a great patriot, "lest when the multitude are mad they tear thee to pieces!" And the other answered, "Take care that they do not the same to thee when they again come to their senses!" That is what Lamennais and Guizot might have well said to one another last Friday. The tumultuous scene was far more significantly alarming than the journals represented it to be. They had an interest in dissimulating the importance of the event, the Ministerial as well as those of the Opposition; the latter, because the manifestation found no response among the people. The people, while freezing, looked on tranquilly. At nine degrees of cold[3] there is no overturning of a Government to be feared in Paris. There are never any *émeutes* here in winter. Since the storming of the Bastile till the revolt of Barbès, the people have always postponed their rage to the warmer summer months, when the weather was fine and people could fight with pleasure. Does not that say something for the Governments, whose oppression could not have been so terrible, because it

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[1] Instead of *so viel Winke*, or "so many suggestions," there is in the original letter to the *Augsburger Zeitung* "so much real inspiration."

[2] French version—"Demagogue d'Athénes."

[3] French version—"A dix dégrés de froid on n'a pas craindre à Paris un bouleversement."

was only resisted in pleasant weather, and people took pleasure in it?[1]

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[1] This last paragraph is the conclusion in the original letter to the *Allegemeine Augsburger Zeitung*. The truth of the theory was, however, negatived by the Revolution of February 1848, although it is true that the weather was not then very cold.

XXXIX.

PARIS, *January* 24, 1842.

WE have recently seen again in the parliamentary arena a brilliant duel between Guizot and Thiers, the two whose names are heard from every mouth until the incessant disquisitions on them become fatiguing. I verily marvel that the French never lose patience in ever hearing these men discussed from year to year, from morning to night. Yet, in fact, they are not persons, but systems which are here in mention—systems which must be everywhere debated, wherever the existence of a state is threatened from without, be it in China or in France. The difference, in truth, is but in name. What we call Thiers and Guizot are in the Celestial empire Lin and Kesch-en. The former, Lin, is the Chinese Thiers, and represents the warlike system which would avert threatening danger by the power of arms, or, it may be, only by a horrible clashing of weapons. Kesch-en, on the contrary, is the Guizot of the Flowery Kingdom; he represents peace, and he might perhaps have succeeded by means of shrewd compliance in bowing

and complimenting the red-haired barbarians out of the country, if the party of the Chinese Thiers had not got the upper hand in Peking. Poor Kesch-en! it is just because we are so far away from the scene that we can clearly see how much thou wert in the right in distrusting the military resources of the Celestial Kingdom, and how honourable were thy intentions as regards thy sovereign, who is not so reasonable as Louis Philippe. I felt sincere pleasure when reading lately in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* that the excellent Kesch-en has not been sawn in two, as was at first reported, but had only paid with his enormous fortune. The latter can never happen to our representative of the peace system, for when he falls, his riches cannot be confiscated. Guizot is poor as a church mouse, and our Lin is far from wealthy, as I have often said, and I am convinced that he writes his "History of the Empire" chiefly for the money which it brings.[1] What glory for France that the two men who have controlled all its power and resources (*Macht*) are two poor mandarins who carry all their treasures in their heads!

You have read the last speeches of the two men, and found in them much elucidation of the

[1] French version—"L'argent qu'elle lui rapportera y est pour beaucoup, car il en a besoin." *Macht* in the next sentence is given in French as *fortune d'état.* In the French version the letter concludes with this passage.—*Translator.*

perplexing problems which are a direct result of the Eastern question. What is now specially remarkable is the mildness of the Russians as regards the maintenance of the Turkish kingdom. The real reason is that they already practically possess the greater portion of it. Turkey will gradually become Russian without military occupation. The Russians here follow a method which I shall anon explain. It is with them a question of real power, not of its mere show, or for the title of Byzantium. Constantinople cannot escape them; they will swallow it when it is time to do so. Just at present it does not suit them, and they talk of Turkey with a bland, almost Moravian,[1] readiness for peace. They put me in mind of the fable of the wolf, who when he was hungry seized a sheep. He ate with ravenous haste its two fore-legs, but left the hinder, saying, "I am now satisfied, and I will leave to this good sheep whose two fore-legs I've eaten, such legs as yet remain, and more than that, the rest of all his body as a gift."

[1] *Fast herrenhutischen Friedfertigkeit.* The Herrnhuter (guardians or devotees of the Lord), generally known as Moravians, are a sect which, like the Quakers, advocate peace. They are the almost exclusive occupants of many villages and two large towns in Pennsylvania, where I passed several summers among them. They are an industrious, quiet people, and very much occupied with their religion and the traditions of their founders.—*Translator.*

XL.

PARIS, *June* 2, 1842.

THE *Académie des Sciences Morales*, not wishing to incur reproach, has in its sitting of May 28 postponed until 1844 the bestowal of the crown of honour for the best *examen critique de la philosophie Allemande*. Under this title they had announced a prize problem, the solution of which should aim at nothing less than a critical sketch (*beurtheilende Darstellung*) of German philosophy from Kant to the present time, with special consideration of this latter—of the great Immanuel Kant, of whom the French have heard so much, that their curiosity is quite awakened.[1] Even Napoleon once wished to be informed as to the system of Kant, and he ordered some French scholar to prepare for him a résumé of it, which must be limited to a few pages in quarto. Princes have only to command; the résumé was forthwith prepared in the prescribed form. What it was like, Heaven only knows!—

[1] French version—"Dont les Français ont tant entendu parler qu'ils sont presque devenus curieux de savoir ce que c'est."

only this I know, that the Emperor, after he had read through very carefully the few quarto leaves, said, "All this has no practical value, and the world is little aided by such men as Kant, Cagliostro, Swedenborg, and Philadelphia." The great majority in France still regard Kant as a misty, if not a muddy visionary, and I lately read in a French romance the phrase *le vague mystique de Kant.* One of the greatest French philosophers is unquestionably Pierre Leroux, and the latter confessed to me six years ago that he first learned from the *Allemagne* of Heinrich Heine that the German philosophy is not so mystical and religious as the French public have been made to believe, but that, on the contrary, it is very coldly, almost freezingly abstract, and incredulous even to the negation of the Highest.

In the sitting of the Academy to which I have referred, Mignet, the perpetual secretary, read a *Notice Historique* on the life and works of the late Destutt de Tracy. As in all his productions, Mignet here developed his exquisite and powerful talent of description, his marvellous art and skill in seizing characteristic instants and incidents of life, his clear and genial intelligence, his rich feeling, and his constant youthfully blooming inspiration for the good of mankind.[1] His address on

[1] Heine was inferior to no man as regarded command over the windy powers of pleonasm, but it may be doubted whether

Destutt de Tracy is already printed, and so requires no special notice here. I will only casually make a few remarks on that which greatly impressed me while Mignet related the beautiful life of the nobleman, who sprung from the proudest feudal nobility and was a brave soldier during his youth, but who nevertheless embraced with most magnanimous unselfishness and sacrifice the party of progress, and remained true to it to his last breath. The same man, who in the Eighties staked his earthly good and blood in the cause of humanity with Lafayette, found himself again with his old friend on the 29th of July 1830 at the barricades—unchanged in his opinions; only his sight was gone; his heart, however, still remained light and young. The French nobility has produced many, indeed an astonishing number of such instances, as the people well know, and such men of great family who have shown such devotion to their interests they call *les bons nobles.* Mistrust of the nobility in general may in revolutionary times show itself as advantageous, but it will always be a great injustice. In this respect we may learn a great lesson from the lives of Tracy, Rochefoucauld, D'Argenson

even he could have kept up this sentence in this vein much longer. One of the not unfrequent departures from his marvellously good, but quite as marvellously self-praised "style."—*Translator.*

and Lafayette, and similar champions of popular rights.[1]

The spirit of Destutt de Tracy was as straightforward, inflexible, and cutting as his sword when he threw himself later into that Materialistic philosophy which attained eminence in France under Condillac. The latter did not dare to set forth the last results of this system, and, like most of his disciples, always left a little corner for spiritism in the universal realm of matter. But Destutt de Tracy gave notice to the spirit to quit this last refuge, and, strangely enough, just as Idealism was raised to the zenith and matter denied, the Materialist principle rose in France to its highest summit, and people here negatived spirit. Destutt de Tracy was, so to speak, the Fichte of Materialism.

It is a very remarkable circumstance that Napoleon had such an anxious antipathy against the philosophic coterie to which Tracy, Cabanis, and their kind belonged, and that he treated them very severely. He called them *idéologues*, and he conceived a vague, and almost superstitious fear of that Ideology, which was, after all, only the

[1] "Et d'autres bons nobles qui devinrent les champions des droits de l'homme, et jetèrent, en preux chevaliers qu'ils étaient, leur gantelet de défi à la face de tous les oppresseurs du people." This is the conclusion of this sentence in the French version.

foaming outpour of the Materialist philosophy. This latter had indeed aided in the greatest overthrow, and revealed the most terrible powers of destruction, but its mission was over and its influence ended. Far more menacing and dangerous was that very opposite doctrine which was rising unperceived in Germany, and which afterwards contributed so much to the overthrow of the French dominion. It is remarkable that, as regards this also, Napoleon understood nothing but the past, and had neither ears nor eyes for the future. He had forebodings of a deadly foe in the empire of thought, but he sought it among the old wigs who were still covered with the powder of the eighteenth century; he looked for it among ancient Frenchmen, instead of among the blonde youth of the German universities. The tetrarch Herod showed himself much shrewder when he persecuted the dangerous brood even unto the cradle, and ordered the massacre of the innocents. Yet even his great cleverness availed him little when it was wrecked against the decree of Providence; his minions came too late; the terrible child had gone from Bethlehem; a trusty ass bore it away to Egypt in safety. Yes, Napoleon had a keen eye only to comprehend the present or to appreciate the past, and was stone-blind to everything which predicted the future. He stood on the balcony of his Château of Saint-Cloud when

the first steamboat on the Seine went by, yet never noticed in the least the world-transforming character of this phenomenon.[1]

[1] French version—"Et il ne se douta point que cette cheminée flottante, pavoisée d'une longue banderole de fumée, etait appelée à transformer la face du monde." Still, when we remember that there was a general outcry from small men of science that the invention would never amount to much, that steamboats could never go beyond fourteen miles an hour, and, according to Lardner, would never cross the Atlantic, some allowance must be made for Napoleon, who perhaps after all foresaw more than Heine gave him credit for.—*Translator.*

XLI.

PARIS, *June* 20, 1842.

IN a country where vanity has so many zealous disciples, the season for election of deputies is always one of great excitement. And as the being a deputy not only tickles a man's vanity, but also leads to getting the fattest offices and the most profitable influence, or as it brings into play not only ambition but avarice, and deals with all the material interests to which our age is so utterly devoted, therefore the election is a real course for a prize, a horse-race the sight of which is to a stranger more curious than agreeable. For it is not exactly the best steeds which appear in such runs;[1] not the really good qualities of strength, blood, and bottom, but only light-footed quickness. Many a noble horse who snorts the most fiery mood of battle from his nostrils, with reason flashing from his eyes,[2] must here give

[1] French version—"Ce ne sont pas justement les plus beaux et les meilleurs coursiers que se produisent sur le turf de ce *sport* politique."

[2] Such is the melancholy result of a German poet's endea-

way to a lean pony, but who has been specially trained to triumph in such a career. Headstrong stubborn steeds fall on their first run into rearing or bolt in a gallop. Only well-disciplined mediocrity reaches the winning-post. That a Pegasus can hardly be admitted to run on the parliamentary track, and that if let in he must endure a thousand things which disgust him, is a matter of course. *Cela va sans dire*, for the unfortunate animal has wings, and might soar higher than the ceiling of the Palais Bourbon. A remarkable fact is that among the competitors there are a dozen Arabs, or, to speak more clearly, twelve of the Semitic race.[1] But what do we care for that? What interests us is not the noise of horse-dealers and betting men (*mäkelnde Larm*), this stamping and neighing of selfishness, this confusion and riot of the shabbiest aims decked in the gayest colours, the yells of stable-boys and the steam of dunghills. What we want to know is whether the elections will result well or ill for the Ministry? Of which we can as yet say nothing positive. And yet the fate of France, and perhaps that of the whole world, hangs on the question whether Guizot will keep the majority in the new House? But here I would by

vouring "to talk horse." As a "sport," our author is not a success.—*Translator.*

[1] Omitted in the French version.

no means suggest that there may arise among the new deputies ferocious fire-eaters (*ganz gewaltige Eisenfresser-Tiralleurs*), capable of pushing the excitement to its last agony. No, these new members will only bring rattling words to market, and be as timid as to deeds as were their predecessors; even the most determined innovator in the Chamber will not vigorously overthrow aught which exists, but only turn to their own personal profit the fears of the upper class and the hopes of the lower. But the embarrassments, entanglements, and temporary troubles into which Government may fall in consequence of such tricks give the signal to the gloomy powers who lurk in darkness to burst forth, and, as usual, the Revolution awaits a parliamentary initiative.[1] Therefore it is of such importance to the world that the character of the new Chamber shall be made known as soon as possible, and that we

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[1] The following paragraphs, or thirty-eight lines in the German text, are only in the original letter to the *Augsburger Zeitung*. The German publisher remarks that in the original MS. of "Lutetia" there is a passage marked out. For there, instead of "the days of July" to the end of the sentence, is the following:—"Can this succeed? Not so quickly. The present rioters belong to a school whose pupils go very lamely to work. A much more powerful academy, with scholars in full vigour, teaches revolution and overthrow down in the darkness of the catacombs, where the new life buds and blows amid death and decay."

learn whether Guizot will steer the ship of state. Should this not be the case, and should the Opposition get the upper hand, then the agitators will wait at their ease for a favourable juncture, such as must necessarily occur some time during the session, and so we shall have for a time rest. It will of course be a very anxious, sultry, miserable rest, and worse than active exertion. But should Guizot hold his own, and if the men of the movement cannot flatter themselves with the hope of getting out of the way this granite block with which the regulars (*Ordnung*) have barricaded themselves, it may well be that fierce impatience will drive them to the most desperate attempts. The days of July are hot and dangerous, but every revolt of the violent kind might now turn out more fatally than ever. For Guizot, clad in the iron self-consciousness of his own will, will remain immovably true to his system to the very last consequences. Yes, he is the man of a system which is the result of his political investigations, and his power and his greatness consists in this, that he never stirs a finger's-breadth from it. Unterrified and unselfish as thought itself, he will conquer the revolters who do not know what they want, whose thoughts are not clear to themselves, or who hope to fish in muddy troubled waters.

Guizot has only one foe to fear—that foe is the

later Guizot, the Guizot of Communism, who has not as yet come forth, but who certainly will come, and be as unterrified and unselfish as the Thought; for even as that doctrinaire identified himself with the system of the *bourgeois régime*, so this one will unite with that of agrarian rule, and consequence oppose consequence. It will be a terrible combat.[1]

The fearful wheel would again begin to turn, and we should see an adversary appear who would be the most alarming of all who have ever entered the lists. This antagonist as yet preserves his terrible incognito, and lives as yet like a poor pretender in that ground-floor or cellar of official society, in those catacombs where the new life germinates and buds. Communism is the name of the terrible antagonist which sets agrarian rule in all its consequences in opposition to the *bourgeois régime* of to-day. It will be a terrible conflict—how will it end? *That* the gods and goddesses only know who know the future. This much do we know, that Communism, though it be at present but little discussed, and now yearns away its life in forgotten garrets on wretched straw-pallets, is still the gloomy hero to whom a great if transitory part is assigned in the modern tragedy, and which only waits its cue (*Stichwort*,

[1] Here the text of the book is resumed.

réplique) to enter on the stage. We should never lose sight of this actor, and we will from time to time give accounts of the secret rehearsals in which he is preparing for his *début*. Such indications are perhaps more important than reports of electoral intrigues, party quarrels, and cabinet intrigues.

When it is borne in mind that at the time when Heine wrote this letter Communism had not begun to be treated in a political sense as at present, his remarks on it must be admitted to indicate great sagacity and marvellous foresight. What is most striking in his view is that as enormous concentrations of wealth and social power will lead to the triumph of a short-sighted or too impatient Communism, so this latter is also destined, after a short rule, to perish—probably to yield to some wisely organised scheme of mutual interests which the world as yet had not the wisdom or unselfishness enough to develop. In any case, the views advanced merit consideration. Since I translated this work I have met with *Heinrich Heine's Familien Leben*, by Baron von Embden, in which the author also observes that the poet was the first to call attention to the future of Socialism.—*Translator.*

XLII.

PARIS, *July* 12, 1842.

YOU will have seen the result of the elections in the newspapers. Here in Paris there is indeed no need of looking into them—you can see it clearly written in every face. Yesterday they all had a hot and sultry look, and people's minds betrayed an excitement such as is only to be seen in great crises. The birds prophetic of storm, well known to us of yore, whirred invisibly through the air, and the sleepiest heads were suddenly awakened from their two years of repose.[1] I confess that I myself, feeling the wind of these terrible wings, experienced a dire beating of my heart. I am always afraid at first when I see the demons of confusion and overthrowing unbridled, but after awhile I become very cool and determined (*sehr gefasst*), and the maddest apparitions cannot inquiet or surprise me, because I have foreseen them. What would be the end of this movement for which Paris has, as usual, given

[1] French version—"Repos de dix-huit mois."

the signal? It would be a war, the most terrible war of destruction, which—more's the pity!—will call the noblest races of civilisation into the arena, to their joint destruction. I mean Germany and France. England, the great sea-serpent, which can always glide back into its watery nest, and Russia, which in its vast forests of firs, steppes, and ice-fields has also the securest lairs—these two cannot be utterly destroyed in a common political war, even by the most decided defeats;[1] but Germany is, in such a case, in far greater danger, and even France may suffer terribly in her political existence. But this would be, so to speak, only the first act or prologue to the grand drama. The second will be the European or the world Revolution, the gigantic battle of the disinherited with the inheritors of fortune, and in that there will be no question of nationality or of religion, for there will be but one fatherland, the Earth, and but one religion, that of happiness in *this*

[1] In the *Augsburger Zeitung* this passage is given in the following form:—"Whether they will or not, the cunning water-snake of Albion will goad them on, to its own profit and avail, and the ice-bear of the North will gorge himself on the dead and wounded. It may please him also to bite and choke the snake a little, but the latter will always escape his claws and draw back more or less into her inaccessible watery nest. He himself, the bear, has as good a lair in the wide reach of his vast pine-forests, ice-fields, and steppes."

life. Will the religious doctrines of the past in every country unite to a desperate resistance, and thus form a third act in the great play? Or will the old Absolute tradition enter again on the stage, but this time in a new costume and with new watchwords to incite and goad? How will this drama end? I do not know, but I think that at last the head of the great water-snake will be crushed, and the skin pulled over the head of the bear of the North. And then perhaps there will be only *one* flock and *one* shepherd—a free shepherd with an iron crook—and one great herd of men all shorn and all bleating alike. Wild and gloomy times come roaring on, and the prophet who would write a new Apocalypse must imagine new beasts, and those so terrible that the old symbols of St. John as compared to them will seem like soft doves and amorets. The gods hide their faces out of pity to the sons of mankind, their nurslings for so many years, and perhaps out of fear as to their own fate. The future has an odour as of Russian leather, blood, blasphemy, and much beating with the knout. I advise our descendants to come into the world with thick skins.

To-day people are calmer than yesterday. The Conservatives have recovered from a first fright, and the Opposition perceives that it has only gained hopes, but that victory is as far off as

ever. The Ministry may still hold its own, although with a very small, miserably needy majority. In the beginning of next month, at the Presidential election, what is most absolutely certain to happen will be known. It is perhaps an advantage for the Government that so many decided Legitimists have been elected. The Radicals will be morally weakened by these new allies, and the Ministry strengthened in public opinion, should it, in order to combat with the Legitimist Opposition, necessarily arm itself from the old arsenal of the Revolution. But the flame is again being blown—blown in Paris, the centre of civilisation, the furnace which sends sparks over the whole world. So now the French rejoice at what they've done; perhaps to-morrow they'll repent it sore. Despair treads on the heels of arrogance.

Heine has shrewdly observed in this letter, though so concisely that it may have almost escaped the reader, that unless Socialism can change human nature, certain powerful minds will always rule in despite of all laws and precautions, and that this rule will be greatly facilitated by reducing rich and poor to precisely the same level. This is the problem which, like that of fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute in theology, has never yet been solved. What is quite in accordance with this, and very suggestive of thought, is the opinion that while Socialism is destined to achieve great victories, and perhaps prevail for a time,

that it will not in any case last long. And there is further the belief expressed that all forms of religion, and in fact all believers in any kind of spiritual power, may coalesce in opposition to the common enemy. Even at the present day, every one has not reflected on these tremendous possibilities, which have of late assumed vast proportions. That Heine considered them clearly fifty years ago, is saying much for his foresight.

The idea latent in our author's mind is evidently this: that human rights involve a great deal, if not all, of what Socialism demands, but that it is absurd in assuming that by merely passing and enacting certain laws, all mankind can be made wise and virtuous, and that if it cannot be thus reformed by violent changes, the only result will be to establish new oligarchies. Communism is the ideal or aim of social progress, but it will only be attained gradually, by means of education and judicious reforms, not by dynamite and petroleum, or violence which retards and destroys civilisation. I have dwelt on this subject at length, because Heine frequently recurs to it, and because I do not think with Baron von Embden that his fulfilled predictions were merely "idealistic dreams of the future," but that in this case they were founded on serious study of history and of contemporary occurrences.—*Translator.*

XLIII.

PARIS, *July* 15, 1842.

MY dark forebodings have unfortunately not deceived me; the gloomy mood which for several days blurred my eyes and almost bowed me down, was the presage of disaster. After the exulting pride of the day before yesterday there followed a horror, a consternation, which is impossible to depict, and the Parisians learned by an unforeseen death how insecure are all social conditions, and how dangerous the least jar or vibration. And they really wanted something to shake them a little, though by no means to injure the edifice of state by too violent efforts. If the Duke of Orleans had died a few days earlier, Paris would never have elected twelve deputies of the Opposition against two Conservatives, nor by this act of tremendous importance again set the ball in motion. This sad accident has cast everything back into a doubtful state (*stellt alles Bestehende in Frage*), and it would be a lucky event if the arrangement of government, in case of the decease of the present King, can be discussed and resolved by the Chambers without disturbance, as soon as

possible. I say by the Chambers, for the law of the royal house is not here sufficiently expressed, as in other countries.[1] The discussion as to the Regency will consequently next occupy the Chambers, and call forth passionate discussion. And even if all should pass peaceably, we should have to endure a provisory interregnum, which is always a decided calamity for a country where the institutions are as yet in an unsteady condition, and need stability above all things. The King is said to show in his misfortune the greatest strength of character and self-possession, though he was very much depressed a few weeks ago. His mind was greatly troubled by presentiments. It is related that he recently, before the departure of M. Thiers, sent a letter to the latter, in which he spoke much of dying, but only thinking of his own death. The late Duke of Orleans was universally beloved—nay, worshipped. The news of his death came like lightning from a sunny heaven, and affliction was felt among all classes. Yesterday at about two o'clock in the afternoon, a gloomy rumour of disaster spread over the Bourse, where the funds at once fell three francs. But no one believed in the report. The Prince died at four o'clock, and up to this time the belief in his death was not admitted by

[1] This sentence is wanting in the French version.

many; even at five o'clock it was doubted. But when at six o'clock at all the theatres a strip of white paper bearing the words "No Performance" [*Relâche*] was pasted over the bills, then every one learned the terrible truth. As the gay Parisiennes came dancing and fluttering along, and, instead of a merry play, saw only closed doors, and heard of the dreadful event which had happened near Neuilly on the road called the Chemin de la Révolte, then tears ran from many fair eyes; there was naught but sobbing and wailing for the handsome prince who had in youth and beauty passed away, a knightly form, a Frenchman in the most winsome sense of the word, one in every way most worthy of being wept for by a nation. Yes, he fell in the flower of his life, a joyous, heroic youth, and we saw his blood flow as pure, unstained, and blest, and also among flowers, but unto death, as erst Adonis. May he not be, like him, praised at once after his death in bad verse and worse court-lackey praise! But such is the fate of all that is beautiful here on earth. Perhaps at the moment when the deepest and noblest pain is felt by the French, and not only tears are flowing from those fair eyes which weep when a hero nobly dies,[1] but

[1] "Und nicht blos schöne Frauen-Thräuen dem Hingeschiedenen fliessen." This is near enough to Praed to sanction the use of his words.—*Translator.*

brave freemen also honour his memory by weeping, even then Official Mourning holds the sorrowing onion to its nose to make lachrymose counterfeit of grief, and even Folly winds black crape about his bauble and the bells of his cap, and we soon hear the tragi-comic tinkling.[1] It is especially the Pierrot pathos (*larmoyante Faselhänselei*), the lukewarm dish-water of sentimentality, which will manifest itself most on this occasion. Perhaps at this hour M. Lafitte is coursing at full speed to Neuilly, embracing the King with the most German-like emotion, while the whole Opposition wipes the water from its eyes. Perhaps Chateaubriand too now mounts his melancholy winged steed—his feathered Rosinante—and indites a deeply-toned, pathetic condolence unto Her Gracious Majesty the Queen! Grimaces and repulsive sentiment—there's but a step, as we may plainly see, from the sublime to the ridiculous. As I have said, it was from the theatres in the Boulevards that the certainty of the sad event was ascertained, and soon on every side groups were formed around some orator, who related the details of the sad occur-

[1] Of which jester's mourning this passage is a perfect specimen, or, like most jester's wit, a combination of the attractive with the disagreeable, as in the transition to "the onioned tear." Heine is here probably satirising himself. Yet this Gothic, would-be Shakespearian mixture of mockery and tenderness is every whit as much misplaced as "the dish-water of sentimentality."—*Translator.*

rence with more or less addition and ornament. Many an old twaddler, who at other times never finds an auditor, availed himself of this opportunity to attract an attentive public to himself, and to turn to account on his own behalf public curiosity. A fellow stood before the Variétés who declaimed very pathetically, like Théramène in *Phèdre:* "Il était sur son char."[1] It is generally said that as the Prince was thrown from his carriage his sword broke, and that the upper portion of the blade passed through his body. An eye-witness declares that he uttered a few words, but they were in German. There is everywhere a silence as of grief, and in all Paris no trace of disturbance.

[1] Here the letter ends in the French version.

XLIV.

PARIS, *July* 19, 1842.

THE late Duke of Orleans is still the constant subject of conversation. Never before did the death of a man cause such universal grief. It is a remarkable thing that in France, where the Revolution has not as yet fermented itself out, that the love of a prince could take such deep root and show itself so extensively. Not only the *bourgeoisie*, who set all their hopes on the young Prince, but also the lower classes bewailed his loss. When the festival of July was postponed and the great scaffoldings intended for the illumination were taken away, it was a heartrending sight to behold the people sitting on the torn-down beams and boards lamenting over the dear Prince's death. A gloomy sadness lay on every face, and the great grief of those who spoke no word went deepest to the heart. There the most honest tears ran freely, and among the mourning men was many a one who without any doubt bawls loud Republicanism in the tavern. Yes, the monarchy celebrated a great triumph, and that on the same

Place de la Concorde where it once suffered a shameful defeat.

But the death of this young Prince is a real disaster for France, and even if he had possessed far fewer virtues than are famed of him, the French would still have abundant cause to weep when they look to the future. The question of the Regency occupies all minds already, and—more's the pity!—not the wise ones alone. Much nonsense is already brought to market.[1] Craftiness has here found a way to foment a confusion of ideas which it hoped to turn to party profit, and which in any case may have very significant results. Is the Duc de Nemours really in the very deepest disgrace with the sovereign people, as many newspapers insinuate, and as many people maintain with exaggerated zeal? I will not decide as to this, still less will I investigate the grounds of his disgrace. The distinguished, elegant, reserved, and aristocratic air of the prince is probably the real cause of complaint. The mien of the Duke of Orleans was noble—that of De Nemours is of the nobility.[2] And even if his external appearance corresponded to the mind within, the Prince would not be on that account

[1] French version—"On met déjà bien du non-sens sur le tapis."

[2] "Das Aussehen des Orleans war edel, das Aussehen des Nemours ist adelig." French version—"L'exterieur du duc d'Orléans était, celui du duc de Nemours est *nobiliaire*."

less inclined to do good service for a time as gonfaloniere of the Democracy, since such a change would exact of him by the force of circumstance the greatest sacrifice of private feelings, for his detested head would here be at stake.[1] I am even convinced that the interests of Democracy are much less endangered by a Regent who is little trusted and who is continually kept under control, than by popular favourites, to whom people abandon themselves in blind confidence, and who after all are only men — poor fickle creatures, liable to every law of change in time and in their own nature. How many popular princes have we seen die unloved! How terribly variable, even as the weather, have the people shown themselves as regards former favourites![2] French history is

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[1] In the French version this sentence ends as follows:— "Car sa tête détestée et suspecte serait toujours exposée aux soupçons les plus odieux."

[2] "Wie grauenhaft wetter-wendisch zeigte sich das Volk." Which recalls an old saying, which was probably in the author's mind:—

"Fürsten- (Pöbel)gunst, Aprilen-wetter,
Frauenlieb' und Rosenblätter,
Würfelspiel und Kartenglück,
Aendern sich all' Augenblick."

People's favour, April weather,
Ladies' love—a floating feather—
Luck at cards and games of dice,
Ever alter in a trice.—*Translator.*

peculiarly rich in melancholy instances of this. With what cries of joy did the people surround the young Louis XIV.! with what tearless cold-bloodedness did they see the old man buried! Louis XV. was well called *le bien aimé*, and the French worshipped him at first with real monkey-love; but when he died, all men laughed and piped ribald songs, and there was rejoicing over his death. And it went worse with his successor, Louis XVI., and he who as Crown-Prince was almost adored, and passed in the beginning of his reign for the pattern of all perfection, was personally maltreated by his people, and his life was even abbreviated in the well-known disloyal fashion of *lèse-majesté* on the Place de la Concorde.[1] The last of this line, Charles X., was anything but unpopular when he mounted the throne, and the multitude greeted him with indescribable enthusiasm; a few years later he was escorted out of the kingdom, and he died the hard death of exile. The saying of Solon, that no one should be esteemed happy before his death, is especially true as applied to the Kings of France.

Let us therefore not bewail the death of the Duke of Orleans because he was so beloved by the people and gave promise of such a glorious future, but because he, as a man, deserved our

[1] The French version adds, "par les infames ciseaux que vous savez."

tears. Neither let us grieve so bitterly over the so-called humble manner of his death and the commonplace accident which took him from us. It is better that his head was broken against an innocent stone than that the bullet of a Frenchman or German should have ended his days. The Prince had indeed a foreboding of his early death, but thought it would be in war or in an *émeute.* With his chivalric courage, which defied every danger, that seemed very probable. But the kind gods decreed it otherwise. They willed that the future king of France should be attached to his people by pure love, and not be forced to hate the fellow-countrymen of his mother. It was neither the hand of a Frenchman nor of a German who spilt the blood of his father; there is a soothing comfort in the thought. The royal sufferer, Louis Philippe, shows a firm self-control which inspires respect in all. It is in adversity that he shows his greatness. His heart bleeds in grief beyond words, but his spirit is not lowered, and he works day and night. The value of his life and presence (*Erhaltung*) was never so deeply felt as now, when the peace of the world depends on his preservation. Fight bravely on, thou wounded champion of peace!

XLV.

PARIS, *July 26*, 1842.

THE speech from the throne is short and simple. It sets forth weighty matter in a worthy manner. The King himself composed it, and his grief manifests itself in a Puritanical, I might almost say Republican absence of ornament. He who was once so ready with his words has now become sparing in every phrase. The silent reception in the Tuileries, which took place a few days ago, had in it a something strangely mournful, almost unearthly, as, without a syllable spoken, more than a thousand men passed by the King, who, in silence and suffering, looked at them as they went by. It is said that the requiem announced for Notre Dame will not be performed; the King will have no music at the burial of his son, for music recalls, he says, games and festivals. His desire to see the Regency conferred on his son, and not on his daughter-in-law, is fully intimated in the address. This wish will meet with little opposition, and Nemours will be Regent of the realm, although the office in true right should

fall unto the beautiful and brilliant Duchess, who was so worthy of her late husband.[1] It was said yesterday that the King would bring his grandson, the Count of Paris, into the Chamber of Deputies. Many hoped it would be so, and the scene would certainly have been very touching. But the King avoids at present everything which recalls the pathos of the feudal monarchy.[2]

As regards Louis Philippe's antipathy to feminine rule, many of his remarks on the subject have become popularly known, which show that he is perfectly in the right. Even when the reign of Christina in Spain seemed so flourishing, he predicted that it would come to no good end. The stupidest man, he always said, would make a better regent than the cleverest woman. Was it on this account that he preferred the Duc de Nemours to the *spirituelle* Princess Hélène?[3]

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[1] In the original letter to the *Augsburger Zeitung* this passage is given in the following form:—"This wish will meet with no opposition, and the Opposition are by far too patriotic to entangle the question of the existence of France in their party interests, and so precipitate their native land into the most fearful dangers. Nemours will be Regent."

[2] In which he made the great mistake which directly led to his overthrow. Louis Philippe confined himself to consulting only the common-sense sympathies of the *bourgeoisie*, and it is always a mistake for a ruler to confine patronage and personal feelings to any one class or province.—*Translator.*

[3] Not to multiply instances, that of Catherine II. of

Russia confutes such a theory. But Louis Philippe had naturally in mind the Dubarry and Medicis and similar instances, and the fact that the Salic law has always been deeply rooted in the French mind. The remark as to Queen Christina is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

XLVI.

PARIS, *July* 29, 1842.

THE Municipal Council of Paris has resolved not to destroy the model of the elephant which is on the Place de la Bastile, as was at first intended, but to use it as a model for casting in bronze, and place the latter as a monument at the entrance of the Barrière du Trône. This municipal decision is almost as much discussed among the people in the Faubourgs Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau as that of the Regency in the higher classes. That colossal elephant of plaster, which was made during the Empire, was subsequently intended to serve as model of the monument which was to be placed in honour of the Revolution of July in the Place de la Bastile. Minds changed, and in memory of the great event there rose the grand column of July. But then the proposed destruction of the elephant awoke great fears, for there was among the people a dark and dreadful rumour that an incalculable number of *rats* dwelt in the gloomy recesses of the elephant, and that it was to be feared that

if the enormous monster of plaster should be destroyed, a legion of little but very terrible horrors would come to light, who would invade the Faubourgs of Saint-Antoine and Saint-Michel. Every petticoat trembled at the thought of such a danger, and even the men shuddered with awe before the invasion of such long-tailed guests. The most respectful petitions were addressed to the magistrates, and the result was the postponement of the demolition of the great plaster elephant, which has now stood for long years on the Place de la Bastile. A strange country this, where, despite the general mania for destruction, many a thing is kept because people fear lest something worse may come in its place! How gladly would they tear down Louis Philippe, this great sagacious elephant, only that they fear His Majesty the sovereign Rat-King,[1] the thousand-headed monster who would then assume government, for which reason even the noble and clerical enemies of the *bourgeoisie*—who are not quite stupid—seek for this reason to uphold the

[1] A very curious German idiom, omitted in the French version, and which is very ingeniously used here. There is a story in Germany of twelve rats, who were found with their tails so inextricably twisted and grown together, that it was impossible to distinguish to whom they belonged. Hence *Rattenkönig*, a bewildering problem or puzzle. The reader may find a comment on the subject in "The Ballads of Hans Breitmann," by the translator.

throne of July; and only the most blinded and narrow-minded, or those who play by chance or cheating among the aristocrats and clergy, are pessimists and speculate on the Republic, or rather on chaos, which would follow the Republic.

The *bourgeoisie* itself is possessed of the demon of destruction, and though it does not exactly fear the Republic, it has an instinctive terror of Communism, or of those dark and dreadful forms who would come swarming like rats out of the ruins of the present régime. Yes, the French *bourgeoisie* would have no fear of a republic of the former kind, even with a little Robespierreism, and they would easily accommodate themselves to it, and peaceably mount guard and protect the Tuileries, whether a Louis Philippe or a *Comité du Salut Publique* dwelt there; for the *bourgeoisie* will before all things have order and protection of the laws of property —needs which a republic can satisfy as well as a kingdom. But these shopkeepers know, as I said, by instinct that the Republic of to-day would not represent the principles of the Nineties, but only the form under which a new and unheard-of reign of agrarians (*Proletarierherrschaft*) would realise all the dogmas of the community of property. They are conservative by extreme necessity and external pressure, not by inmost conviction, and fear is here the support and guard of all things.

Will this fear last long? Will not the national frivolous fickleness some fine morning inspire the many, and bear away even the most apprehensive into a whirlwind of revolution? I do not know, but it is possible, and the results of the elections in Paris are a proof that it is probable. The French have a short memory, and soon forget their last-founded fears. Therefore they appear so often as actors—yes, and as leading actors—in the stupendous tragedy which the good Lord suffers to be played on earth. Other races have their great periods of movement, their history, only in their youth, at the age when they throw themselves without experience into action; for in later and riper years reflection and the weighing of consequences restrain nations, like individuals, from rash deeds, and it is only external pressure, not the pleasure in their own will, which drives them into the arena of general history. But the French always keep the light-heartedness of youth, and no matter what they may have done or suffered yesterday, to-day they think no more about it; the past is effaced from their memories, and the dawning day drives them on to new deeds, new daring, and new suffering. They *will* not grow old, and they believe perhaps that they will retain their youth by clinging to juvenile folly, heedlessness, and generosity (*Grossmuth*)—yes, generosity. An almost childish

kindness in forgiving forms a leading trait in the character of the French; but I cannot refrain from remarking that this virtue comes from the same source as their faults—that is, from forgetfulness. The idea of pardon really corresponds among those people to the word forget—the forgetting offences. Were this not the case, there would be daily death and murder in Paris, where men meet at every step between whom mortal enmities exist. A few weeks ago I saw an old man passing along the Boulevards, and I was struck by his face, free from all care. "Do you know who *that* is?" said my companion. "That is Monsieur de Polignac—the same who was guilty of the death of so many thousands of Parisians, and through whom I lost a father and a brother. Twelve years ago the people in their first rage would have gladly torn him to pieces, but now he can quietly walk the Boulevard."[1]

This goodness of heart which characterises the French shows itself at present especially as regards Louis Philippe, and his bitterest foes, with the exception of the Carlists, manifest a touching sympathy in his domestic affliction. The renegades have again shown him kindly feeling, and I might say that the King is once more quite

[1] Omitted in the French version.

popular. When I beheld yesterday before Notre Dame the preparations for the funeral, and listened to the language of the "short-jackets" (*bourgerons*) who were standing there, I heard, among other remarks, the naïve assertion, "The King may now walk where he pleases in Paris; nobody'll shoot at him!" What popularity! The death of the Duke of Orleans, who was universally loved, has won again for his father the most stubborn hearts, and the alliance between king and people has been again consecrated by a common suffering. But how long will this gloomy honeymoon endure?

XLVII.

PARIS, *September* 17, 1842.

AFTER a journey of four weeks I have been since yesterday in Paris, and I must confess that my heart leaped up when I beheld from the diligence, rolling over the beloved pavement of the Boulevards, the first *magasin de modes* with smiling grisette faces, and I heard the ringing bells of the coco-sellers, and breathed once more the exquisite civilised air of Paris! I was almost absolutely happy, and could have embraced the first National Guard whom I met. His quiet, good-natured face came as if greeting forth so gaily from under his wild, rough bear-skin cap; even his very bayonet had really something of intelligence by which it so reassuringly distinguishes itself from the bayonets of other corporations.[1] But why was my joy in returning to Paris this time so transcendent that it almost seemed to me as if I trod the dear soil of my home-land and heard once more my dearest mother-tongue?

[1] This has a remarkable resemblance to the celebrated saying of Kossuth, that "bayonets think."

Why does Paris exercise such a charm on strangers who have lived some years in its limits? (*Weichbild*). Many excellent compatriots of mine dwelling here declare that in no place in the world can a German feel more at home than in Paris, and that France itself, after all, is to us only a French Germany.[1]

But this time my joy at returning is redoubled, for I come from—England. Yes, from England, though I have not crossed the Channel; for I have been four weeks in Boulogne sur Mer, and that is an English city. There you see and hear only English from morning to night, and oh! woe the night when one has the bad luck to have next-room neighbours who talk politics until deep in the night over tea and grog.[2] During four weeks I heard nothing but

[1] Philadelphia is a city of quiet domestic homes, while New Yorkers, like the Athenians of old, seek their happiness in out-of-door life or in other people's houses. Once I asked a New Yorker if he had ever known what it was to feel at home. And he replied, "Yes—sometimes, when I have been in Philadelphia."—*Translator.*

[2] Heine should have added that it is double woe when these next-room neighbours are French, as is the case with me at this instant while writing. By what subtle peculiarity of nature the Gauls are able to converse at the top of their voices, four and even five at a time altogether simultaneously, and yet understand and reply to one another, is a mystery which years of familiarity with them have not explained to me. While on the subject I would suggest, that instead of the worn-out texts which are hung as ornamental illumina-

the hissing, lisping (*Zischlaute*) tones of egoism, which makes itself heard in every intonation. It is certainly a fearful injustice to condemn an entire people at once, but as regards the English, the rage of the moment may move me to do so, and in considering them *en masse*, I easily forget the many brave and noble men among them who are distinguished by intellect and love of freedom. But these, and especially the British poets, formed a sharp and striking contrast with the rest of the people; they were the isolated martyrs of their national conditions and circumstances;[1] and then great geniuses do not belong to the country in particular where they are born—they hardly belong to this earth, which is the Calvary of their sufferings. But the mass, the true and thorough *English*—God forgive me the sin!—are repulsive to me from the very depths of my soul, and I often do not regard them as my fellow human beings, but as mere automata, or machines moved by the main-spring of egotism. It seems to me as if I heard the buzzing

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tions in bed-chambers, there might be substituted such injunctions as, "Speak softly; there is some one in the next room who may be ill." "If you are a Christian, take off your boots!" "Verily I say unto you, that he who keepeth me awake after midnight, him will I awaken with many noises at five the next morning," &c.

[1] French version—"Ils furent toujours les martyrs isolés des mœurs hypocrites et des idées rétives de leur nation."

and whirring of the wheels wherewith they think, feel, reckon up, digest, and pray—*their* praying! Their mechanical Anglican church-going, with the gilt prayer-book under the arm, their stupid, tiresome keeping of the Sabbath, their clumsy piety,[1] are to me most repulsive of all. I believe in my soul that a blaspheming, cursing Frenchman is a pleasanter sight to God than a praying Englishman. At other times these true English (*Stock-Engländer*) came before me as a dismal unearthly apparition, and far more uncanny and repelling than the pale spectres of the ghostly midnight hour are those square-built red-cheeked apparitions who wander sweating in the burning sunshine. Add to which their total want of politeness. With their angular forms, their stiff pointed elbows, they knock against everybody everywhere, without a single decent word of excuse. How must these red-haired barbarians, who devour raw bloody flesh, have disgusted those Chinese, with whom politeness is inborn, and who pass two-thirds of their working hours in executing this national virtue in bows and courtesies!

I confess that I am *not* impartial when I speak of English people, and it is possible that my unfavourable opinion, my aversion, is deeply rooted

[1] French version—"Leur cagotisme guache et nias." Which is even worse.

in my anxieties as to our own prosperity, or on the happy and peaceful prosperity of the German Fatherland. For since I have learned what vile egoism prevails in their politics, these English inspire me with unlimited and terrible fear. I have the best respect for their material supremacy (*Obermacht*); they have a great deal of that brutal energy wherewith the Romans conquered the world, but they unite with the wolfish rapacity of Rome the serpent's craft and cunning of Carthage. We have good and well-tested arms for the first, but against the murderous, merciless treachery (*meuchlerischen Ränke*) of those Phœnicians of the North Sea, we are without defence. And England is now more dangerous than ever, since its mercantile interests are succumbing. There is not in all creation[1] (*in der ganzen Schöpfung*) such a hard-hearted creature as a shopkeeper whose trade is diminishing, whose customers are falling away, and whose stock finds no demand.[2]

How will England save herself from such a business crisis? I do not know how the question of the factory workmen can be solved, but I do

[1] Yankees are laughed at for using this expression, which exists literally in both German and French.

[2] French version—"Un marchand dont le commerce ne va plus, qu'un bonnetier dont les chalands deviennent infidèles et dont les fabricats de coton retrouvent plus d'écoulement."

know that the policy of the modern Carthage is not at all difficult as to choice of means. To this selfishness a European war may, as a last resort, seem to be the best means of sending the malady from within outwards. The English oligarchy will speculate firstly on the purse of the middle class, whose wealth is indeed colossal, and which may be sufficiently distributed to pay and pacify the lower classes. However great may have been the expenses for Indian and Chinese expeditions, however great the financial distress, the English Government will at once raise the money if it aids their plans. The greater the home deficit will be, the more profusely will British gold be spent abroad; for England is like a merchant who finds himself becoming bankrupt, and out of despair turns prodigal, or who rather shuns no expenditure to keep up a momentary credit. And we can do a great deal in this world with wealth, especially since every one seeks his happiness here below. No one has any idea as to what enormous sums England annually expends to subsidise its foreign agents, whose instructions are all based on the possibility of a European war, or how these English agents employ the most heterogeneous talents, virtues, and vices in foreign countries to achieve their aims.

When we reflect on such things, when we clearly perceive that it is not on the banks of

the Seine or in the public market that through the inspiration of an idea the peace of Europe may be most terribly disturbed, but by the Thames and in the silent chambers of the Foreign Office,[1] in consequence of the rude cries of hunger of English factory operatives; when we reflect on *that*, then we understand that we must many a time look thither, and observe not only the personal character of those who govern, but also the urging, threatening need of the lower classes.[2] This is no trifle, and it requires a perception which is to be attained only on that side of the Channel, and in the scene of action itself. What I incidentally communicate to-day is nothing but fleeting hints, scanty sketches of tea-table talk, such as I was compelled to listen to in Boulogne, but which perhaps were not quite without value, since every Englishman is familiar with the politics of his own country, and brings—in a wilderness of wearisome details—always a few more or less important matters to market. I just said "the politics of his own country;" this means among English people nothing but a mass of opinions as to the material prosperity of England, and an exact estimate of foreign affairs so far as they can

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[1] "Dans les silencieux bureaux du *Foreing-office*, par des intrigues de diplomates."

[2] From this point two pages, or fifty-two lines, are omitted in the French version.

injure or benefit the prosperity and trade of England. It is wonderful how they all, from the Prime Minister down to the lowest cobbler, have in their minds the smallest items, and how they find out from every daily event what England can thereby lose or gain, and what profit or injury may result from it for dear England.[1] And here the instinct of their egoism is really marvellous. They here show themselves strikingly different from the French, who seldom agree as to the material interests of their own country, who display in the realm of facts a brilliant ignorance, are always busy only with ideas, and discuss ideas alone. French politicians who unite English accuracy (*Positivität*) with French idealism are very rare. In this respect Guizot rises far above all. The English whom I heard speak of Guizot did not betray for him any such sympathy as is generally attributed to them; they declared, on the contrary, that another Minister, though he might be less respected, would be more profitable to them, and it was only as to his greatness as a statesman that they spoke with impartial respect. They praised his *consistency*, and compared him with Sir Robert Peel—though in my opinion Guizot soars high as heaven above him, simply because Guizot has not only as much practical

[1] The humblest reporter desperately striving to make copy out of nothing never equalled this sentence.—*Translator.*

knowledge, but also carries *ideas* in his head—ideas of which the Englishman has not the shade of an idea. That is England's misfortune, for only ideas can here ensure safety, as in all desperate emergencies.[1] How miserably must Peel confess his weakness at the end of a remarkable speech in Parliament!

The increasing distress among the lower classes is a disease which ignorant army-surgeons think may be cured by bleeding, but such phlebotomy will but increase the evil. It is not from without by aid of the lancet, but from within by help of spiritual medicine that the suffering body of the state can be healed. Only social ideas can here avert a desperate catastrophe; but, to speak with Saint-Simon, "on all the wharves of England there is not one great idea; there is nothing but steam-engines and hunger." It is true that just for the present revolt is suppressed; but it may come to pass from frequent outbreaks that the English factory operatives, who only know how to work in wool and cotton,[2] may also experiment a little in human flesh, and accustom themselves to the proper management (*Handgriffe*), so as to

[1] Which recalls a couplet in Chaucer:—

> "He had more towe upon his distaffé
> Than Gervais wot of."

For "Gervais" read "Heine."—*Translator.*

[2] The French version adds, "et même le fer."

finally practise this bloody trade as well as their colleagues the *ouvriers* of Lyons and Paris, when it may well come to pass that the conqueror of Napoleon, the generalissimo Mylord Wellington, who has again assumed his office of chief-constable, may find his Waterloo in the heart of London. In like fashion, it may easily happen that his myrmidons may refuse to obey him. Very significant symptoms of such inclinations have shown themselves recently among the English troops, and as I write there are fifty soldiers confined in the Tower of London for refusing to fire at the people. It is hardly credible, and yet it is true, that English red-coats did not obey the commands of their officers, but the voice of humanity, and forgot the whip called the *cat-of-nine-tails*, which in the proud capital of English freedom threatens their backs—the knout of Great Britain.[1] It is heartrending to read how women weeping ran before the soldiers calling to them, "We do not want bullets, we want bread!" The men crossed their arms resignedly and said, "You should kill hunger, not us and our children." The common cry was, "Don't shoot! We are all brothers!"

This appeal to fraternity reminds me of the French Communists, among whom I have heard

[1] The French version adds, "Ce fier pays de la liberté et de la civilisation!"

similar expressions. These forms of speech were neither startling nor strongly coloured, neither piquant nor original; on the contrary, the expressions used by the mass of Communists were the most worn-out and commonplace sayings. But the power of their propaganda does not consist so much of a well-worded prospectus of precise complaints and determined demands, as in a deeply sorrowful and sympathetically affecting tone, with which they express the most commonplace things —as, for instance, "We are all brothers." The tone of the voice, and perhaps a secret shake of the hand, form the commentary to these words, and give them their meaning, which makes the world tremble.[1] The French Communists are at the standpoint with the English factory operatives, only the former are impelled by an idea, and the latter only by hunger.

The revolt in England is stilled for the time being, but it is only postponed; it will break forth again, and every time with increased power, and the more dangerously since it can always await a favourable time. As many signs indicate,

[1] This may remind some American readers of the formula current before the Emancipation, which was said to be the only argument used by, or known to, the Democrats. It was, "Do—you—wish—your—daughter—to—marry—*a nigger?*" According to the "Naseby Letters," great practice was necessary to catch the "sympathetically affecting tone" in which this was to be uttered.—*Translator.*

the resistance of the factory operatives is now as practically organised as was the Anti-Catholic League. The Chartists have succeeded in identifying this threatening power with their own interests, and to a certain degree in organising it, and this union with the discontented workmen is perhaps the most important incident of the present day. This union was the result of very natural, simple causes, although the Chartists like to put themselves forward with a regular programme as a purely political party, while the factory operatives, as I have before said, are only poor daily labourers, who can hardly speak for hunger, and who, indifferent to all reforms, only want bread. But the programme or "platform" of a party seldom expresses the inner thoughts of its heart; it is only an outward sign, like a spoken cockade.[1] The Chartist, who professes to limit himself to the political question, cherishes desires which deeply accord with the vaguest feelings of those hungry workmen, and the latter can always, on their side, take the programme of the Chartists for their war-cry without ceasing to pursue their own aim. The Chartists demand, firstly, that Parliament shall consist of only *one* Chamber, and be renewed every year by elections; secondly, that the independence of electors shall be secured by secret

[1] French version—"Ce n'est qu'un *schiboleth* exterieur."

suffrage; finally, that every Englishman born, when of age, shall be an elector, and eligible to be elected. "All of which gives us nothing to eat," say the suffering workmen. "No man can grow fat from reading law-books, any more than by cook-books; we are hungry." "Wait," say the Chartists. "Hitherto only rich men have entered Parliament, and they only took care of the interests of their own property, but under the new electoral law, or under the Charter, the workmen or their representatives will go to Parliament, and then it will be clearly shown that labour has a right in property, as much as any other power, and that the master of a factory has no more right to diminish the daily pay of a workman than he has to appropriate the estate, real or personal, of his neighbour. Work is the property (*Eigenthum*) of the people, and the rights of property which result from it should be sanctioned and protected by the regenerated Parliament." A step further and these people will say that work is the right of the people, and as this right involves payment of unconditional wages, Chartism must lead, if not to a community of goods, certainly to the shattering the ancient principle of property, the great supporting column of modern society. These Chartist beginnings, therefore, involve in their consequences a social revolution compared to which the French Revolution would appear benign and modest.

Here again appears the hypocrisy and practical sense of the Englishman as compared to the Frenchman. The Chartists conceal their terrorism under legal forms, while the Communists speak out frankly and openly. The latter hesitate a little to call the last consequences of their principles by the right name, and if we discuss them with their chiefs, the latter defend themselves against the reproach that they would do away with property; they declare that they wish to organise property, on the contrary, on a broader basis, and give it a far more comprehensive organisation. Great heaven! I fear that property will by the zeal of such organisers be sadly crimped up (*in die Krümpe gehen*), and there will be nothing left at last but the "broad and permanent basis." "To tell the truth," said a Communistic friend to me lately, "property will not be abolished; it will only receive a new definition."[1]

It is precisely this new definition which causes such dire anxiety to the reigning *bourgeoisie*, and to this fear Louis Philippe owes his most devoted partisans, the most zealous maintainers of his throne. The more these supports tremble, the less the throne shakes, and the King has

[1] The definition which it received soon after from one of Heine's friends was that of theft, or la *propriété c'est le vol.*—*Translator.*

nothing to fear, because fear makes him safe. Guizot also maintains himself by the dread of the new definition, which he has combated with his incisive dialectic in such a masterly manner; nor do I expect to see him soon succumb, although the predominant party of the *bourgeoisie*, for whom he has done, and still does so much, has no heart for him. Why do they not like him? I believe, firstly, because they do not understand him; and, secondly, because it is in human nature to care very much less for those who protect our goods than for those who promise us more. So it was in Athens, so it is in France, and so it will be, time evermore, in every democracy where speech is free and men are credulous.

XLVIII.

PARIS, *December* 4, 1842.

WILL Guizot maintain his position? It is with a French Ministry as with love—no man can say with any certainty what is its strength or how long it will endure. One day we deem that it is rooted deep, and on the next there it lies overthrown by some light summer-breeze. And oftener still we think a Ministry is near its fall, and at its best has but few weeks to live, when to our wonder up it stands in strength—yes, stronger than before, perhaps outlives those who have read its funeral services. Four weeks ago, on October 29, Guizot's Ministry celebrated its birthday for the second time; it is now more than two years old; nor do I see why it should not live long on this fair earth, on the gay Boulevard des Capucines, where there are verdant trees and good fresh air. It is true that many Ministers have often been harvested promptly, but they ever had themselves to blame for a too early end, and all because they did too much or overdid their work.

For that which greatly benefits the health of such as we are—that is, exercise—is always deadly to a Ministry, and it was thus that that of the 1st of March perished. These good small folk cannot sit still in school.[1] The frequent change of Government in France is not only an after-effect of the Revolution, but also a natural product (*Ergebniss*) of the national character of the French, to whom action, vigorous labour, and movement are as necessary as tobacco-smoke, silent thought, and tranquillity are to Germans; and so, because the French guides and leaders of the state are so restless, and are always finding themselves something to do, they fall into deadly dangerous dilemmas and entanglements. And this is true not only of Ministries, but of dynasties, which have ever hastened their own end by their own activity. Yes, by this same fatal cause, or by never-wearying activity, not only Thiers fell, but the far stronger Napoleon, who might have remained on his throne unto his blessed end had he only possessed the art of sitting still, which is the very first thing taught to little children among us. But M. Guizot has this art to a high degree; he sitteth marble still as the Obelisk of Luxor, and will therefore hold his own far longer than man deems. He does nothing, and *that* is the

[1] "Sie können nicht still sitzen, diese Leutchen."

secret of his long endurance.[1] Yet why does he do nothing? I believe that it is, firstly, because he possesses a certain German tranquillity of soul, and that he is much less tormented with the gadfly madness of activity than are his compatriots. Or does he do so little because he knows so much? The more we know, the deeper and more comprehensive are our views, the more difficult is it for us to act, and he who could always foresee all the consequences of every step would certainly renounce all action, and only use his hands to bind his own feet. The broadest range of knowledge condemns us to the narrowest inaction.[2]

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[1] "Il ne fait rien: voilà le secret de sa conservation." Which recalls the power of silence as a listener, so that we may say, "Il ne *dit* rien: voilà le secret de sa conversation."—*Translator.*

[2] To which we may add that the cleverer the wit the more preposterous its theories. Great knowledge never in this world suppressed the active or creative faculty, when the latter really existed, for they are mutually developing and stimulating. This can be traced as clearly as the course of a stream in Napoleon, Shakespeare, Goethe, Darwin, and all great practically active minds. It is true that among the lower orders there is a popular theory that "learning" is a great disqualification for "business," but this is in most cases an error. Heine would never have made this assertion had he ever in all his life done anything except writing, and put his whole heart into it. But he never did; hence his occasional unpractical paradoxes. Almost in the instant of writing the foregoing, my eye fell on an advertisement in the *Times* of "Popular Science" by Samuel Laing, "Thirteenth Thousand," which of itself is a brilliant refuta-

Meanwhile, as may also happen to the Ministry, the last days of the dying year, which, thank God! *is* coming to an end, leave us as *resigned* as possible. If heaven only will not try our hearts to the very end thereof with new misfortune! 'Twas an evil year, and if I were a poet of the kind whose poetry is marked with an intent, then I with inharmonious, boisterous verse would bring a charivari serenade to the departing year. In this vile and shameful year mankind hath suffered much, and even the bankers "have had losses." What a terrible disaster was the burning on the Versailles railway! I do not speak of the unfortunate Sunday multitude who were on this occasion roasted or boiled; I speak rather of the surviving Sabbath company whose stock has fallen so many per cent., and who now await the result of the trials caused by that catastrophe with trembling and fear. Will the promoters or founders of that company give to the orphaned or maimed sacrifices of their greed for money some recompense? Would it not be horrible? These much-to-be-condoled-with

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tion of Heine's theory. Here, as I well know personally, is a mind which has ranged from aiding the translation of the Heimskringla to a wide grasp of science, finance, and industry, and the mastery of a clearer and purer style than our author's, which mind certainly never was deficient in prompt action.—*Translator.*

millionaires have already paid such a penance of suffering, and the profits of other undertakings may possibly this year not cover the loss. Then there are other dreadful things over which one may well go mad, and I was yesterday assured on the Exchange that the half-banker Läusedorf is going over to Christianity, and, believing no more in Moses and the Prophets, will be baptized![1] With others, things go better, and even if the whole *rive gauche* should go to the dogs, we should have the delight and consolation of knowing that the *rive droite* was flourishing all the more. The Southern French railways are also doing well, as are all the lately chartered, and he who was a poor, tattered scamp yesterday is a rich scamp to-day. Thus the thin, long-nosed Mr. —— assures us that he has "got wr—itch[2] by his foresight." Yes, while you others were higgling away your time in philosophical speculations, this thin spectre haggled and speculated and huckstered in railway securities, till one of his patrons of the high bank and bench said lately to me: "See, that small fellow had nothing, and now he has money, and he will make more; and yet during all his life he has had nothing to do with

[1] This conclusion is only in the *Augsburger Zeitung*, and the late German edition as a note.—*Translator.*

[2] "Versichert, er habe *Grind*" (*i.e., Grinde*). "Heine is *never* vulgar," says an English biographer.—*Translator.*

philosophy." How these mushrooms are the same in all countries and times! And they look with special scorn on all writers who occupy themselves with the unselfish studies of philosophy. Eighteen hundred years ago, as Petronius tells us, a Roman parvenu thus made his epitaph: "Here lies Straberinus; he was at first nothing at all, and yet he left behind three hundred million sesterces: through all his life he gave no heed unto philosophy; follow his example, and thou wilt be happy."[1]

Here in France the greatest calm prevails—a peace of lassitude, of somnolent, yawning peace, where all is still as on a winter's night when all is snow around. All that we hear are small mysterious sounds like water-drops. These are the Rentes, for ever dripping into the iron chests of Capital, which grows and grows and grows—one really seems to hear the growing of the wealth of wealthy men. Yet in it ever and anon there come low sobs of poverty, and yet again there's something like the sharpening of a knife. Neighbouring tumults trouble us but little, even the rattling insurrection in Barcelona has not disturbed us. The murderous scene which took place in the *cabinet d'étude* of Mdlle. Heinefetter in Brussels has interested us much more, especially

[1] All of the preceding, from the words "narrowest in action," or two pages of the German text, is omitted from the French version.

the ladies, who are exasperated at this German soul,[1] who, in spite of having passed many years in France, had not learned how to keep two admirers from meeting on the battle-ground of their bliss. The news from the East also awakened a disapproving murmur among the people, and the Emperor of China is as unpopular as Mademoiselle Heinefetter; a needless flow of blood, and the flower of the Central Kingdom (*Blume der Mitte*) is lost. The English are surprised to have settled so cheaply with the Brother of the Sun and the Cousin of the Moon, and are now considering whether they cannot use their now superfluous armament against Japan and lay that kingdom under contribution. A sound legal pretext will not be wanting. If it is not chests of opium, it will be the writings of the English Protestant Mission,[2] which have been confiscated by the Japanese Sanitary Commission. I may discuss in a later letter the manner in which England covers as with a mantle her pretexts for making war. The threat that British generosity would never come to our aid should Germany ever be divided up like Poland does not alarm

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[1] *Deutsche Gemüth.* French version—*Dinde allemande,* "German hen-turkey." *Anbeter,* "adorers," is rendered *deux coqs amoreux.*

[2] French version—"Les écrits de la mission anglaise, écrits aussi somnifères que l'opium."

me in the least. Firstly, Germany cannot be divided. Try just for once (*Theil mal*) to divide the principality of Lichtenstein or Greiz Schleiz! And, secondly,[1] Germany is, despite its petty divisions, the most powerful realm in the world, and this realm is in wondrous growth. Yes, Germany grows stronger every day; national feeling gives it internal unity which is proof against decay, and it is certainly a proof of our increasing significance as a nation that the English, who formerly only paid subsidies to our princes, now pay the expenses of publication to German *tribunes* who defend the Rhine with their pens.

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[1] Here the letter ends in the French version, as what follows could hardly please a Parisian public. The remarks in it on the impossibility of dividing Germany and its growing greatness and unity, were, for the time, marvellously far-sighted, or almost prophetic. On the other hand, our author betrays a petty meanness of spirit in accusing England of paying money to German writers for the press, which he seems to have caught from his own conscience or from French friends of the type who to this day attribute the victory of the Germans entirely to bribery—*l'argent allemand* —and *les espions Prusses*—who, according to them, constituted the entire effective force of the enemy; a kind of reasoning reminding one of certain natives of Southern Europe whose first argument in a quarrel (be it about the lottery or the saints), is, to accuse the opponent of unnatural crimes.—*Translator.*

XLIX.

PARIS, *December* 31, 1842.

ONE little kick more, and the old bad year will roll down for ever into the abyss of Time. This year was a satire on Louis Philippe, on Guizot, on all who took such trouble to maintain peace in Europe. This year is a satire on peace itself, for in the tranquil lap of this peace we have been appalled with terrors worse than the worst war could have produced. A dreadful month of joy (*Wonnemond*, May), in which at the same time in France, Germany, and Haïti, the most fearful tragedies were enacted. What a rencontre of the most unheard-of misfortunes! What malicious jests of chance! What infernal surprises! I can imagine the amazement with which the dwellers in the realms of shades gazed at the new-comers on the 6th of May, those figures with their Sunday's joyous mien, students, grisettes, young married couples, apothecaries out for pleasure, Philistines of every kind who went to see the *grandes eaux* at Versailles, but instead of re-entering Paris, where dinner was spread for them,

suddenly found themselves in the realm of Pluto! And all maimed, boiled, and stewed! "Was it war which treated you thus vilely?" "Ah, no; it was in time of peace, and we came from a walk."[1] And the burned firemen and citizen-aids at fires (*Litzenbrüder*), who arrived a few days later from Hamburg, must have excited great astonishment in the land of Pluto. "Are ye the offerings to the god of war?" was certainly the question put to them. "Ah, no; for our Republic is at peace with all the world; the Janus temple now is firmly closed, only the halls of Bacchus are opened wide; we lived in calm enjoyment of our mock-turtle Spartan soup, when lo! at once there came a conflagration vast, and in that fire we perished—here we are!" "And your famed engines to extinguish fire?" "They were all saved; their fame is gone for ever." "And the old wigs?" "As powdered phœnixes they rise again from the ashes." On the next day, while Hamburg still flamed, there was the earthquake in Haïti, and the poor black men were hurled by thousands to the depths of Tartarus. And when they came dripping with blood the dwellers there below believed that certainly these came from battle with the whites, and had been

[1] French version—"Et nous venions justement d'une parti de plaisir, nous venions de voir jouer les eaux."

butchered or beaten to death as revolted slaves. No, this time also the dwellers by the Styx made a mistake. It was not Man, but Nature who had caused the great carnage (*Blutbad*) on that island, whence slavery was long since done away, where the constitution is republican without any rejuvenating germ, but rooted in the eternal laws of reason; and there prevails liberty, equality, and even a black freedom of the press. Greiz-Scheitz is no such republic, no such burning soil as Haïti, where sugar-cane, coffee-vines, and black freedom of the press grow — from which earthquakes naturally result. Yet, despite the tame potato-climate, despite the censure, despite weary suffering verses which are there declaimed or sung — even in that place, while the honourable public sat pleased and pleasure-seeking in their theatre, the roof fell in on their heads, and many of them were slung headlong to Orcus.[1]

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[1] What is here remarked by our author has been very vividly brought before me, even while translating this and the preceding letter, in Geneva, by the two fearful events which occurred almost simultaneously near this place, of the bursting of the boiler of the steamboat *Mont Blanc* at Ouchy, by which about thirty lives were lost, and the horrible and almost instantaneous destruction of more than a hundred people in the hotel at Gervais les Bains. While writing, I saw the steamboat pass by, and the hotel was, if not in sight, at least between me and the high white range of mountains yonder in the distance. These victims were all seeking pleasure,

Yes, in the gentlest life of happiness, in the midst of peace, more misery and woe may be heaped on man than ever the wrath of Bellona could summon with her trumpet. And not only on land, but at sea have we suffered this year the most terrible misfortunes. The two great shipwrecks on the southern coast of Africa and the Channel shore (*Manche*) have their place in the most terrible chapters in the history of martyred humanity. We have no war, but peace destroys us, and if we do not die suddenly by a brutal accident, at least we perish pitiably *petit à petit* by some creeping poison, by an *acqua Tofana* which has been let trickle into our cup, heaven knows by what hand!

Yes, heaven only knows, not we, how we, in the impatience of the weariest pain, seek in vain to find those who cause it, and groping blindly round, not seldom grasp and maltreat the innocent. We are always right as to the deed itself, or that there has been a mixing of poison which made us ill, but as for the persons whom we suspect, there is error on every side, and it is often well for us to speak out plainly. It is indeed often a duty, and in this connection I have to send an explanatory remark in reference

in peace, in charming weather, amid the most exquisitely picturesque scenery in Europe. The agreement of the occurrences with the text is remarkable.—*Translator.*

to the conclusion of my last letter. I did not in those concluding words intend in any way to impeach the honourable intentions, the veracity or integrity, of any German tribune who defends our Rhine, but I wished to call attention to a system which has been directed against France ever since the beginning of the French Revolution, and that system is a fact which can be historically proved. I had in my mind only that British ready-and-willingness which, if it does not itself shoot, at least finds the bombs, as it did at Barcelona. I believe that I am in duty bound to make this observation; the split between the so-called Nationalists and the Rationalists becomes wider day by day, and the latter must manifest their reasonability even thereby that they atone for the antipathy against the idea, and not its servants. As the Romans, when they wished to take a place by storm, first invoked its gods to leave the limits of the threatened town, for fear lest they in the tumult might harm some deity, so will we who make war with gods, or with ideas, guard earnestly against this that we in no way injure their servants or men in the storm of battle.[1]

[1] Of which it can only be said, "Oh, lame and impotent—apology." Heine had brought a direct accusation of secretly accepting money from foreign Powers to write up certain views and persons (as Heine himself was doing at the time),

I write these lines in the last hour of the departing wicked year. The New Year stands before the door, may it be less cruel than its predecessor. I send my most sorrowfully-sad wishes for luck and happiness for New Year beyond the Rhine. I wish the fools a little intelligence, and the intelligent (*Verständigen*) a little poetry. I wish the women fine clothes, and the men or husbands a great deal of patience. I wish that the rich may have a heart and the poor a bit of bread. And above and before all things, I wish that we in this New Year may revile and slander one another as little as possible.

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and he makes amends by talking muddily about "ideas" and Roman gods. In the letter to the *Augsburger Zeitung* the next paragraph begins as follows: "This pious idea or good resolve may carry us over into the new year." This of itself sounds like mockery of what he had just written. It is a curious fact that certain men when guilty of offences are greatly given to accusing others of them, as if to avert suspicion from themselves; and, in keeping with it, Heine, after duly indulging in revilement and slander, expresses the hope that nobody in the coming year may be guilty of such crimes.—*Translator.*

L.

PARIS, *February* 2, 1843.

WHAT most astonishes me in the French is the aptitude, the handy skill of passing, or rather leaping over from one business to another, which is perhaps of an entirely different kind. This is not merely an unusual characteristic of a volatile nature, it is also an historical inheritance.[1] They have in the course of time freed themselves entirely from confining prejudices and pedantry. So it happened that the *émigrés* who fled to us during the Revolution bore so lightly the change of circumstances, and many of them, to gain a living, knew how to make some trade out of hand (*aus dem Stegreif*). My mother has often told me that a French marquis established himself as shoemaker in our town. He made the best shoes for

[1] Dr. Johnson certainly took this view of the same thing, deriving it from what Juvenal said of the Greeks, whom the French claim to have been their special prototypes :—

" All sciences a starving Frenchman knows,
And bid him go to hell—to hell he goes."

ladies,[1] worked with pleasure, whistled the most delightful tunes, and forgot all his former glory. A German nobleman would perhaps, under the same circumstances, have also become a shoemaker, but he would not have entered so gaily into the spirit of his work, or accommodated himself so like wax to his leathern destiny,[2] and he would certainly have made men's boots, probably *bottes de militaires* or for hunting, such as recalled the ancient chivalry. When the French came

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[1] The French version adds, "des bottines de maroquin et des mules de satin." There is a very clever, I think originally French comedy, in which the hero, a marquis, becomes a shoemaker. There has, however, been written a book, a monograph on distinguished shoemakers, and George Sand in *Consuelo*—or whoever it was that helped her to write it—touches on the subject. In my youth, my hair was always cut (much too short, I thought) by one who had been an officer under Napoleon, and bore the regal ancient name of Charles Martel. Most men of my age can recall some of these old *émigrés*, as teachers of languages, drawing, or dancing—men with subdued titles, who had lived at courts. My first teacher of French was a refugee of 1830.

[2] Heine here does injustice to his fellow-countrymen. The President of the Frankfort Parliament of 1848 became within the year after its dissolution, keeper of a *Lagerbierwirthschaft* or "ale-house" in Philadelphia, in Race Street near Fourth, where I learned to know him, and I can testify that he accommodated himself "like wax" to his destiny. And I have known a Hanoverian nobleman to become in the same city a prothonotary, editor, and politician all at once; an exploit which as far transcends shoemaking as Mont Blanc, which I now behold, doth Primrose Hill.

over the Rhine, our marquis had to leave his shop and fly to another town—I believe to Cassel, where he became the best shoemaker. Yes, without apprenticeship he passed from one trade to another, and became master in all, which would seem incredible to a German, be he noble or the simplest of simple citizen's children. After the fall of the Emperor, the good man came, with greyer hair, but with as merry and as young a heart as ever, back to France, and put on such a swell style (*schnitt ein so hochadliges Gesicht*), and again raised his nose as proudly and nobly as if he had never handled awl or needle. It is an error to declare of the emigrants that they had learned nothing and forgotten nothing; on the contrary, they forgot everything which they had learned. The heroes of the warlike age of Napoleon, when they had resigned or were put on half-pay, also threw themselves with great cleverness[1] into the industrial arts of peace, and whenever I entered the offices of my old publisher Delloye, I could always find delighted wonder how the old Colonel now sat as bookseller at his desk, surrounded by old white-moustached fellows, who had also acted as brave soldiers under the Emperor, but who now served as *commis* under their old

[1] *Geschick*, probably the origin of the French *chic* or *chique* as used by artists. *Chic* from *chicard* is another word.

comrade in the capacity of book-keepers or accountants.

Anything can be made of a Frenchman, and every one of them thinks himself fit for everything. The most indifferent trifling dramatist suddenly appears metamorphosed as if by a stage trick into a Minister, a general, a light of the Church, yes, a supreme god. A remarkable instance of the kind may be seen in the transformations of our dear Charles Duveyrier, who was one of the most illuminated dignitaries of the Saint-Simonian Church, and who, when this vanished, passed from the religious to the worldly stage. This Charles Duveyrier sat in the Salle Taitbout on the Bishops' bench, on the side of the father—that is, of Enfantin — distinguishing himself as a god-inspired prophet, and even in the hour of trial he gave testimony as a martyr to the new religion. We will not speak here of the comedies of Duveyrier, but of his political pamphlets, for he left the theatrical career and took to the field of politics, and this new change is perhaps not less remarkable. From his pen were the small writings which appeared weekly under the title *Lettres Politiques.* The first is addressed to the King, the second to Guizot, the third to the Duke of Nemours, the fourth to Thiers. They all indicate a wide intellect. There is in them a noble tone, a laudable antipathy to barbarous

love of war, an ardent enthusiasm for peace. Duveyrier expects that the age of gold will result from the organisation and development of industry. The Messiah will come, not riding on an ass, but on a locomotive. At least the letter to Thiers, or rather against and at him, breathes this spirit. The writer speaks, however, with proper respect of the person of the former President of the Council. He likes Guizot, but Molé better. This *arrière-pensée* manifests itself in everything.

Whether Duveyrier, justly or unjustly, gives preference to one of the three is hard to decide. As for me, I do not believe that one is better than the other, and I am of the opinion that every one as Minister would, under the same circumstances, probably do just what the others would. The real Minister, whose thoughts are deeds, and who governs as well as rules, is the King, Louis Philippe, and the statesmen mentioned distinguished themselves only by the manner or way in which they accord with the predominance of the royal opinions.

M. Thiers shows himself very vigorous in independence at first, makes the most eloquent opposition, trumpets and drums terribly, but ends by doing what the King desires. Not only his revolutionary feelings, but his convictions as a statesman are in constant opposition to

the royal system; he feels and knows that this system must be wrecked in the long-run (*auf die Länge*), and I could communicate some most extraordinary remarks of his on the instability of present institutions. He knows his French people, as also the history of the French Revolution, too well to give himself up entirely to the quietism of the bourgeois party, and believe in the muzzle which he himself has placed on the thousand-headed monster: his fine ear detects the internal growling; he even fears lest he himself may be some day torn by the unchained beast, and still he does what the King desires!

It is quite different with M. Guizot. For him the victory of the bourgeois party is an accomplished deed, *un fait accompli*, and he has entered with all his faculties into the service of this new power, whose rule he vindicates as rational, and therefore legalised by all the acts of historical and philosophic wisdom and sagacity. That is exactly the nature of a doctrinaire, that he always finds a doctrine for all which he would support. He stands with his most secret convictions, it may be over this doctrine, it may be below it. He is too gifted in soul and far too learned in many subjects not to be at heart a sceptic; and such scepticism agrees perfectly with the service which he has devoted to the system to which he has attached himself. At present he is the faithful servant of

the *bourgeoisie régime*, and he will defend it with all the iron will of a Duke of Alba to the very last moment. There is no wavering or hesitation with *him:* he knows what he wants, and what he wills he *does*. Should he fall in battle, this overthrow will in no wise overcome him, and he will only shake his shoulders, for that for which he fought was to him after all (*au bout du compte*) a matter of indifference. Should by chance the Republican, or even the Communist parties ever conquer, I advise these good people to take Guizot for their Minister, to profit by his intelligence and his obstinacy, and they will find that they will have done better than if they had confided the government to the most tried and tested idiots of bourgeois virtue. I would give similar advice to the Henriquinquists, in the impossible case that they ever, by a natural misfortune and by the punishment of God, attain to power—take Guizot for Minister, and you may hold your own thrice twenty-four hours longer; and I fear that I do not do injury to Guizot when I express the opinion that he would stoop so low as to support your bad cause by his eloquence and his ability to govern. Are you not quite as indifferent to him as the tradesmen citizens (*Spiessbürger*) for whom he now expends so much talent in word and deed, or as the system of the King whom he serves with such stoical equanimity?

M. Molé differs from both in this, that he is firstly the statesman *par excellence*, whose personal appearance indicates a patrician, and to whom the art of government is innate or developed by family tradition. There is in him no trace of plebeian origin, as in M. Thiers, nor has he the angles of a pedagogue like Guizot, and among the aristocracy of foreign courts he might compensate by such external manifestation and diplomatic ease and readiness for the genius which is found in MM. Thiers and Guizot. He has no other system save the King's; he is too much of a courtier to wish to have any other, and that the King knows well; and he is the Minister after the heart of Louis Philippe. You will see that every time when he has the choice between M. Guizot or M. Thiers the King will sadly reply, "Let me take Molé!" As regards this, the King reminds me of a little boy for whom I would buy a toy; and when I asked him which he preferred, a Chinese or Turk, he replied, "I would rather have a red wooden horse with a whistle in its tail" (*Steiss*). When Louis Philippe says, "Let me take Molé," one should remember that Molé means himself; and as it must come to pass that sometimes we have our own way, or things turn out as we would have them, it would be no misfortune should Molé be Minister once more.

But neither would it be any blessing, for the

royal system would continue to act as before, and however high we may esteem the noble intentions of the King, or grant him the best intentions for the prosperity of France, we must still admit that the methods of carrying them out are not the right ones, and that the whole plan is not worth a charge of powder, though only one load would suffice to blow it into the air. Louis Philippe would govern France by means of the Chambers, and he believes that he has won every point where he, by favouring the members, gains majorities in favour of all the projects of Government. But his error consists in believing that France is represented by the Chamber. This is not really the case, and he misunderstands the interests of the people, which are very different from those of the Chambers, and which are not very much regarded by the latter. Should the unpopularity of the King increase to a serious degree, the Chamber would find it difficult to save him, and it is also a question whether the favoured *bourgeoisie*, for whom he has done so much, would hasten to his aid with enthusiasm at a time of danger.[1]

[1] A shrewd remark. Louis Philippe and the wise Guizot went out because they did not know that one workman, student, or even vagabond, is worth more in an *émeute* than twenty *bons bourgeois* or "fat and greasy citizens." In 1848, and on other occasions, the solid men or substantial

"Our trouble is," said an *habitué* of the Tuileries to me lately, "that our opponents, believing us to be weaker than we are, do not fear us, and that our friends, who sometimes complain, attribute to us greater strength than we really possess."

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citizens of Paris needed only to have turned out unarmed, and maintained a firm front, to have made a mere mouthful of the few insurgents. They felt very deeply—this vast majority—the loss of their good King, but they did not *fight* for him. All great revolutions are really effected by small minorities of resolute men. In the Civil War in the United States, those who won the victory—the Union men, or Republicans—were within a mere fraction, in proportion of numbers, as one to two; that is to say, for every Unionist there was nearly one rebel, and one Democrat who aided the enemy or sympathised with him—a fact which has been too much ignored. It is the *energetic* class, the men of deep convictions, or those who are vigorous, who carry all great changes. In times of peace the majority tyrannises over the minority—generally driving into it the most brilliant intellects, until the latter rebel, and then the minority conquers —and so the world rolls on, gathering history as it goes.— —*Translator.*

LI.

PARIS, *May* 5, 1843.

THE true genius of politics (*die eigentliche Politik*) now lives in retirement in his hotel on the Boulevard des Capucines, and industrial and art questions are now the order of the day. People contend whether sugar-cane or beet-root shall be favoured; if it would be better to give the Northern Railway to a company or undertake it at the expense of the state; and whether the success of "Lucretia" will not set poetry upon its legs again? The names most frequently heard at present are those of Rothschild and Ponsard.

The investigation as to the elections forms a little interlude in the Chamber. The sulky report in reference to this unfortunate affair includes many curious details. Its author is a certain Lanyer whom I met twelve years ago as a remarkably unskilful physician, by his only patient, and who since then, for the good of humanity, has hung his staff of Esculapius on the wall. As soon as the investigation shall have been concluded, the debates on the sugar

question will begin, on which occasion M. de Lamartine will represent the interests of the Colonial trade and of the French Marine against the mean and petty spirit of local commerce. The opponents of cane-sugar are either industrials interested in the question, who only see the safety of France from across their counters or from a shop point of view, or decrepid old Bonapartists who remain attached with a kind of reverential feeling to the beet—the favourite idea of the Emperor. These grey-haired men, who have been at a mental standstill since 1814, form a mournful-merry companion-piece to our Trans-Rhenane old Germanists (*Deutschthümlern*), and just as the latter dream of the German oak and acorn coffee, so do the latter idolise *la gloire* and beet-root sugar. But time rolls onward rapidly and irresistibly on smoking locomotives, and the used-up old heroes of the past, the old wooden-legs of an extinct nationality, the invalids and incurables, will soon be lost to sight.

The opening of the two new railroads, one of which is to Orleans, the other to Rouen, is causing a startling electric sensation which every one experiences, unless he stands apart upon his insulated glass stool. The whole population of Paris forms at this instant a chain in which one communicates to another the shock. But while the great mass stare, benumbed and bewildered, at

the outward forms of the great powers of force and motion, the solitary thinker experiences a terrible shuddering emotion, such as we always feel when the most tremendous and unheard-of things take place, whose consequences are beyond sight and calculation. All that we know is that our existence is dragged into new ruts or hurled afar (into new orbits), that new habits, lives, joys, and sorrows await us, and that the *unknown* exercises on us its terrible charm, alluring like enchantment and yet terrifying. So must our fathers have felt when America was discovered, when the discovery of gunpowder proclaimed itself by the first shot, when printing sent the first proof sheets.[1]

The railways are again such a providential event as gives mankind a new start, which changes the form and colour of humanity, so that a new era begins in universal history, and our generation may boast that it was present. What marvellous changes must now enter into our methods of perception and action. Even the elementary ideas of space and time are tottering; for by the railway space is annihilated, and only time remains.[2] Oh, that we had money enough

[1] *Aushängebogen*, rather specimen sheets or revises.—*Translator.*

[2] Even as men had spoken not many years before of the "Lightning," "Meteor," "Dart," and other lines of mail-

to kill the latter properly! In three hours and a half one can now go to Orleans, in the same time to Rouen. What will it be when the lines to Belgium and Germany shall be finished and connected with the railways of those countries? I seem to see the mountains and forests of every country coming to Paris. I smell the perfume of German lime-trees; the billows of the North Sea are bounding and roaring before my door.

Great companies have been formed, not only for

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coaches in which the greatest possible speed to which humanity could ever attain was supposed to have been realised. One can imagine the smile with which some reader a century hence will consider this assertion that space was "annihilated" at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour in the slow old days of steam. To those who, like myself, can well remember the time when the vast majority of the inhabitants of Europe and the United States had never seen a steamboat or a railway, these remarks of Heine will be very interesting. And they are more prophetic than would be supposed, since even in 1845 there were very few who realised as he did, the new and coming era. At that time I had met with but *one* man, even in America, who predicted confidently the speedy settlement of the West, and the union of the Atlantic and Pacific by rail—and he was regarded as a great visionary. His name was Maybin. Had not the world been strangely slow to examine and foresee, railways must have spread over the world a generation earlier. Now we are at the beginning of the electric era, which it is believed by many will take the place of steam, and perhaps realise, in a few years, easy aërostation, in which case such changes will take place in society as Heine never dreamed of.—*Translator.*

completing the Northern Railway, but also for laying out many other lines, which endeavour, by means of circulars, to induce the public to take shares in them. Every one sends a prospectus, in which, as a heading, there is paraded in great figures the amount of capital required to cover the expense of the undertaking. It amounts always to some fifty, or a hundred, or several hundred millions of francs. After the time assigned for subscription shall have passed, no more subscriptions will be received, and it is also remarked that should the sum of the capital limited be taken up before the certain time, the same condition will be carried out. There are also given in colossal letters the names of the persons who form the *Comité de Surveillance*, which are not only those of financiers, bankers, receivers-general, great proprietors of works (*usines*), and manufacturers, but also of high state officials, princes, dukes, marquises, counts, most of which titles are to fame unknown, but which, with their official and feudal association, ring mightily well in the ears of the public —as do the trumpet-calls and drum wherewith Bajazzo on the front platform of a market-show invites the honourable public to enter. "*On ne paie qu'en entrant.*" Who would not trust such a *Comité de Surveillance?* And yet they do not, as many good people suppose, promise a solid

guarantee, and are not in reality solid supports, but only Caryatides.[1]

I expressed to one of my friends my amazement that among the members of committees are to be found the names of naval officers, and that in many prospectuses those of admirals appeared as presidents—as, for example, that of Admiral Rosamel, after whom the whole company and its stock were called. My friend, who is a merry man, thought that such an addition of naval officers was a very shrewd measure of precaution for the respective societies in case they should come into collision with justice, and be condemned by a jury to the galleys, in which case the directors would have among them an admiral, which would be of great advantage at Toulon or Brest, where there must be much rowing. But my friend was in error. Those people have no cause at all to fear lest they be set to rowing or steering in Toulon or in Brest; the oar or helm which will fall, or which has indeed already partly come in secret to their hands, is that of state.[2] This

[1] Caryatides, in fact, which must be themselves supported by the building which they seem to support. But even Heine had not foreseen the time when many English novels and society papers would satirise people of rank who derive their means of subsistence chiefly from selling their names and titles to prospectuses.—*Translator.*

[2] To which the German text very needlessly adds, "and which the ruling moneyed aristocracy get daily more and

moneyed aristocracy will soon form not only the *Comité de Surveillance* of railway society, but also that of our whole *société, bourgeoise et industrielle*, and it will be that which will send us to Toulon or to Brest.

The house of Rothschild, which has made tenders for the concession of the Northern Railway line, and which will in all probability get it, is not really a company, and every share which the association gives in it to individuals is a great favour—I may say, plainly speaking, a present of money, which M. de Rothschild bestows on his friends. The ultimate bonds, or so-called promises of the House of Rothschild, are already at several hundred francs above par, and whoever asks Baron James de Rothschild for such bonds at par, *begs* in the literal sense of the word. But the whole world begs of him; begging letters rain over him; —and as the most aristocratic titles are first to set the noble example—therefore begging is no shame. M. de Rothschild is consequently the hero of the day, and he plays everywhere such a prominent part in the history of our present meanness and wretchedness (*misère*), that I must speak of him often and seriously. He is indeed a remarkable person. I cannot judge of his

more into their control." Omitted in French version.—*Translator.*

financial capacity, but to judge by its results, it must be very great. A peculiar faculty in him is that of observation or instinct, by which he is able, if not to judge of, at least to discern the capacities of other persons in every sphere.[1]

If Rothschild and the Chamber of Deputies would only come to an understanding as to the Northern Railway! The pettiest party spirit is here busy at work, sowing difficulties in order to cripple the necessary interest in the undertaking. The Chamber, urged by private trickery and intrigue of every kind, haggles for conditions with the Rothschild society, the result being the most intolerable delays and alarms. All eyes are now turned to the House of Rothschild, representing the society which, having undertaken to execute the railway, represents it so substantially and famously. It is a notable event that the House of Rothschild, which once applied its talents and resources only to aid Governments in their needs, now places itself at the head of great national undertakings, advancing industry and popular prosperity by its enormous capital and its illimitable credit. The greater part of the members of this

[1] The previous passages are wanting in the *Augsburger Zeitung*, and they are supplied by the following page. As it forms a connected whole, I have not given it separately in a footnote, as in the German edition.—*Translator.*

house, or rather of this family, are at present assembled in Paris, but the secrets of such a congress are too well preserved for us to be able to report them. A great unity of feeling prevails among them. It is strange that they always marry among themselves, and the degrees of relationship cross one another in such a fashion that the historian would have trouble to disentangle the knot. The head, or rather brain (*Kopf*) of the family is Baron James, a remarkable man, whose peculiar capacity of course manifests itself only in financial relations, but who, as before observed, can find his way through any other sphere by the gift of observation or instinct.

On account of this gift he has been compared to Louis XIV., and really in contrast to his colleagues, who liked to surround themselves with a general staff of mediocrities, we have always found M. James de Rothschild in most intimate connection with notabilities of every branch of sciences and arts (*disciplin*). Though ignorant of the subject, he always knew who excelled in it. He does not understand a note of music, but Rossini was always his family friend. Ary Scheffer is his court-painter; Carême was his cook. M. de Rothschild certainly does not know a word of Greek, but the Hellenist Letronne is the scholar whom he most distinguishes by his notice. His personal physician was the genial Dupuytren, and there was between

them the most brotherly amity.[1] M. de Rothschild at an early date appreciated the merit of Cremieux, the great jurist, who has before him a great future, and he found in him his true advocate. In like manner he from the first perceived the political capacities of Louis Philippe, and he has always been on the most intimate terms with this great master of the art of state. Emile Pereire, the pontifex maximus of railways, was entirely a discovery of M. de Rothschild, who made of him his first engineer, and through him founded the railway to Versailles, namely, that on the right bank, on which there has never been an accident. Poetry, be it French or German, is very worthily represented in the favour of M. de Rothschild, but here it seems to me that an amiable courtesy comes into play, and as if M. le Baron was not so enthusiastically inspired

[1] It is very amusing to observe how Heine, who on all occasions reviles and detests wealth, bankers, bourgeois, and money-worship, here completely forgets and contradicts himself, and points out with sympathy and exultingly the power of money. It is not such an *altogether* singular circumstance that great musicians, painters, cooks, Greek scholars, and even German poets, should cluster round, be employed by, or feed at the tables of millionaires, for it is in the usual course of society and its relations. But our author here appears as simply silly in describing all these, the *cook* included, as in "intimate connection" with M. Rothschild solely on account of his gift of observation or genius. A more bungling bit of flattery was never botched.—*Translator.*

for the living poets of the present day as for the great dead—as, for example, Homer, Sophocles, Dante, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Goethe—all of them passed-away poets glorified, who, purified from all earthly dross, have long since been removed from earth, and do not ask him for shares in the Northern Railway.[1]

At this time the star Rothschild is in its zenith of brilliancy. I do not know if I am guilty of a want of devotion to duty (*Schulden*) in comparing M. de Rothschild to a star. However, he will not complain, as did that other Louis XIV.,

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[1] This remark suggests naturally enough the question whether there was in Heine's time any German poet living in Paris who asked, *i.e.*, begged, for shares in the Northern Railway—at par? This is all very *naïve*. Could it have been said by Baron James, as it was by his contemporary M. de Moses of London, "We keeps a poet?" This passage is given in a different form in the *Augsburger Zeitung*, and indeed in a very different spirit. It is as follows:—

"Only poetry, French or German, is represented by no living eminence in the patronage of M. de Rothschild, who only loves Shakespeare, Racine, Goethe, altogether deceased poets. Apropos of poets, I cannot refrain from a fleeting mention that Monsieur Ponsard is anything but a great poet. Unreason and party spirit have raised him on the shield, and will as speedily let him fall. I know his greatly spoken of *Lutetia* only by extracts, but this I have observed from what I read, that the French public will get no indigestion of poetry from what is in this work. This tragedy, too, renews the old controversies as to the Classic and Romantic, a strife which would be wearisome for the German reader." —*Translator.*

who was once angered at a poor poet because he had the impertinence to compare him to a star—he who was accustomed to be compared to the sun, and who had also adopted this heavenly body as his official emblem.

But to-day, to be completely sure, I will compare M. de Rothschild to the sun, firstly, because it costs me nothing, and then and truly because at this moment I can do so very appropriately, when everybody worships him so as to be warmed by his golden rays. Between us, this *furor* of veneration is no small affliction to the poor sun, who has no repose from his adorers, among whom are many who are not worth a warming. These Pharisees sing loudest of all their psalm of "Praise and Laud!" (*Gloria in excelsis*), and the poor Baron is by them so morally tortured and goaded that one must needs pity him. I really believe that money is for him more a curse than a blessing; if he had a harder heart, he would endure less discomfort, but such a good-natured, gentle being as he is must suffer much from the crowd and pressure of the mighty misery which he is expected to relieve, from the demands constantly made on him, and from the ingratitude which promptly follows his benefits. Excessive wealth is perhaps harder to endure than poverty. I counsel every man who is in due need of money to go to M. de Rothschild, not to borrow (since I

doubt whether in that case he would profit much) (*etwas Erkleckliches bekommt*), but to console himself by the sight of greater money-misery. The poor devil who has too little, and who cannot help himself, may there convince himself that there is a man who is far more tormented because he has too much money, because all the money in the world flows into his cosmopolite, giant pockets, and because he must drag such a burden about, while all around the great mob of starving men and thieves stretch forth to him their hands. And what terrible and dangerous hands! "How do you do?" once asked a German poet of M. le Baron. "I am driven mad," was his reply. "Until you throw money out of the windows, I cannot believe it," said the poet. "That is just my madness, that I often do not throw it out of the window."[1]

Ah! how unhappy the rich are in this world! —and yet after death they cannot enter the kingdom of heaven! "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." This word of the Divine Communist is a terrible anathema, and shows his bitter hatred against the Bourse and *haute finance* of Jerusalem. The world swarms with philanthropists; there are societies for the protection of animals, yet withal very

[1] *i.e.*, spend it freely. Heine here would probably have the reader infer that he himself was the poet.

little is done for the poor, and for the rich, who are still more unfortunate, there is nothing done at all. Instead of prizes for questions as to silk culture, stall-feeding, and the Kantian philosophy, our learned societies should offer a reward for solving the problem "How can a camel be threaded through the eye of a needle?" Until this great camel question is solved, and the rich see their way to getting into the kingdom of heaven, there will be no thorough benefit for the poor. The rich would be more benevolent if they were not obliged to seek all their happiness here on earth below, and not compelled to envy the poor, who up in heaven will enjoy, *in floribus*, eternal life. They say, "Why should we here on earth do anything for the wretched rabble, who will one day be happier than we, and whom we shall never see again after death?" If the rich knew that they must live in common with us after death, they would give themselves some pains here on earth, and take care not to treat us too badly. Let us, therefore, before all things, try to solve the great question of the camel.

Hard-hearted are the rich—ay, that is true. They are even so towards those of their own kind who have come down in the world. I met lately poor Auguste Leo, and my heart bled at seeing a man who once was so intimately allied to the aristocracy of speculation, and was even himself

a bit of a banker. But tell me, ye great favourites of fortune, what had poor Leo done that you drove him so ignominiously from your congregation?—I do not mean the Jewish, but from that of finance. Yes, this poorest man has been for some time so disliked by his kind that he has been excluded like a pest from all profitable enterprises in which anything was to be made. They would not let him take a share in the last loan, and as for any participation in the new railroads, he can have nothing, since he suffered such discomfiture in the Versailles Railway of the *rive gauche*, and involved his colleagues in such heavy losses. Every one repels him, and even his only friend (who, by the way, could never endure him), the stock-jobber Läusedorf, has left him, and now runs constantly after the Baron Meklenburg. . . . . By the way, I would also remark that the said Baron Meklenburg, one of our most active men in stocks and industrial enterprises, is by no means an Israelite, as is generally supposed, because he was confounded with Abraham Meklenburg, or because he is so frequently seen among the strong men of Israel, amid the *Kreti* and *Plethi* of the Bourse, where they assemble round him, for they greatly love him. These people, as we see, are no religious fanatics, and their ill-feeling for poor Leo is not therefore to be attributed to any religious intolerance; they do

not blame him for his apostasy from the beautiful Jewish religion, and they only compassionately shrug their shoulders at the bad religious exchange business (*Religions-Wechsel-Geschäfte*) of poor Leo, who is now a churchwarden in the Protestant Chapel of the Rue des Billettes. That is, to be sure, an important place of honour, but a man like Auguste Leo might have risen in time in the Synagogue to great dignities; he might have been allowed to take part in the ceremonies of circumcision, or received the greatest, costliest honours in the reading of the *Thora*. Yes, as he is very musical and has such talent for church-music, he might have been allowed at the New Year's feast of the Jewish Church to blow the *Schofar* or the sacred ram's horn. No; he is not the victim of a religious or a moral persecution by sternly obstinate Pharisees; it is not errors of the heart which are attributed to poor Leo, but errors in arithmetic, and no Christian ever forgives lost millions. And yet have pity on this poor fallen man, pity for this degraded greatness; grant him just one little profit—*date obolum Belisario*—give an obolus to a Belisarius who, though no great general, was at least blind, and who never in his life ever gave an obolus to a poor man.[1]

[1] The French version ends with these words: "Un aveugle dont la cécité financière doit nous inspirer du respect et de la commiseration."

There are also patriotic grounds which make the preservation of poor Leo desirable. Wounded feelings and great losses compel (as I hear) this once well-to-do man to leave Paris, and retire to the country, where he, like Cincinnatus, may devour the cabbages which he himself has raised, or, like Nebuchadnezzar, sweetly graze on his own meadow-grass. Ah, that would be a loss to all the German brotherhood; for all the second and third class German travellers who came to Paris found in the home of Herr Leo a friendly reception, and many who had experienced discomfort in the frosty, freezing French world could flee thither with their German hearts and sympathetic feelings, and be once more as at home. In the cold winter evenings they found a cup of tea—somewhat homœopathically prepared, but not quite without sugar. They would here see Herr von Humboldt—that is, in pictures framed upon the wall, hanging as a decoy-bird. Here there could be seen the Nasenstern *in natura*,[1] and a real German Countess.

[1] *Nasenstern*, nose-star, a parody on a Hebrew name. Nasenstern is a character in Heine's "Rabbi of Bacharach" (*vide* vol. i.). In the French version this is given as: "La, ils voyaient en chair et en os l'illustre monsieur qui a plus d'os que de chair, et qui possede le nez le plus long de Frankfort." Of all this disquisition on "Leo," in which Heine in a very disagreeable manner gratifies a personal antipathy, it can only be said that it must appear to any Israelite, as it certainly does to every person of culture,

There were also the most illustrious diplomatists from Crow-Corners (*Krähwinkel*), with their crow-footed, squint-eyed wives and blonde daughters, among all of whom were heard now and then distinguished pianists and violinists, newly arrived virtuosi recommended by the vendors of souls to the house of Leo and Co., and who allowed themselves to be musically turned to profit in his saloons. There, too, were the soft sounds of the mother-tongue, especially of the grandmother tongue, in which Germans greeted one another. There the dialect of the Hamburg Dreckwall was spoken most purely, and he who heard once more such classic sounds, it seemed in soul as if he again smelt the *Twieten* of the Mönckedamm.[1] But when the Adelaide of Beethoven was sung,

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as extremely vulgar and inartistic. I should perhaps have taken the liberty of omitting it, had it not been that it illustrates vividly the extraordinary extremes from vile foul mud to water diamond-clear which characterise this most bizarre of writers. As regards the conclusion, it may be observed that it was long ago said in reference to a very distinguished English novelist, that there is nothing in all bad taste worse than that which inspires a writer to jeer at the efforts of people of limited means to be hospitable, or to ridicule poverty in any form whatever. Heine's bitterest sneers at bankers were not levelled at the wealthy who invited him to dine with them, but at the poor broken-down Leos or Levis, whose humble hospitality he despised.—*Translator.*

[1] French version—"Il était ravi comme s'il sentait de nouveau les parfums du canal de Moenkedamm."—*Translator.*

then there ran the most sentimental tears! Yes, that house was an oasis, a very nasty oasis (*eine sehr assige Oase*) of German sentimental sociability in the sandy wilderness of the French world of reason (*Verstandeswelt*), a tabernacle of the most confidential gossip, where people cuddled together (*ruddelte*) as on the shores of the Main, where they clacked and chatted as in the precincts of the 'oly city of Cologne (*hil 'gen Stadt Köln*), and where a small glass of beer was often added to the fatherland-marked gossip. German heart, what wouldst thou more? It would be a bitter shame if this clack and gossip shop (*Klatschbude*) should be shut up.

LII.

PARIS, *May* 6, 1843.[1]

PRECIOUS time, as people say, is ever lightly thrown away. I say precious time, meaning thereby the years of peace which are ensured to us by the government of Louis Philippe. On his thread of life hangs the peace of France, and the man is old, and the shears of fate are implacable. Instead of turning time to good account, and disentangling the twisted knot of inner and outer misunderstandings, it would seem as if they sought to make the trouble and perplexity worse than before. And nothing but thick-rouged comedy and mean intrigue go on behind the scenes; and by such mean petty deeds France at length may really come to the edge of the abyss. All weather-vanes rely on their many-sided gift for spinning round; for them the fiercest storm is without a fear, since they know, and that so well, how to turn to every breeze. And the wildest wind cannot break ye, for ye are more

[1] This letter, as well as the "Retrospective Explanation," are wanting in the French version.

mobile than the wind itself. But ye ne'er reflect that, despite your windy versatility, ye yet may tumble headlong from your height, when the great tower goes down upon whose top ye have been placed and spinning round for years. Yes, you must fall with France, and her high tower is undermined, and in the north afar are many evil sorcerers raising storms. At this instant the Shamans on the Neva are not in the delirium of invoking tempests, but all depends here upon caprice, on the absolute caprice of the sublimest arbitrary will. As I have said, with the life of Louis Philippe will vanish every guarantee of peace—this greater wizard keeps the storm fast bound by his enduring patient shrewdness. He who would sleep tranquilly must in his nightly prayer commend the King of France to all the guardians of our life.

Guizot will hold his own, long time to come, which is full certainly to be desired, because a Ministerial crisis is ever allied to disasters which defy our foresight. A change of Ministers is perhaps among the French, who are so fond of change, a substitute (*surrogat*) for the periodical change of dynasty. Yet these revolutions in the persons of the highest state officials are not the less unfortunate for a country which needs stability beyond all others. The Ministers, on account of their precarious position, dare engage in no widely

comprehensive schemes, and the bare need of self-preservation absorbs all their power. Their worst trouble is not really their dependence on the royal will, which is generally reasonable and sound, but their being obliged to rely on the so-called Conservatives, those constitutional Janissaries who here displace and replace the Ministers as they choose. Should any Minister awake their ill-will, they assemble in their parliamentary *ortas* and drum on their kettle. The disfavour of these men is generally caused by actual soup-kettle interests; they are the ones who really rule in France, since no Minister dare deny them anything, not an office nor a favour, be it a consulate for the elder son of their brother-in-law, or a tobacco-shop license for the widow of their *concierge*. It is wrong to speak of the *régime* of the *bourgeoisie* in general; it should be of the rule of the Conservative deputies. It is they who turn France to account in their own private interests, as the hereditary nobility once did. The latter is is no way distinguished from the Conservative party, and we often encounter many an ancient name among the parliamentary rulers of the time. The name Conservative is really not an accurate designation, for certainly all who are so called are not concerned in the steady maintenance of political conditions, and many of them would willingly agitate a little, just as there are many

men in the Opposition who would not for anything in the world have any change, and even cherish a deadly fear of war. And, for the greater part, those men would only bring their party into office to advance—like the Conservatives—their own private interests. Principles with those of either side are only watchwords without meaning; what lies at the bottom of it all is as to which of the parties shall derive solid profit from the mastery. In this respect we have the same strife as on the other side of the Channel under the names of Whigs and Tories, even as it has been for two centuries.

The English constitutional form of government, as is generally known, was the great model according to which the present French parliamentary common system was formed—that is to say, the doctrinaires have sought to ape this pattern even to pedantry (*nachzuaffen*), and it is not impossible that the too great submission with which the members of the present Ministry endure the usurpations of the Conservatives and suffer themselves to be turned to profit, is the result of a learned throughness which should most truly substantiate their copious knowledge derived from careful study. "The 29th of October," that is to say, the learned professor whom the Opposition indicate by that name, knows the inner works of the English state machine better than any other

man, and if he believes that such a machine on the other side of the Channel cannot work, save by the immoral means in the application of which Walpole was a master and Sir Robert Peel certainly no bungler, his views are to be deeply regretted, but we cannot deny him sufficient learning and knowledge of history. We must admit that the machine in itself is worthless; but if we lack the courage to say so, we certainly should not submit to too severe criticism the working engineer. What profit would there be in such criticism? What is the use of blaming in Augsburg the sins committed in Paris? The opposition of a foreigner in foreign journals regarding disorders in the internal administration of France would be a rhodomontade both unbecoming and foolish. A correspondent should only discuss political acts which may have an influence on our own country, and not the internal administration (of another). Therefore I will neither question nor correct the present corruption, or that venal system with which my colleagues fill so many columns in German newspapers. What is it to us who by craft or force in France obtains the best offices, the fattest sinecures, the most brilliant orders? What matters it to us whether it is a thief (*Schnapphahn*) of the Right or the Left who steals the golden entrails of the Budget? We have only to take care lest we in our re-

spective homes do not sell ourselves to our own Whigs or Tories for any little office, any little title, any small order, when the question is to vote for the interests of the German people. Why should we cry out in rage (*so viel Zeter schreien*) at the mote which we see in French eyes when we dare say nothing, or very little, of the beams in the blue eyes of our German officials? Or who can decide in Germany whether the Frenchman to whom the Ministry has granted an office or a favour did or did not deserve it? Office-hunting will not cease under the Ministry of Thiers or Barrot, if Guizot should fall. Should the Republicans hold the helm, then corruption would hide itself more in the cloak of hypocrisy, instead of showing itself naïvely and cynically without rouge. The party will always set the great dishes before its representatives. It would be indeed a horrible sight in the hour "when vice should be crushed and virtue seat itself at the table." With what wolfish greed would the poor starved wretches of virtue after their long fast rush at the dainty viands! how many a Cato would on such opportunity over-eat himself! Woe then unto the traitors who have gorged themselves, and even eaten partridges and truffles, and drunk champagne during our present time of immorality, bribery, and Guizotic corruption!

I will not investigate the nature of this so-called

Guizotic corruption, nor what complaints are raised by injured interests. Should the great Puritan, to maintain himself, really be obliged to have recourse to the English system of bribery, he is most certainly to be condoled with; a vestal virgin set to keep a *maison de tolérance* would be in no more unbecoming state. Perhaps he himself is tormented by the reflection that the present social condition of all France is dependent on his own preservation. The collapse of this would be for him the beginning of all possible terrors. Guizot is the man of well-regulated progress, and he sees the dear acquisitions of the Revolution—dear with the price of blood—endangered now more than ever by a dark and hastening storm. He would fain gain time to bring the sheaves of the harvest under cover. In fact, the duration of that period of peace, when the ripened fruits of the earth may be harvested, is our first need. The seed of Liberal principles has but recently shot forth greenly and abstractly, and that must first calmly grow in the concrete and gnarled reality. Freedom, which has hitherto only become Man, here and there, must pass into the mass itself, into the lowest strata of society and become *people*. This change of freedom to humanity (*Volkwerdung der Freiheit*), this mysterious process, which, like every birth and every fruit, requires as necessary conditions time and repose, is

certainly not less important than that proclamation of principles wherewith our predecessors busied themselves. The word becomes flesh, and the flesh bleeds. We have a lesser work but greater pain than our predecessors had, who believed that all was happily accomplished when the holy laws of freedom and of equality were joyously proclaimed and sanctioned on a hundred battle-fields. Ah! that is still the fatal error of so many Revolutionists, who imagine that a strip of freedom more or less will be torn from the purple mantle of the reigning power; they are contented when only a decree or some democratically fundamental law is promulgated, and right prettily printed in black and white in the *Moniteur*. I remember that when I, twelve years ago, visited old Lafayette, he put into my hand, as I took leave, a paper, and as he did so he had the fully believing air of a miracle-mongering doctor, who gives us a universal elixir. It was the well-known Declaration of the Rights of Man, which the old man had brought sixty years before from America, and which he still regarded as the panacea with which the whole world could be radically cured. No, an invalid cannot be cured with a prescription alone, though that is essential; he needs also the many mixings of the apothecary, the care of a nurse; he needs repose, he needs

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RETROSPECTIVE EXPLANATION.

(*August* 1854.)

WHEN I, in the preceding article, wrote perhaps too much with the indifference of a mere observer, but with a clear conscience and quite free from hypocritical show, complaining as to the Guizotic corruption, it really never occurred to me that I myself, five years later, would be accused as one sharing in the corruption! The time was well chosen, and the calumny had full room to play in the Storm and Pressure period of 1848, when all political passions, suddenly unbridled, began their raging St. Vitus's dance. There swept over all and everywhere a wild delusion, such as could have been found only among witches on the Blocksberg or in Jacobinism in its wildest days of terror. There were again countless clubs where the vilest slander was spit without reproach from dirtiest lips—the walls of every building were defiled with coarse libels, denunciations, exhortations to revolt, invectives in verse and prose—a

smeary, nasty, scribbly fire-and-murder literature. Even Blanqui, who was incarnate terrorism, and the honestest (*bravste*) fellow under the sun, was in those days accused of the vilest spy-work and of associating with the police. No honest person attempted to defend himself. He who had a fine cloak hid his face in it. During the first Revolution the name of Pitt served to defile the best patriots as purchased traitors—Danton, Robespierre, and even Marat, were denounced as bribed by Pitt. The Pitt of the Revolution of February was called Guizot, and his name excited the most ridiculous suspicions. If any one awoke the hatred of any of those heroes of the day who was short of intellect, but who had been long in Saint-Pelagie or on Mount Saint-Michel, he might be sure that he would soon be denounced in his club as an assistant's-assistant of Guizot and a base mercenary of the Guizotic system of bribery.[2] There was then no guillotine wherewith to chop off

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[1] As I was in Paris at the time, I made a special study of this literature. It was not all by any means as bad as Heine describes it, though much was very coarse, but in the *very* worst there was nothing worse than what our author had himself often written, save that it lacked his genius.—*Translator.*

[2] And no great wonder either, when we consider the *immense* amount of subsidies or bribes brought to light after the Revolution, which Heine himself unconsciously proves by examples.—*Translator.*

heads, but they had found one wherewith to decapitate honour. Even the name of the writer of these pages did not escape calumny in that mad time, and a correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* was not ashamed to speak in an anonymous article of the most degrading stipulations by which I, for a fixed price, had sold my literary ability for the Governmental requisitions of the Guizot Ministry.

I will refrain from any clear exposition of the person of that terrible accuser, whose stern virtue was so greatly excited and stirred to war (*so sehr in Harnisch gerathen*) by the prevalent corruption. I will not tear from this courageous knight the visor of his anonymousness, and will only casually remark that he is no German, but an Italian, who, educated in the Jesuit schools, remained true to his training, and who at present has a small post in the bureau of the Austrian embassy. I am tolerant; I allow everybody to follow his calling; we cannot all be honourable people; there must be owls of every colour; and when I permit myself to scold now and then, it is only at the refined faithlessness with which my ultramontane Brutus relied on the authority of a French fugitive publication (*Flugblatt*), which, serving the passion of the day, was not free from misrepresentation and false interpretation of every kind, but which, as regards myself, could not

allege one word to my discredit which the above-mentioned accusation could confirm. How it came to pass that the otherwise so-cautious *Allgemeine Zeitung* became a victim to such mystification, I will show anon. I content myself here with referring to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of May 23, 1848, extra sheet, to show how I, in a public declaration, expressed myself quite plainly as to this nice (*saubere*) insinuation. I suppressed all modest sensations of vanity, and in the public *Allgemeine Zeitung* I made the melancholy confession that poverty had struck home to me at the end of the fearful malady of exile, and that I, too, must have recourse to "the great alms which the French people expended on so many thousands of foreigners, who in their zeal for the cause of the Revolution had compromised themselves more or less gloriously, and sought a hospitable refuge in France."

[*This in full was as follows.*]

EXPLANATION.

The *Revue Retrospective* has for some time delighted the Republican world with the publication of papers from the archives of the last régime, and among others it revealed the accounts of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs during the business management of Guizot. The circumstance that

the name of the subscriber was there included with stated sums of money afforded a wide scope (*Spielraum*) for suspicions of the most detestable kind; and treacherous collocations (*Zusammenstellung*), which were not supported by what had appeared in the *Revue Retrospective*, served as a foil of accusation to an accusation by a correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which plainly sounded as if the Guizot Ministry had purchased my pen for certain sums to defend its acts. The editors of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, who gave with that accusation a note in which it was further still declared that I might have received that subsidy not for what I had written for them for twenty years, but much more for what I had *not* written, had had ample opportunity to observe that I am not the servile author who accepts pay for silence, —and this editorial power might properly have defended me with such a *levis nota*. It is, therefore, not to the article by the correspondent, but to that editorial note to which I will confine these remarks, in which I will explain as clearly as possible my relations to the Guizot Ministry. It is higher views which impel me to this, and not the petty considerations of personal safety, nor even of honour. My honour is not at the disposition of any casual correspondent; not even the best journal is its tribunal; I can only be judged by the highest court of literary history.

Nor will I even admit that magnanimity shall be interpreted and defamed as fear. No, the support which I received from the Guizot Ministry was no tribute; it was really a support. It was—I call the thing by its right name—the great alms which the French people expended on thousands of foreigners who, by their zeal for the Revolutionary cause, had more or less gloriously compromised themselves, and for which they had sought refuge by the hospitable hearth of France. I took such pecuniary aid shortly after that time when the lamentable act of the Diet appeared which sought to ruin me even financially, as the leader of a so-called Young Germany, since they prohibited by an interdict in advance, not only all which I had written, but all which I might subsequently write, and so deprived me not only of my means and methods of earning a living without judgment or justice. And that the payment of the needful (*verlangten*) means of support was assigned to the treasury of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and indeed to the pension fund, of which there is no official control, was due to the fact that the other treasuries were at that time over-taxed. It may be, too, that the French Government would not too openly support a man who was always a thorn in the eyes of the German embassy, and whose extradition might be claimed under many circumstances. How urgently my

Prussian friends importuned the French Government with such demands is known to many; but M. Guizot obstinately refused to give me up, and paid me my pension regularly without intermission. He never required from me for it the slightest service. When I called on him shortly after he had taken the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, and thanked him that he, notwithstanding my Radical complexion, had notified the continuation of my pension, he replied with a melancholy air of kindness, "I am not the man to refuse a bit of bread to a German poet who lives in exile." This is what Guizot said to me in November 1840, and it was the first and last time in my life in which I had the honour to address him. I have given to the editorship of the *Revue Retrospective* the proofs which substantiate the truth of the above assertions, and they may now express themselves as to the significance and origin of the pension in question as is becoming to French *loyauté.*

HEINRICH HEINE.

PARIS, *May* 15, 1848.

These were my bare words in the explanation. I called the thing by its most mournful name. Though I might very well have alleged that the pecuniary assistance which was assigned to me as an *allocation annuelle d'une pension de secours* might be considered as a high recognition of my literary

reputation, as I had been notified with the most delicate courtesy, I still unconditionally attributed that pension to national magnanimity and political fraternal affection, which showed itself as beautifully here as evangelical pity ever did of old. There were very eminent men among my ex-colleagues who only called that aid a subvention; beggarly proud knights, who hated all sense of obligation, called it a loan to be subsequently repaid to the French Government with good interest; but I bowed myself to dire need and called it by its right name. In the above explanation I had declared that I took such pecuniary aid shortly after that time when the lamentable act of the Diet appeared which sought to ruin me, even financially, as the leader of a so-called Young Germany, since they prohibited in advance not only all which I had written, but all which I might subsequently write, with an interdict; and so deprived me of my means and methods of gaining a living, without judgment or justice.

Yes! without judgment or justice (*ohne Urtheil und Recht*). I think that I thus indicate correctly a proceeding which was unheard of in the annals of absurd judicial proceedings. By a decree of my native Government, not only was all which I had ever written prohibited, but all which I might write in future. My brain was confiscated, and my poor innocent belly was to be deprived by

this interdict of all food. My name at the same time was to be extinguished from the memory of men, and there was a stern order to all the censors of my native land that every passage in which I was spoken of should be expunged from pamphlets or books, be it favourable to me or the contrary. Short-sighted fools! such edicts and orders were of no avail against an author whose intellectual (*geistige*) interests rose triumphantly above all persecutions, although his daily finances sunk very low, so that I even now experience the results of their petty malice. Yet starved to death I am not, though I was in those days pressed hard by pale care. Life in Paris is so expensive, especially when one is married and has no children. These dear little playthings are a pastime for the husband—sometimes for the wife—so that they need seek no amusement, which is so expensive, out of doors. And then I have never learned the art to feed the hungry with mere words, and all the more because nature has endowed me with such a healthy, hearty (*wohlhabendes*) appearance that no one would believe in my sad need. The poor, who have hitherto been liberally aided by me, laughed when I said that I myself must in future starve. Was I not the relation of all possible millionaires? Had not the *generalissimus* of all millionaires, had not this *millionairissimus* called himself my friend—his friend? I could never

make my clients understand that the great millionairissimus called me his friend because I never asked him for money. Had I done so, the friendship would soon have been at an end. The days of David and Jonathan, of Orestes and Pylades are past. My poor and needy blockheads believed that one could so very easily get something from the rich. They have not seen, as I have done, with what terrible iron locks and bars their great money-chests are secured. It is only from people who have but little that something can be got, for first of all their chests are not of iron, and then they would fain seem richer than they are.

Yes, it was no small part of my peculiar misfortune that nobody believed in my pecuniary strait. In the Magna Charta which, as Cervantes tells us, the god Apollo granted to the poets, the first paragraph declares that when a poet assures us that he has no money, he is to be believed on his bare word, and no oath required. Unfortunately, I appealed in vain to this privilege of my rank as poet. So it came to pass that calumny had free play when it did not ascribe the motives which induced me to accept the pension in question to natural wants and requirements. I remember that at that time many of my fellow-countrymen, among them the most determined and intellectual Dr. Marx, came to me

to express their displeasure as to the slanderous article in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, advising me to reply by a single word, since they themselves had already declared in German journals that I had certainly accepted the pension received with a view to more efficiently supporting my poor partisan associates. The same was asserted by the then publisher of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, as well as the friends who formed his general staff. I, however, returned my thanks for their kind sympathy, and assured these friends that they had erred; that I could very well use the pension for myself, and that I myself would answer the malicious anonymous article in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, not indirectly through my friends, but directly over my own name.

I will here opportunely mention that the editors of the French casual publication the *Revue Retrospective*, from which the correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* drew his statements, wished to express their dislike of such citation in a formal defence, which would, however, have been quite superfluous, as the most superficial glance at that French publication would amply show that it was quite innocent of any calumny on my reputation; but the existence of that journal, which appeared in irregular issues, was very ephemeral, and it was lost in the wild whirlpool of the time, before the intended defence

could appear. The editor-in-chief of that *Retrospective Review* was the bookseller Paulin, a brave and honourable man, who had shown himself for twenty years as very ready to assist and serve me, and through business relations and mutually intimate friends we had opportunities to mutually regard and respect each other. Paulin was the associate of my friend Dubochet; he loved as a brother my friend Mignet, and he idolised Thiers, who, between us, secretly patronised the *Revue Retrospective*. Anyhow (*jedenfalls*), it was founded and conducted by members of his coterie, and it would never have occurred to these men to speak ill of one whom they knew that their patron honoured with his especial predilection.

The editors of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* certainly knew nothing of that French publication before they printed the charming article on corruption. In fact, the most superficial examination would have revealed to them the refined malicious cunning of their correspondent. It lay in this, that he accused me of being in union with persons who were as distant and different from me as a Cheshire cheese is from the moon. In order to show that the Guizot Ministry practised corruption, not only by giving away offices, but also by bestowing money, the above-mentioned Review had published the budget, receipts, and

expenditures of the department which Guizot represented, and there was shown that every year enormous sums were assigned for expenses not mentioned, and the accusing publication had threatened to give in subsequent numbers the names of persons who had received the money. Owing to the sudden cessation of the Review, the threat was not carried out, which we deeply regretted, since everybody could else have seen how *we* had never taken part in the secret munificence which proceeded directly from the Minister or from his secretary as a gratification for certain services. A marked distinction should be drawn between so-called *bons de service*, or the secret service funds, and the *pensions* with which the Minister finds his budget already charged, and to whom certain sums are annually allotted for support. It was a very ungenerous, I may say a very un-French proceeding; for the retrospective casual journal, after it had given in the lump (*in Bausch und Bogen*) the different subsidies to embassies and their retainers, also printed the names of persons who had received pensions for support; and this is the more to be blamed, since there were among them the names of impoverished men of the highest rank, and also of great ladies who gladly concealed their fallen greatness in a few trifles of finery, and who now saw with grief their

aristocratic misery revealed. The German, guided by a more refined tact, will not here follow the bad example of the Frenchman, and we therefore suppress the names of the very noble and illustrious ladies which we found inscribed on the list of "pension funds" in Guizot's department. Among the men who were thus aided, we saw exiles from all parts of the world, fugitives from Greece and San Domingo, Armenia and Bulgaria, Spain and Poland, high-sounding names of barons, counts, princes, generals, ex-Ministers, and even priests, all equally constituting an aristocracy of poverty, while on the treasury lists of other departments poor devils less pretentious were paraded. The German poet had no need to be ashamed of his companions, as he found himself in society with celebrities of talent and of misfortune, but of shattered fates. Near my own name on that list, in the same rubric and category, I found that of a man who had once ruled a kingdom greater than that of Ahasuerus, who had been monarch from Oude to Cush, from India to the Moors, over a hundred and seventy countries—that of Godoy the Prince of Peace, the uncontrolled favourite of Ferdinand VII. and of his wife, who had fallen in love with his nose. I never saw a more widely comprehensive, prince-electoral, purple nose, and it must have cost poor Godoy more to keep it sup-

plied with snuff than his French income afforded. Another name which I beheld near mine, and which inspired me with sympathy and respect, was that of my friend and contemporary the glorious and as unfortunate Augustin Thierry, the greatest historian of our time. But instead of citing my name among those of such respectable people, the honourable correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* must needs take from this budget list, where of course those of pensioned diplomatic agents were given, just two of the German Association, belonging to men who certainly may have been better than their reputations, but which must beyond question injure mine when classed with them.[1]

One of these men was a German scholar from Göttingen, a counsellor of legation, who had always been the scapegoat of the Liberal party, and who possessed the talent to pass for the worst of all by a show of diplomatic secret negotiation. Gifted with a treasure of knowledge and iron industry, he had been a very useful workman for many Cabinets, and in this capacity he sub-

[1] *Vide* the correspondence article in the extra sheet to No. 119 of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of April 28, 1848. In addition to that of Heine, whose monthly pension was only 400 francs, were also three German names: those of Schneider (?), Baron von Blindworth, and Dr. Weil—the latter the editor of the *Stuttgarter Zeitung*—with a yearly pension of 18,000 francs.—*German Editor.*

sequently worked in the chancellerie of Guizot, who confided to him several missions, and remunerated them with a pay which was very small.

The position of the other fellow-countryman, with whom the honourable corruption-correspondent classed me, had as little similarity to mine as that of the first mentioned. He was a Suabian, who had hitherto lived as an irreproachable petty citizen (*Spiessbürger*) in Stuttgart, but who now appeared in a sadly ambiguous light when it was seen that he figured in Guizot's budget with almost as great a pension as was allotted from the same treasury to Colonel Gustavson, the ex-King of Sweden; in fact, it was thrice or four times as much as those given to Baron von Eckstein and M. Capefigue, who both, by the way, have been, since time unknown, also correspondents of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. The Suabian could not, in fact, justify his fabulously great pension by any noted service; he did not live in Paris as a persecuted exile, but, as I said, in Stuttgart as a quiet subject of the King of Würtemburg. He was no great poet, he was no lamp of learning, no astronomer, no famous statesman, no hero of art—certainly no hero; he was, on the contrary, very unwarlike, and once when he had abused the editor (*Redaktion*), of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and the latter rode at full pace from Augsburg to Stuttgart to call him out with pistols, then the good

Suabian would spill no brother's blood (the editor of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* is by birth Suabian), and he declined the duel with pistols, entirely from the sanitary ground that he could not digest leaden balls, being only accustomed to baked fish-balls and Suabian nudels (*Knödeln*).

Corsicans, North American Indians, and Suabians never forgive, and the Jesuits' disciple calculated on this Suabian vendetta when he sent his corrupt article on corruption to the *Allgemeine Zeitung;* and the editor thereof did not fail to publish hot and smoking a Paris correspondence which subjected the good name of the unimpeached Suabian compatriot to the most gloomy and infamous hypotheses and conjectures. The editorial body of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* could have shown their impartiality in the reception of this article the more brilliantly because in it one of their friendly correspondents was exposed not less significantly. I do not know whether they thought that by publishing abusive but unsustainable accusations they were doing me a service, since they thereby gave me an opportunity to answer that unjust rumour and dark insinuation with a distinct declaration.[1] Enough, the editorial

[1] In the original manuscript of *Lutetia* there is the following passage, which was overlined by Heine:—"They, the editors, believed perhaps, also, that the mention of my name in that article could not in any case injure me much, since

body printed the corruption article, but accompanied it with a note in which they remarked "that I in no case could have been paid for what I wrote, but only for what I did not write."

Ah! this certainly well-meant note, meant to save my honour, was, owing to its too clever conception, a real *pavé*—a "paving-stone," as French journalists in their coterie language call a clumsy defence, which destroys the defendant, like the bear in the fable, who would frighten away a muck-fly from the head of a sleeping friend with a paving-stone which he threw, and so crushed the brain of one whom he would protect.

The Augsburg *pavé* of course injured me more than the article in correspondence of the miserable muck-fly, and in the explanation which I, as before said, printed in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* I used the following words: "The editorial body of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* accompanied that correspondence with a note in which it expressed the opinion that I probably received

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they well knew how easily I could contradict the absurd inculpation. In any case, they had often enough had the proofs in their hands how little the accusation of mercenary servility was applicable to me, and they knew well that I had not for years written a word which could justify the reproach of defending the Guizot Administration or the acceptation of a Ministerial association (*Kompéreschaft*) half-way.—*German Publisher.*

that support, not for what I wrote, but for what I did *not* write. As the management of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* had had ample opportunity for twenty years to observe not only from what I published, but from what I did *not* publish, that I am not the servile writer who accepts pay for silence, the editors might well have spared me that *levis nota.*"

Time, place, and circumstance then allowed no further explanations, but now, when retrospections have been extinguished, it is permitted that I much more practically prove that I was neither paid for what I did or did not write by the Guizot Ministry. For men who have done with life, such retrospective justifications have a singularly melancholy attraction, and I surrender myself to it with dreamy indolence. It is to me as if I were giving myself a long-lost pleasing satisfaction. In any case, the following information as to French affairs in the time of the Guizot Ministry are here in place.

The Ministry of November 29, 1840, should in reality not be called that of Guizot, but that of Soult, since the latter was President of the Ministerial Council. But Soult was only its titular chief, much as the former King of Hanover bore the title of Rector of the University of Georgia Augusta, while his magnificence the temporal pro-rector of Göttingen exercised the real

authority of Rector. Despite the official fulness of power of Soult, there was never any question as to him, only that occasionally the Liberal papers, when contented with him, called him the victor of Toulouse; but when he displeased them, they declared that he had *not* won the battle by that city. All the talk was of Guizot, and the latter continued for many years in the zenith of his popularity among the *bourgeoisie*, who had been driven to extremes by the military passion of his predecessor, and it is readily understood that the successor of Thiers awakened still greater sympathy on the other side of the Rhine. We Germans could never forgive Thiers his drumming us up from our comfortable plant-like sleep; so we rubbed our eyes and cried "*Vivat Guizot!*" The learned especially sang his praises in Pindaric hymns, where the prosody, the antique measure of the syllables, were accurately imitated, and a professor of philosophy who came hither in his travels assured me that Guizot was as great a man as Thiersch[1]—yes, quite as great as my philanthropic friend Thiersch, the composer of the best Greek grammar! The German press also was enthusiastic for Guizot; not only the

[1] Friedrich Thiersch, a distinguished Greek scholar and professor of æsthetics at the University of Munich. He had been a teacher of Heine. I followed his lectures in 1847.—*Translator.*

tame journals, but also the wild, and this feeling lasted for a long time. I remember that not long before the fall of the greatly celebrated favourite of the Germans, I found in the most Radical of German journals, in the *Speierer Zeitung*, a defence of Guizot from the pen of one of those devourers of tyrants whose tomahawk and scalping-knife then knew no mercy. The inspiration for Guizot was specially represented in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* by my colleague with the symbol of Venus and by him of the arrow.[1] The former swung the censer with sacerdotal devotion, the latter maintained his sweetness and neatness even when in an ecstasy. Both held out till the catastrophe.

I had, ever since I first occupied myself seriously with French literature, recognised and comprehended the distinguished merits of Guizot, and my writings testify to my early veneration for the world-renowned man. I liked his rival Thiers better, but only personally, not from his turn of mind, which is nationally limited, so that he may almost be called a French Old German, while Guizot's cosmopolite view was nearer to my own way of thinking. I loved perhaps in the former many faults which men found in me, while I found the virtues of the latter almost

[1] Baron von Eckstein and Dr. Senffert.—*German Publisher.*

repulsive. I often had to blame the first, yet I did it unwillingly; when the other compelled praise from me, I gave it only after severe proof. It was truly only with an independent love of truth that I discussed the man who then formed the centre of all discussion, and I always reported truly what I heard. It was with me a point of honour to print here in this book all unchanged the reports in which I most warmly honoured the character and the governmental ideas (not the administrative acts) of the great statesman, although it caused great repetition. The kind reader will remark that these discussions do not extend beyond the year 1843, when I ceased to write political articles for the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and confined myself to often giving the editor in our private correspondence friendly communications: only occasionally publishing an article on literature and the fine arts.

That is, now, the silence, the *not* writing of which the *Allgemeine Zeitung* speaks, and which it was intimated was the price of my freedom of speech. Might it not have been more readily assumed that I, at that time tottering in my allegiance to Guizot, might have been all in error regarding him? Yes, that was the case; but in March 1848 such a confession would not have been becoming. That neither devotion nor decency would allow. I must therefore limit

myself to opposing to the false insinuation which attributed my sudden silence to bribery in the above-mentioned publication simply the plain facts of my relation to the Guizot Ministry. I here repeat these data. Before the 29th November 1840, when Guizot assumed the Ministry, I had never had the honour to see him. For the first time, one month later, I paid him a visit to thank him that the business branch of his department had received from him orders that my yearly pension should continue to be paid monthly under the new Ministry as before. That visit was the first and last which I in this life ever paid to the illustrious man. In the conversation with which he honoured me, he expressed with deep feeling and warmth his high esteem for Germany, and this recognition of my native land, as well as the flattering terms in which he spoke of my own literary productions, were the only coins with which he bribed me. It never occurred to him to ask any service of me; and most unlikely indeed it was that it ever occurred to the proud man who yearned for unpopularity to require from me a paltry puff in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* or in the French press—from one who was quite unknown to him, while more important and also more trustworthy people, such as the Baron von Eckstein or the historian Capefigue—both of them,

as I have before remarked, were also collaborateurs of mine on the *Allgemeine Zeitung*—had been for many years on social terms with Guizot, and who certainly had attained to a delicate confidence. Since that interview I have never seen M. Guizot, nor even his secretary, nor any one who worked in his bureau. Only once did I learn that M. Guizot was often and urgently importuned to banish me from Paris. It is not without laughing that I think of the vexed faces which those claimants would have cut if they had known that the Minister from whom they begged for my expulsion was actually paying me a pension. How little he desired that this noble deed should be divulged I understood without any special hint, and discreet friends, from whom I can conceal nothing, shared my mischievous joy.

For this pleasure and for the generosity (*Grossmuth*) with which he treated me I was certainly deeply obliged to M. Guizot. Yet, as I began to doubt his firmness in resisting royal pretensions, when I saw that he was ruinously ruled by the will of Louis Philippe, and I understood the great and terrible error of this aristocratic unbending will, this unholy obstinacy of the absolute (*psychische*), compulsion of gratitude would not have fettered my pen, and I should certainly with respectful regret have blamed the mistakes by which the too submissive Ministry, or

much rather the infatuated King, prepared destruction for their country and the world. But my pen was silenced by brutal physical impediments, and these real causes of my silence, of my not writing, I can now for the first time reveal.

Yes, in case I had felt a desire to write in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* against the unhappy system of government of Louis Philippe, though it were but a syllable, that was for me impossible, for the simple reason that the crafty monarch had taken measures before the 29th November against such a criminal correspondent case, or such an attempt, since he in his high person condescended to make the one who was then censor of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* not only a knight, but an officer of the French Legion of Honour. Great as my liking for the late monarch was, the Augsburg censor found that I did not love him enough, and struck out every unpleasing word—in fact, many of my articles on the royal policy were altogether suppressed. But shortly after the Revolution of February, when my poor Louis Philippe had wandered into exile, neither reverence nor decency permitted me to attack him, even if the Augsburger would have permitted it.

There was another similar confession which the censorship of the heart did not then permit, and which was much more painful than that of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. No; after the fall of

Guizot I dared not openly confess that I had previously been silent from fear. I must confess that if in 1844 M. Guizot had learned my correspondence and been displeased with its criticisms, the passionate man was quite capable of suppressing generosity and acting very summarily with the inconvenient critic. With the expulsion of the correspondent from Paris, the correspondence must have ceased. In fact, his Magnificence had the *fasces* of power in his hands; he could give me at any time the *consilium abeundi*, and then I must have buckled on my knapsack on the spot. His beadles in blue uniform with lemon-yellow facings would have soon abstracted me from my Parisian critical studies, and led me to those posts, "striped like the zebra," where other beadles with much more dreadful liveries and unpolished German manners would have received me —to do me the honours of my fatherland.

But, unfortunate poet!—wast thou not sufficiently protected by thy naturalisation as a French citizen against such Ministerial arbitrary conduct?

Ah! the answer to this drags from me a confession which prudence perhaps counsels me to suppress. But prudence and I have long ceased to eat from the same bowl, and I will now recklessly admit that I never was naturalised in France, and that my naturalisation, of which so much was said, was all a German fiction. I know

not what idle or crafty head invented it. Several of my fellow-countrymen declared that they had scented it out from authentic sources; they referred to them in German newspapers, and I confirmed the error by silence. My dear literary and political adversaries at home, and many very influential intimate friends here in Paris, were led astray by this, and believed that I was protected by a French citizenship from many vexations and machinations wherewith the friends who are here submitted to an exceptional jurisdiction can be so easily persecuted. By this amiable error I escaped much ill-will, and also many contributions to industrials who had turned to account their privileges in business conflicts. The condition of a foreigner who is not naturalised becomes in Paris in the long-run (*in der Länge*) as unpleasant as expensive. He is imposed upon (*geprellt*) and vexed, and mostly by naturalised foreigners, who are stimulated by their acquired rights to misuse them most discreditably. Impelled by irritated precautions, I once fulfilled the formalities which bound to nothing, yet which left me in a condition, in case of need, to acquire the right of naturalisation without delay.[1] Yet I had always a secret

[1] It seems to have escaped Heine that by this act of "proclaiming his intentions" he had virtually acquired the right of being regarded as a citizen. This, as will be seen (*vide* final note), goes far to exonerate him.—*Translator.*

antipathy to definitely accomplish this act. And owing to this hesitation, and to definitely rooted dislike to naturalisation, I came into a false position, which I must regard as the cause of all my troubles, vexations, and mistakes during my twenty-three years' residence in Paris. The income of a good office would have fully covered the expense of expensive housekeeping, and the wants of a not so much extravagant as a naturally free manner of living; but without naturalisation all state service was closed to me. My friends placed before me great honours and fat sinecures, and there were examples enough of foreigners who had risen in France to the most brilliant steps of power and of honour. And I, I venture to say, should have had less to strive than others with local envy, for no German had ever gained to such a high degree as I the sympathy of the French, whether in the literary world or in the best society; and it was not as patrons, but as friends that the first and best sought my company.[1] The chivalric Prince who

[1] Heine here speaks simply the truth, and under the circumstances of this "apology" his boast is perfectly excusable. It is literally true that the greatest in France spoke of him as "the wittiest Frenchman since Voltaire," and I have been assured by those who knew him in Paris that no man was personally such a general favourite. And that, like a child, he did not avail himself of extraordinary advantages, is perfectly true.—*Translator.*

was nearest the throne, and who was not only a distinguished military leader and statesman, but who also read the *Buch der Lieder* in the original, would have gladly seen me in the French service, and his influence would have been all-sufficient to advance me in such a career. I never shall forget the amiable kindness with which once, in the garden of a princely lady friend, the great historian of the French Revolution and of the Empire, who was then the all-powerful President of the Council, took my arm, and, while walking with me, fully and earnestly impressed it on me that I should tell him what my heart desired, and he would pledge himself to obtain it. Even now the flattering ring of that voice is in my ear; I still scent the perfume of the great magnolia tree by which we passed, and which rose with its noble alabaster-white and stately flowers in the blue air, as magnificently and proudly as did then in the days of his prosperity the soul of the German poet.

Yes, I have spoken the word. It was the foolish pride of the German poet which kept me even *pro forma* from becoming a Frenchman. It was an ideal whim from which I could not free myself. As regards that which we call patriotism, I was always a free-thinker, but I could never free myself from a certain dread when I should do anything which might seem even only half-

way as a breaking loose from my native land. Even in the mind of the most enlightened there remains a little *alraun* root of the old superstition which will not be banned away. One does not like to speak thereof, but it sends its folly into the most secret corner of our soul. The alliance which I contracted with our dear Frau Germania, the blonde savage,[1] was never happy. I can well remember certain moonlight nights when she tenderly pressed me against her vast breasts with virtuous nipples; but there was only a certain number of these sentimental nights, and towards morning there came over us an unpleasant gaping coolness, and then began no end of quarrelling. And we lived apart at bed and table; yet it never came to a real separation. I never could bring my heart to really separate from my domestic trouble (*Hauskreuz*). Every desertion is hateful to me, and I never could part from a German cat or dog, however intolerable I found its fleas and fidelity. The smallest sucking-pig of my fatherland cannot complain of me as to this. Among the aristocratic and brilliant sows of Perigord who discovered truffles and feed thereon, I never denied the modest little grunters who at home in the Teutobergian forest grub on native acorns from

[1] *Bärenhauterinn.* The ancient Germans idled away most of their time lying on bear-skins—*Bärenhaute*, whence *Bärenhauter*, a lounging savage.

a plain wooden trough, as their pious ancestors did when Arminius slew Varus. I have not lost a bristle of my Germanism, not a bell from my cap, and I have always the right to fasten on it the black-red-gold cockade. And I still have the right to say to Massmann, "We German donkeys." Had I let myself be naturalised in France, Massmann might have replied, "I am still a German ass, but thou art one no longer," —and then he would have thrown a scornful, mocking somersault which would have broken my heart. No, I have never exposed myself to such disgrace. Naturalisation may do for other people; a tipsy lawyer from Zweibrucken, a silly fellow with iron brow and copper-nose, may, to get a place as schoolmaster, give up a native land which nothing knows of him, and nothing will ever know; but that will not do for a German poet who has written the most beautiful German poems. It would be a horrible and mad thought for me to have to say that I am a German poet and also a naturalised Frenchman. I should seem to myself to be like one of those monsters with two heads which are exhibited in fairs. It would annoy me terribly in writing poetry when I thought that one head began to scan in French turkey-cock pathos the most unnatural Alexandrines, while the other poured forth its feelings in the inborn, true natural metres of the German

language. And oh! just as repulsive to me as the measures are the verses of the French—this perfumed dirt! I can hardly bear their altogether scentless better poets. When I study that so-called *poésie lyrique* of the French, then I recognise the grandeur and glory of German poetry, and then I dare imagine that I may boast of having gained my laurels in this field. We will not yield a single laurel-leaf, and the mason, when he is called on to decorate our tombstone with an inscription, will find no one to protest when he engraves the words: "Here lies a German poet."

This earnest apology of our author for having received a pension from Guizot, the extremely bitter attacks which were made on him in consequence, with their far too cruel conclusions, and, finally, what Heine himself suffered from it, illustrate forcibly the old proverb that one man may steal a horse while another must not look over the hedge. That, from a strictly honourable point of view, he should *not* have praised Guizot and the King while enjoying a small secret pension, is unquestionable. As a Frenchman he could indeed have done this, minus the minor wrong of writing in German as a German. But in extenuation, Heine was, as a Jew of his time, only half a German, and altogether a cosmopolite. He had been, as one may say, half outlawed for his birth, and he was more cruelly and unjustly, though legally, outlawed for his writings. Again, he had lived more than twenty years

in France, where he had proclaimed his intentions of becoming a citizen, and had in reality his only real home. Whatever he may have thought of himself as a German poet, Paris was his world. Owing to his peculiar position as chief of Young Germany and to his own great generosity, he was beset by numbers of poor German refugees and other men of all nations, to whom he gave freely all he could. That he gave away his pension is literally true. All men are influenced by the moral atmosphere in which they live and the light in which deeds are seen by others. Heine was surrounded by great, wise, honourable men, all drawing pensions, not by any means always regarded as valuable, but simply as a tribute to greatness. What he did or could do for Guizot was a mere trifle. There were already Paris correspondents on the *Augsburger Zeitung*, Baron von Eckstein and others, who did such service on a great scale, and who were also pensioners. It may be truly said that he had better have let the pension alone, or else have had himself naturalised, but in equity it must be admitted that his fault was slight, and bitterly did Heine pay for it. But in one thing he was decidedly in the wrong. This was in speaking contemptuously as he does of Benjamin Constant (Letter ix.) for taking a secret pension from the King. When we consider the number, even at the present day, of persons in high or low diplomatic positions of all nations who accept more or less disguised gratuities, and of correspondents who certainly would not refuse pensions and pay for them with puffs—albeit two wrongs do not make a right—the fault of Heine, who was, above

all men of letters who ever lived, a mixture of all kinds of good and bad qualities—heedlessness, folly, and wisdom—seems slight, and it must be admitted that this matter of the pension was quite unworthy the scandal which it caused. Finally, it cannot be denied that Heine had in his deepest heart a thorough and sincere admiration for Guizot, whether as a scholar who knew our poet's works in the original or as a man; and he had greatly flattered the susceptible Heine by telling him that his pension was due solely to his genius, which is certainly true. Heine's own defence of himself is very weak; a third-rate lawyer in possession of the facts would have done better. But it is very touching even from this very feebleness, and from the vast suffering which it betrays, and a semi-sense of guilt. Others who had been ten times deeper in the mire than he, only laughed when found out, and walked abroad unabashed with all the mud on them, rather proud of it than otherwise. Heine in this case really got "a thousand stripes for stealing an apple," which apple, by the way, he gave away to a starving man. And finally, it may be observed that even if the reproach of accepting a pension had been ever so much deserved, it was criminally cruel in those who urged it to do so, with stinging sarcasm, when the victim was nearly bedridden, nervously ill, and blind, suffering all the time from great pain, and reduced to virtual poverty. It is said that one of the Forgotten Commandments is, "Pour not water on a drowned mouse!" and yet the drowned Heine received what to him was a Niagara.—*Translator.*

LIII.

PARIS, *June* 1, 1843.

THE battle against the University which is still continued by the Clericals, as well as the vigorous resistance of the former, in which Michelet and Quinet have especially distinguished themselves, still attracts the majority of the public. It may be that this interest will soon be pushed aside by some new question of the day, but the dispute itself will not be so easily smoothed over, for it is rooted in a difference which is centuries old, and which may perhaps be regarded as the last cause of all the changes in the political life of the French. The question here is neither of the Jesuits nor of freedom of instruction; both of these are only watchwords,[1] and not the expression of what the belligerents think and will. On both sides that which is announced is something very different from what they dare confess, if it be not indeed something quite contrary to it.

[1] Instead of the ensuing eighteen lines, there is in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* the following:—"But how often there hides behind such a thought a will which does not feel itself ripe to come forth."

"One often points to the sack and means the donkey," says the old German proverb. We have too high an opinion of the good sense of the professors of the University to believe that they seriously sustain a polemic against the dead Chevalier Ignatius de Loyola and his deceased contemporaries. On the other hand, we put too little faith in the Liberalism of their opponents to believe that we should accept for ready money their Radical opinions and their zealous panegyrics of the freedom of instruction. The public war-cry is here in contradiction with secret thought. Crafty learning, pious lies. The real meaning of the quarrel is naught save the primevally ancient opposition between Philosophy and Religion, between knowledge guided by reason and belief in revelation—an opposition which, led by men of science, fermented always, as much among the nobility as with the *bourgeoisie*, and which gained the victory in the last years of the last century. Yes, often indeed have surviving actors of the tragedy of the French Revolution, politicians of vivid memories, confessed to me that the whole French Revolution was, after all, a result of hatred of the Church, and that the throne was crushed because it protected the altar. In their opinion the constitutional monarchy might have maintained itself under Louis XVI., but it was feared that the firmly pious King

would not, from conscientious scruples, remain true to the new Constitution; that his religious connections were nearer his heart than his earthly interests; and so Louis XVI. was made the sacrifice of this fear, this apprehension, this suspicion. *Il était suspect.* That was a death-crime in those dreadful days.

Although Napoleon restored and favoured the French Church, still the force of his iron will was regarded as sufficient security that the clergy under his régime would not rise too high or ascend to dominion; he kept them in check as he did the rest of us, and his grenadiers who marched with shining arms by the procession seemed to be less a guard of honour than an escort of captives. Every one knew that the mighty Emperor would rule alone, and not share his power even with Heaven. In the beginning of the Restoration faces grew longer, and learned men again experienced secret fears. But Louis XVIII. was a man without religious convictions, a wit who was very fat, who composed bad Latin verses, and ate good *pâtés de foie gras.* This quieted the public. They knew that he would not risk his throne and head to gain heaven, and the less they thought of him as a man, the more did they trust in him as a king of France. His frivolity was a guarantee which guarded him from the suspicion of favouring the dark

hereditary foe, and had he lived, the French would have made no new revolution. This they did under the régime of Charles X., a king who personally deserved the highest respect, and of whom all were in advance convinced that he, sacrificing all earthly goods to the safety of his soul, would fight with knightly courage to his last breath for the Church against Satan and the Revolutionary heathen. He was hurled from the throne because he was considered a noble, conscientious, honourable man. Yes, he was so, as much as was Louis XVI.; but in 1830 suspicion alone sufficed to prepare ruin for Charles X. This suspicion is the real reason why his grandson has no future in France; it is known that the clergy educated him and people always called him the *petit jésuite.*

It is truly a lucky circumstance for the dynasty of July that it by chance and timely circumstance escaped this deadly suspicion. The father of Louis Philippe was at least no pious hypocrite. Even his worst slanderers admit this. (By the way, no man was ever so unpityingly slandered as this unfortunate prince.[1]) He permitted

[1] Here Heine speaks sincerely. He did love an out-and-out brazen sinner with all his heart, though it really was not in him to become one himself. His own immorality and wickedness remind us of "the best substitute for silver"—or rather brass.—*Translator.*

his son to freely cultivate his mind, and the latter imbibed the philosophy of the eighteenth century with his nurse's milk. And so rings the refrain of all Legitimist wails, that the present King is not God-fearing enough, that he has always been a liberal free-thinker, and that he even lets his children grow up in unbelief. In fact, his sons are quite the sons of Young France, in whose public colleges they were educated. The late Duc d'Orleans was the pride of the young generation, who had gone to school with him, and had really learned a great deal.[1] The Duc de Nemours is said not to be behind him in enlightened manner of thought, and is in this respect his father's facsimile. What perhaps modifies the too harsh contrast is the circumstance that the mother of the Crown Prince of France is a Protestant, so that it is a matter of great importance that Louis Philippe, while living, may direct the education of his grandson. How this is done is well known. That fatal suspicion of bigotry entertained by many (to whom religion is strange, and by whom its teachers are hated) of the old dynasty will not apply to the Orleans.

The combat against the Church will still keep

[1] The rest of this passage is given in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, but was restored in a note by the German editor.—*Translator.*

up its great political significance. How greatly the power of the clergy has extended of late, how important is its position in society, how greatly it prospers! Still its adversaries are always armed to make head against it, and when in any nightly attack Liberalism shouts its *Burschen heraus!* or alarm-cry, all the lights are at once brought to the windows, and young and old rush out as at German universities, with every kind of sword, if not indeed with the pikes of Jacobinism. The priesthood would, as ever of old, attain to supremacy in France, and we are impartial enough to attribute their secret or public efforts not to the petty stimulus of ambition, but to the most unselfish care for the spiritual welfare of the people. The education of youth is a means by which the holy aim can be most cleverly advanced, and in this way there has been the most incredible progress made; but the clergy must inevitably come into collision with the rights of the universities. In order to destroy the general superintendence of the liberal instruction organised by the State, they endeavoured to awaken the Revolutionary antipathies to privileges of every kind, and the men who, if they came to power, would not allow even freedom of thought, are now enthusiastic with inspired phrases for freedom of instruction, and wail over an intellectual monopoly. The battle with the University was therefore no

chance skirmish, and it must have broken out sooner or later; the resistance was equally an act of necessity, and, willing or unwilling, the University had to pick up the glove of challenge. But even the most moderate soon felt the boiling blood of passion, and it was Michelet, the moonshine-mild Michelet, who became suddenly wild with rage, and who called out to a public audience in the Collége de France, "We have overthrown one dynasty to drive you out, and if it should be necessary we will destroy half-a-dozen!"[1]

That men like Michelet and his friend by elective affinity, Edgar Quinet, appeared as the fiercest opponents of the clergy is a striking fact, which I should never have dreamed of when I first read their works, which show on every page the deepest sympathies for Christianity. I remember a very touching passage in the French History of Michelet, where the author speaks of the agony of love which seized him when he must describe the decadence of the Church, and how it seemed to him as when he once nursed his poor old mother on her bed of illness, hardly daring to

[1] In 1847–48, when I attended lectures at the Collége de France, many of the professors were wont to almost discuss the topics of the day with their audience, to weave them into every subject, to be sometimes hissed, and anon gratified with thundering applause. I do not think that anything approaching it is known in the universities of any other country.—*Translator.*

touch or move her wounded limbs. It was not certainly the prudence once known as Jesuitism which goaded men like Michelet and Quinet to the most angry resistance. It almost moves us to laughter to consider this paradox, especially in Michelet. For he is a born spiritualist; no one has a deeper detestation than he of the enlightenment of the eighteenth century, of frivolity, or of these Voltarians, whose name is still legion, yet with whom he now forms alliances. He has even been obliged to take refuge in logic—a hard fate for a man who only feels at home in fabled fairy forests of romance, who cradles himself most happily amid the blue, mystic waves of dreamy feeling, and is averse to thought which does not appear masked in symbols. As regards his seeking for and constant reference to the symbolical, I have heard much merry remark in the Quartier Latin, where Michelet is called Monsieur Symbole. But the predominance of wild imagination and deep feeling exerts a powerful charm on studious youth, and I have several times attempted in vain to hear an occasional lecture by Monsieur Symbole in the Collége de France. I always found the hall full of students, who crowded with enthusiasm round this celebrated man. His love of truth and stern honesty are perhaps the cause why he is so honoured and loved. As a writer, Michelet ranks among the first. His language is the most

winsome and apt which can be imagined, and all the gems of poetry gleam in his description. If I must find fault with anything, I would regret his want of dialectic and order; we meet here and there the grotesque carried to caricature, an intoxicated superfluity, where the sublime falls unto the scurrilous and brilliant wit to silliness.[1] Is he a great historian? Does he deserve to be named by Thiers, Mignet, Guizot, and Thierry? Yes, he deserves it, although he writes history in an entirely different style. If it is the task of the historian, after he has investigated and reflected, to bring before us the lives and deeds of our ancestors and the living action of the time; should he, by the magic power of the word, evoke the dead past from its grave, and bring it as in life before our eyes—if this is the problem, then we can declare that Michelet has solved it.[2] My great teacher, the late Hegel, said to me once:

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[1] This is marked in many writings by Michelet, for example in "La Sorcière," in which we feel at every line that the author is inspired with learning and subtle perception, yet find the faults so well described by Heine so predominant, that the book is for the most part quite muddy, when not entirely incomprehensible. This French obscurity has nothing in common with German mysticism, which is never *unintelligible* to those who master its method; it is more allied to the "brilliant balderdash" of Victor Hugo, in which the oratorical poet loses all footing, and is whirled away amid the splendid waves of mere words.—*Translator.*

[2] And Heine, in this truthful and succinct sketch of Michelet, seems to have unconsciously felt the great truth,

"If any one had ever written down the dreams which men had dreamed during a certain period of time, one might gather from those dreams a very accurate picture of the spirit of that time." Michelet's French History is such a collection of visions—a dream-book—the whole dreaming Middle Age looks out of it on us with its deep suffering eyes, with a ghostly smile, and we are terrified at the startling truth of colour and of form. In fact, to describe that age of somnambulism, there was needed just such a somnambulist as Michelet.

The Clerical party as well as the Government have, in the same manner as against Michelet, acted in an extremely unwise manner against Quinet. That the former, the men of love and peace, did not show themselves in their pious zeal either shrewd or gentle, does not astonish me. But a Government at whose head there is a man of science and learning should have acted more mildly and reasonably. Is the spirit of Guizot weary by his daily battles, or have we been really deceived in regarding him as the champion who

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which is little reflected on, that no complete and perfect work of history has ever yet been written by any one man. It must be studied as it was seen or felt by both idealists and realists, and the best conclusion is always that drawn from comparing the views of adversaries. *Audi alteram partem.* However admirably a judge may sum up a case, the intelligent juryman will always chiefly form his opinion from the opposing testimonies.

would defend the conquests of man's intellect over lies and priestcraft? When he took the helm after the fall of Thiers, all the schoolmasters in Germany exulted in and exalted him, and we formed a chorus with all the enlightened body of *savants.* Those days of the hosannah are over, and we are seized by a faint-heartedness, a doubt, a displeasure which cannot express what it only darkly feels and forebodes, and which at last sinks into a grieved silence. And as we really know not what to say, and have from our old master gone astray, it would be better to speak of other subjects than of the politics of the day in wearied, sleeping, and gaping France. But as regards the process against Quinet, we must express our extreme displeasure. One should not have exasperated Edgar Quinet any more than Michelet, so outrageously that the former was driven, in spite of his deepest natural feeling, to throw out the infant Jesus with the bath,[1] and join those cohorts which form the extreme link of the Revolutionary armada. Spiritualists are capable of anything when angered, and they can then even snap at sober, reasonable rationalism. Who knows whether Michelet and Quinet may not at last

[1] "To pour out the babe with the water in the bath," an old German proverb. In the French version—"On n'aurait pas dû exaspérer Edgar Quinet d'une façon si outrageante, au point de lui pousser lui aussi, malgré son naturel archi-chrétien, et à s'enrôler dans ces cohortes."—*Translator.*

become the grossest Jacobins, the maddest devotees to reason, and fanatical followers of Robespierre and Marat!

Michelet and Quinet are not only good companions and true brothers in arms, but also spiritually allied comrades. They have the same sympathies and the same affinities. Only the soul of one is softer—I might say Indian—while the other shows in his nature something firm and Gothic. Michelet reminds me of the grandly flowering, strongly-rooted, giant poem of the Mahabharata, while Quinet suggests the equally immense but steeper and more cliff-like songs of the Edda. Quinet has a Northern, one may say a German nature, for it has all of the German character, both good and bad, and German breezes blow in all his works. When I read the *Ahasuerus* or other poems by him, it seems to steal like old home-memories into my mind, as if I heard the songs of nightingales. I smell the scent of Suabian violets (*Gelbveigelein*), well-known chimes of bells hum round my head, as well as the ringing of the jester's bells; German profundity, German thinker's sorrow, German genial, tender feeling, German maychafers, mingled with a little, it may be, of German ennui—all of this I feel in the works of our Edgar Quinet. Yes, he is ours; he is a German, a good German, hide and hair, though he has of late acted like a raging German-eater. The rough and some-

what clumsy manner in which he attacked us in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in the number of December 15, 1842, entitled *De la Teutomanie*, was anything but French, and we recognised a fellow-countryman by his hard hitting and thorough coarseness. Edgar is entirely German, not only mentally, but also in outward semblance, and any one meeting him in the streets of Paris would certainly think that he was some theologian of Halle, who, having failed in his examination, had come to recruit himself in France. His is a powerful four-cornered, ungroomed figure, with a pleasing, honest, melancholy face. Add to this a long grey coat which Jung Stilling might have stitched, and boots which were perhaps soled by Jacob Böhme.

Quinet lived a long time on the other side of the Rhine, where he studied and intoxicated himself daily with Creuzer's *Symbolik*. He wandered through all Germany on foot, saw all our Gothic ruins, and became intimate with all our most remarkable spectres. He ate Westphalian ham and *pumpernickel* in the Teutoberger forest, where Hermann defeated Varus, and left his card on the summit of the Sonnenschein. Whether he also visited the grave of Eulenspiegel at Mölln I cannot declare; but this I know, that there are not living in the world three poets who possess so much wild imagination, wealth of ideas, and genius as Edgar Quinet.

LIV.

PARIS, *June* 21, 1843.

I ATTEND regularly every year the solemn session and celebration in the rotunda of the Palais Mazarin, where one must go hours beforehand if he would secure a seat among the *élite* of the aristocracy of intellect, to which fortunately many very beautiful women belong. After long delay, there enter in procession through a side door Messieurs the Academicians, consisting for the greater part of persons who are very old, or at least in ill-health; beauty is certainly not to be sought among them. They then sit down on their hard wooden benches—people talk about the *fauteuils* of the Academy, but they do not exist in reality, and are mere fictions. The sitting begins with a long and tiresome address on the works of the bygone year, and of the memoirs presented in competition for prizes—which is generally delivered by the temporary president. Then comes the secretary, the perpetual one, whose office is eternal as the kingdom. The secretary of the Academy and Louis Philippe

are persons who cannot be removed by Ministerial or camarilla caprices. Louis Philippe, however, is unfortunately very old, and we do not know whether his successor will maintain the state of peace with the same ability. But Mignet is still young, or what is better, he is the type of youth itself; he is even spared by the hand of Time, who paints our hair white, when he does not pull them out altogether, and wrinkles up our brows in many a hateful fold, while the beautiful secretary still bears his gold-locked *chevelure* as he did twelve years ago, and his face is always as fresh as those of the Olympian gods. As soon as the Perpetual has set foot on the tribune, he takes his lorgnette and surveys the public:—

> "He counts the heads of his beloved ones,
> And lo! no head is missing there."[1]

Then he looks over the colleagues sitting round, and if I were mischievous, I would comment in strange fashion on those glances. He looks to me at such a time like a shepherd who reviews his sheep. They all belong to him—to him, the perpetual one—who will outlive them all, and spice and embalm them all, sooner or later, in his *Précis Historiques.* He seems to look to the health of every one as if to

[1] From Schiller's "Song of the Bell."

test and prepare him for his coming speech. Old Ballanche looks very ill, and Mignet shakes his head. As the poor man has never lived at all, and never did anything on earth save sit at the feet of Madame Recamier, and write books which nobody reads and everybody praises, Mignet will really have some trouble to assign to him a human character and make him acceptable to the public in his *Précis Historiques*.[1]

In the "Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques," that section of the Institut de France which manifests the most life and mind, to shame the old jests at the Academicians, new works on German philosophy were lately announced, and here the prize essay on Kant will soon be awarded. The sitting of this year, which took place on Saturday, was one of those delightful ceremonies which I never neglect, and it was made especially attractive by the address of Mignet, who spoke of a deceased Academician who had taken a great part in the political and social events in France, so that here the historian of the Revolution stood on his own ground, and gave free play to the fountain of his brilliant genius.

In this session the late Daunon was the subject which Mignet treated, and I confess to my shame

[1] This introduction to the remarks on Daunon appeared in the original letter to the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt*, and is given in the newer edition of Heine's works as a note.

that the latter was incomprehensibly little known to me, and that I, with difficulty, recalled a few of the incidents of his life. And I found that, among others, especially those of the younger generation, there was great ignorance regarding Daunon. And yet this man had for half a century helped to turn the great wheel of the time, and filled the most important offices, and was to the end of his days a spotless defender of human rights, an inflexible champion opposed to slavery of spirit, one of those great organisers of freedom who spoke well and acted better, and who transformed the beautiful word into salutary deed. And why has not he, with all his merits and deserts (*Verdienste*), his restless political and literary activity, not become celebrated? Why does not his name flourish in our memory as brilliantly as those of so many of his contemporaries who played a far less important part? What did he want to attain to celebrity? I will say it in one word—it was *passion*. It is only by some manifestation of passion that men ever become celebrated in the world. A single deed, a single word will suffice, but it must bear the most passionate impress. Yes, sometimes an accidental intercourse with great events of passion will bestow immortal fame. But the late Daunon was a silent monk, who bore in his heart a calm as of the cloisters during all the storms of the Revolu-

tion which raged round him, and who completed his daily work quietly and fearlessly under Robespierre as under Napoleon, and who died as modestly as he had lived. I will not say that his soul did not glow, but it was a glow without flame, without noise, without show.[1]

That Mignet could by his *Précis Historique* excite so much interest in the life of this man, who had so little *éclat*, is a proof of his incomparable skill in description. I might say that the sauce was this time better than the fish. No one knows so well as Mignet how to set forth clearly the most entangled facts, to résumé an entire age in a few fundamental traits, and to find the characteristic word for persons and relative circumstances. The results of the most careful investigation and reflection were here given like appropriately complete work in short parentheses; there was much dialectic, much wit, much brilliancy, but all real, and without false glitter. There were also admirable harmonies between subject-matter and form, and one knows not which most to admire here, the thought or the style, the jewels or their costly setting. Yes, while all the works of Mignet by their thorough erudition and profoundness recall

[1] What follows for two pages is again from the original letter to the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt*. I have changed a few unimportant words to conform one text to the other. This is all omitted, of course, in the French version.

Germany, the setting forth or style is as neat, translucent, condensed, well-ordered, and logical as can be found, and only among, French writers. In the spirit of Mignet we feel the peculiarities of both nations, and we see in his person the same coincidence. He is blonde and blue-haired as a son of the North, and yet manifests a Southern origin in the grace and confidence of his movements. He is one of the handsomest of men, and (as I have before said) the public, when he is about to read, consists greatly of more or less young ladies, who often are there hours in advance to secure the best seats whence to see and hear the perpetual secretary. The greater portion of his colleagues are men less favoured by mother Nature. I cannot think without laughing of what a young person who sat near me at the last meeting remarked of certain persons in the honourable body. She said, "These gentlemen must be very learned, for they are very ugly." Such a natural conclusion may often be publicly seen, and it is perhaps the cause of many a learned reputation. In the same session with Mignet M. Portalis also delivered a long speech. Heavens! what an orator! He reminded me of Demosthenes — for I remembered that Demosthenes in his youth, to correct his stammering, practised speaking with pebbles in his mouth. M. Portalis spoke as if he had a mouth quite full of pebbles, and neither I nor any one in the

audience understood in the least what he was saying.

And despite the want of show in the life of Daunon, Mignet awoke an interest in this silent hero, and the latter deserved the highest praise that could be awarded to him in fullest measure. But if Daunon had not been such a praiseworthy man—nay, had he been one of the frogs without character of whom there were so many in the swamp (*marais*) of the Convention, and who were always quiet, living on in silence while the others risked their heads, or if he had been a blackguard, the censer of official praise would have been abundant for him. Though Mignet calls his addresses *Précis Historiques*, they are still invariably the old *éloges*, and they are the same compliments of the time of Louis XIV., only that they are no longer put into powdered long wigs, but friséed in very modern style. And the present *secrétaire perpetuel* of the Academy is one of the greatest *friseurs* of our time, and has the right *chicque* for this noble trade. Even when there is not a good hair on a man, he knows how to curl for him a few locks of laudation, and hide his bald head under a wig of praise. How happy are these French Academicians! There they sit in the sweetest peace of soul on their safe benches, and they can die in peace, for they know that however doubtful their deeds may have

been in life, the good Mignet will laud and praise them after death. Under the palm-trees of his word, which are ever green as his uniform, lulled by the plashing of his oratorical antitheses, they rest in the Academy as in a cool oasis. The caravan of humanity passes by them ever and anon, without their noting it, or anything save the ringing of the camels' bells.[1]

[1] There is in this letter a great original truth expressed in a few lines, which might have been expanded by Heine to a brilliant volume. It is where he remarks that Daunon, who had really been good, and marvellously gifted, and effected much work in high offices, was hardly known to any one a few years after his death, because he lacked *passion*, which also implies energy and characteristic originality. There is in this a stern lesson to all those writers of the present day, among whom true passion and marked character is branded as "bad form," the result being such an uniformity of well-trained, genteelly-polished style, that though people who are *now* near them may know one literary sheep from the other, there will be no distinction possible when they shall be in their graves. The cause of this uniformity and prevalent want of original style has been summed up by Heine as *passion*, "which is at present most unfashionable."—*Translator.*

COMMUNISM, PHILOSOPHY, AND CRITICISM.

I.

PARIS, *June* 15, 1843.

IF I had lived as a private gentleman in Rome during the time of the Emperor Nero, and had acted as correspondent for the *Daily Post* of Bœotia or for the unofficial *State Journal* of Abdera, my colleagues would often have rallied me on this, that I never mentioned the state intrigues of the imperial mother, Agrippina, nor described the magnificent dinners with which the King of Judea or Agrippa regaled the diplomatic body of Rome every Saturday, while I, on the contrary, constantly spoke of those Galilæans, of that obscure little handful, consisting chiefly of slaves and of old women, dreaming away their foolish lives in conflicts and visions, and who were even disavowed by the Jews. My well-informed colleagues would have certainly laughed at me if I had had nothing more to say of the

court festival of Cæsar, at which His Majesty in his own grand person played the guitar, than that some of those Galilæans had been covered with pitch and fired, and so served to illuminate the gardens of the Golden House. It was indeed a very significant illumination, and it was a bitter-cruel, really Roman joke to make the so-called Obscurants (*Obscuranten*[1]) serve as lights in the joyous solemnities of the antique world, intoxicated with sensual pleasure. Now the joke has been turned to shame; those torches threw out sparks of faith by which the old decayed Roman world and all its glory was consumed; the number of that handful became legion; in battling with them the legions of Cæsar had to lay down their arms; and now *all* the empire by land or sea belongs to the Galilæans.

It is not my intention to here deliver a homily. I have only wished to give an example of the triumphant manner in which a later generation may justify that predilection, which I have often shown in my correspondence, for that small community, which, very much like the *ecclesia pressa* of the first century, is despised and oppressed at this epoch, and which has established a propaganda whose zealous faith and gloomy spirit

[1] We need this word in English, since it is now at home in most European languages.—*Translator.*

of destruction also recalls the Galilæan beginning. I again refer to the Communists, the only party in France which deserves decided attention. I would claim the same attention for the remains of Saint-Simonism, whose believers under strange signs (*Aushängeschildern*) are still alive; as also the Fourierists, who are full of life and action; but these honourable men are moved only by the word, the social question as question, the transmitted idea, and are not inspired powerfully by dæmonic necessity. They are not the predestined servants by whom the supreme will sets forth its vast intentions. Sooner or later the dispersed fragments of the Saint-Simonian family and the grand staff of the Fourierists will go over to the growing army of Communism, and giving to rude wants the word which forms, will assume, as it were, the part of fathers of the Church.

Such a part is already played by Pierre Leroux, whom we knew eleven years ago in the Salle Taitbout as one of the bishops of Saint-Simonism. He was an excellent man, who had the only fault of being much too melancholy for his functions and sphere. Therefore Enfantin said of him sarcastically, "He is the most virtuous of men, according to the ideas of the past." His virtue has indeed in it something of the old leaven of the age of renunciation of earthly joys or of

obsolete Stoicism, which is in our time a repulsive anachronism, and which must seem respectable but most ridiculous among the joyous tendencies of a pantheistic religion of pleasure.[1] Therefore, this sorrowful bird was very uncomfortable in the glittering wire cage in which so many golden pheasants, proud eagles, and lewd sparrows fluttered about; and Pierre Leroux was the first who protested against the dogma of the new morality, and who retired with a fanatical anathema from the gay and joyous sect. Then he undertook with Hippolyte Carnot the later *Revue Encyclopédique*, and the articles which he wrote in it, as well as his work *De l'Humanité*, formed the transition to the doctrines which he has set forth during the past year in the *Revue Indépendante*. How the great Encyclopædia, of which Leroux and the very talented Reynauld were chief contributors, succeeded, I know but little positive. This much I can assert, that this work is a worthy continuation of its predecessor, or of that colossal pamphlet in thirty quarto volumes in which Diderot abridged the knowledge of his century. The articles which Leroux had written in his Cyclopædia against the Eclecticism of Cousin, or Eclectism, as the hybrid

[1] Saint-Simonism aimed at establishing a communism with a pantheistic religion in which there should be all the joys of life, with a very vague idea as to who was to settle the bills.—*Translator.*

(*Unding*) is called by Frenchmen, appeared in a work by themselves. Cousin is specially *la bête noire* or scapegoat on whom Pierre Leroux has made polemic war since time unknown, and this enmity has become a monomania. In the December numbers of the *Revue Indépendante* they attained their most insanely dangerous and scandalous height. Cousin is here attacked, not only for his manner of thinking, but is also accused of evil deeds. This time, Virtue has allowed itself to be whirled very far away by the wind of passion, and swept on the raging sea of calumny. No, we know from best authority that Cousin was, by chance, quite innocent of the unpardonable modifications which were found in the posthumous writings of his pupil Jouffroy; for we know this, not from his friends, but from his foes, who complained that Cousin, from an anxious, timid desire to protect the interests of the University, opposed the publication of the work by Jouffroy, and refused to take share in it! This is a strange reproduction of the same phenomenon which happened twenty years before in Berlin! This time we understood it better, and though our personal sympathies are not with Cousin, we must declare and most impartially confess that the Radical party treated him with the same injustice and the same narrow-mindedness of which we were also guilty as regards the great Hegel. This latter also wished

that his philosophy should calmly flourish in the protecting shadow of state power, and have no conflict with religion ere it should be fully grown and strong. And yet the man whose spirit was the clearest and whose doctrine was the most liberal set it all forth in such muddily-scholastic terms, so entangled in perplexing clauses, that not only the religious, but also the political party of the past thought they had in him an ally. Only the initiated smiled at such error, and it is now for the first time that we understand this smile. Then we were young and foolish and impatient, and we cried out against Hegel, just as the extreme Left in France cried out against Cousin. Only that in this strife the extreme Right does not let itself be led away by the rules of prudent expression. The Roman Catholic Apostolic clergy showed itself here far shrewder than the royal Prussian Protestant, for it knows very well that philosophy is its worst enemy. It knows that this enemy has driven it out of the Sorbonne, and to reconquer this fortress it undertook a war of extermination against Cousin, and conducted it with that consecrated system of tactics where the end sanctifies the means. So it has happened that Cousin is attacked by two opposite parties, and while the whole army of Faith, with flying banners, bearing crosses, presses against him, led by the Bishop of Chartres, on another side there

come storming at him the Sansculottes of thought, brave hearts, weak heads, with Pierre Leroux as leader. In this battle all our vows for victory are with Cousin; for although the privilege of the University has its inconveniences, it still keeps all instruction from falling into the hands of those who always persecute with relentless cruelty men of learning and of progress; and so long as Cousin inhabits the Sorbonne, the stake and fire (*Scheiterhaufen*) will not be applied as the ultimate argument—*ultima ratio* in questions of the day. Yes, he dwells there as standard-bearer of freedom of thought, and the banner waves over the once so badly famed nest of Obscurants of the Sorbonne. What here very much inclines us to Cousin is the amiable perfidy with which the accusations of Pierre Leroux have been turned to account. Villainy was here hidden behind virtue, and Cousin was accused of a deed, of which, if he had been really guilty, would have gained him the praise—the full orthodox praise—of the Clerical party; for the Jansenists as well as the Jesuits have always preached the principle that public scandal must be shunned at any price. For public scandal is the real sin, and this alone should man avoid, as was unctuously said by the pious man who was canonised by Molière. But no; Cousin cannot boast of any such edifying act as that ascribed to him; it lies far more in the character

of his enemies, who never, from earliest time, hesitated to stifle scandal or guard weak souls from doubt, to mutilate books, or utterly change them or destroy them, or to forge new ones, so that the most precious monuments and documents of ancient times have partly perished or been falsified. No, the holy zeal of castrating books and the pious fraud of interpolations does not belong to the habits of philosophers.

And Victor Cousin is a philosopher in the whole German meaning of the word. Pierre Leroux is only one in the sense in which the French employ it, who understand by "philosophy" general researches on social questions. In fact, Victor Cousin is a German philosopher who busies himself more with the human intellect than with the needs of mankind, and who, by his reflections on the great Ego, has fallen into a kind of egoism. The love of thought, in and for itself, absorbed all the powers of his soul, but the thought itself interested him because of its beautiful form, and in metaphysics he was finally delighted with dialectics alone, and it could be said of the translator of Plato in a manner, by parodying a trifling saying, that he loved Plato more than truth. Here Cousin differs from the German philosophers. Like the latter, thought is to him the final aim of thought, but to all such philosophical unpremeditation (*Absichtslossigkeit*) there is found in

him a certain artistic indifferentism. How hateful must such a man seem to a Pierre Leroux, who is far more a friend of humanity than of thought, whose thoughts all have one thought behind them all—the interests of mankind, and who, as a born iconoclast, has no feeling for artistic joy in form. In such intellectual difference there is ground enough for enmity, and it was not necessary to attribute that of Leroux for Cousin to personal motives or trifling incidents of daily life. A little innocent private malice there may be, for Virtue, however sublimely she may bear her head unto the clouds and seem lost in heavenly reflections, still guards most truly in her memory every little prick of a needle which she ever received.

No, the passionate fury, the Berserker rage of Pierre Leroux against Victor Cousin is the result of the difference of mind between two men. They are natures which naturally repel one another. Only in weakness do they come together, and then equal instability of foundation gives to their opposed doctrines a certain resemblance. The Eclecticism of Cousin is a hanging bridge of finely-woven wire, between hard Scotch Empiricism (common-sense) and abstract German Ideality, a bridge which at best may suffice for the wants of a few light-footed travellers, but which would soon break down should all humanity with its heavily-packed heart-knapsacks and trampling

war-steeds march over it. Leroux is a *pontifex maximus* in a much higher, but far more unpractical style; he would build a mighty bridge of one arch resting on two pillars, one of which is of the Materialistic granite of the last century, the other of the visioned moonshine of the future, and to this latter pier he gives as support some as yet undiscovered star in the Milky Way. When this gigantic work shall be finished, we will furnish a report of it. As yet nothing positive can be said of the real system of Leroux; he has given so far only building materials or scattered blocks of stone. And he is utterly wanting in *method*, a want which is characteristic of the French with a few exceptions, among which we must include Charles de Rémusat, who, in his *Essais de Philosophie*, a precious master-work, has grasped the importance of method and shown a great talent in its application. Leroux is certainly a greater producer of thought, but, as I have said, *method* is here wanting. He has only the ideas, and in this respect a certain likeness to Joseph Schelling cannot be denied, only that all his ideas refer to the enfranchisement of humanity, and he, far from patching up old religion with philosophy, rather bestows on the latter the garments of a new religion. Among German philosophers, Krause is the one who has most analogy to Leroux. His God is also not out of the world,

but is inherent (*ein Infasse*) in this world, retaining a certain personality, which fits him admirably. Leroux is always chewing at the immortality of the soul, never satiated with it; it is to him the perfected rumination of the old doctrine of perfectibility. Leroux hopes, because he has behaved well in this world, that he will in a future attain to still greater perfection. God help Cousin then, should he not have made any progress in the meantime!

Pierre Leroux is now perhaps fifty years of age, at least he seems so, but it may be that he is younger. As regards the body, Nature has not gifted him with lavish hands. Fancy a short, stout, vigorous, angular figure, which has never acquired any grace through the aid or teaching of the traditions of the world of refinement and elegance. Leroux is a child of the people; he was a printer in his youth, and in his external appearance there are still the indications of the *proletary*. It is probable that he has intentionally disdained the usual varnish, and if he is capable of such a thing as an affectation, it consists in his primitive rudeness. There are men who never wear gloves because they have small white hands by which the aristocratic ancestry is manifested. Pierre Leroux in like manner is gloveless, but certainly for very different reasons. He is a man of ascetic habits, antipathetic to

luxury and every sensual pleasure, and Nature has made virtue easy for him. But we do not the less recognise the nobility of his feelings, the zeal which sacrifices all lesser interests to thought —above all, his great unselfishness; and still less would we depreciate the rough diamond because it has no brilliant polish or may be set in mournful dull lead. Pierre Leroux is a man, and to manliness of character he unites what is rare, a mind which rises to the highest speculation, and a heart which can descend to the depths of popular suffering. He is not merely a thinking, but also a feeling philosopher, and his whole life and efforts are devoted to improving the moral and material condition of the lower classes. He, the steeled wrestler, who bore the hardest blows of destiny without winking, and who, like Saint-Simon and Fourier, suffered so much, sometimes in bitterest misery and want, without much complaint, is not in condition to calmly endure the sufferings of his fellow-men; his hard eyelids moisten at beholding the misery of others, and the outbreaks of his pity are then stormy, raging, and often unjust.

I have here been guilty of an indiscreet allusion to the poverty of Pierre Leroux; but I could not refrain from mentioning it. This poverty is characteristic, and it shows us how the excellent man grasps the sufferings of the people, not merely

mentally, but from personal experience, and that his thoughts are rooted in terrible realities. This imparts to his words a pulse-like blood of life, and a fascination stronger than the power of talent. Yes, Pierre Leroux is poor as Saint-Simon and Fourier were poor, and it was by their providential poverty that the world was enriched with treasures of thought which reveal to us new worlds of delight and happiness. In what terrible poverty Saint-Simon passed the last years of his life is generally known. While he occupied himself with that great patient, suffering humanity, and found remedies for its malady which has endured for eighteen hundred years,[1] he was himself ill with misery and subsisted only by begging. Even Fourier was obliged to have recourse to the alms of his friends. How often have I seen him in his grey shabby garments hurrying along past the pillars of the Palais Royal, with both coat-pockets heavily laden, so that a bottle peeped from one, and a long loaf from the other. One of my friends, who showed him to me the first time, bade me remark his penury, and how he was obliged to carry home his wine from the *marchand du vin*, and his bread from the baker

[1] Heine here appears to have been under the impression that there was no suffering in the world of any kind before Christ. There is a cant of infidelity as well as of religion, and this belongs to it.—*Translator.*

himself. "How does it happen," I asked, "that such men, such benefactors of mankind, suffer such misery here in France?" "It must be admitted," answered my friend, with a sarcastic smile, "that it does no great honour to the greatly praised country of intelligence, and it is certain that such things never happen among us in Germany. Our Government takes under its particular protection all men of such principles, and bestows on them free board and lodging for life in the fortress of Spandau or the Spielberg."

Yes, poverty is the sad lot of the greatest philanthropists, of the thinkers who live (*heilenden Denker*) in France; but this poverty is with them not only a stimulus to deeper investigation and a strengthening chalybeate bath (*Stahlbad*) of spiritual power, but also a public recommendation of their doctrines, and in this respect also of providential significance. In Germany the want of worldly goods is very amiably excused, and with us genius may suffer and hunger without being despised. In England men are less tolerant; a man's merit is there measured by his income, and "How much is he worth?" means literally, either, "How much money has he?" or "What are his merits?" I myself once heard a burly Englishman seriously ask a Franciscan monk how much he made annually by going about barefoot with a

rope round his body?[1] In France it is different, and however strongly the greed of industrialism grasps about it, poverty as regards distinguished men is a true title of honour, and I am tempted to add that wealth, awaking suspicion of dishonesty, marks as with a secret band or *levis nota* men otherwise most free from stain or blame. It may come from this, that in so many cases fortunes have come from well-known dirty sources. A poet has said that the first king was a fortunate soldier—as regards the founders of our present dynasties of finance, we may declare in prose that the first banker was a lucky *rascal*. The culture of wealth is as widely spread in France as elsewhere, but it is a culture without respect or veneration. The French, it is true, dance round and round their golden calf, but the ceremony is all mockery, persiflage, and self-contempt—a kind of *can-can*. It is a remarkable fact, which may be in part explained by the generous nature of the French, and partly by their history. Under the *ancien régime* only birth and the number of ancestors were respected, and honour was the fruit of the genealogical tree. In the Republic Virtue rose to power, Poverty

[1] All of the preceding passage, from the words "Yes, poverty," is condensed in the French version into four lines, the anecdote of the Englishman being omitted.—*Translator.*

became a dignity, and Money hid itself for fear, as it had already done for shame. It is from this time that the numerous great sous, those serious pieces of copper which are symbols of liberty, date,[1] as the traditions of pecuniary disinterestedness such as we continue to find among the highest statesmen of France—as, for example, Molé, Guizot, and Thiers, whose hands are as pure as those of the Revolutionary heroes whom he has celebrated.[2] Under the Empire only military glory flourished; a new honour was founded, that of the *Legion d'Honneur*, whose grand-master, the victorious Emperor, looked down with scorn on all the calculating community of contractors, smugglers, stock-jobbers, and lucky knaves. During the Restoration wealth intrigued against the spectres of the ancient régime, who had again attained to power, and who day by day grew to be more insolent. Then Money, irritated and ambitious, became a demagogue, began to smile on the working-men (*Kurzjacken*), and when the sun of July heated men's hearts the aristocrat-monarch Charles X. was hurled from the throne. The

[1] These were two-sous pieces or *décimes*, and were nearly all made from the bells of churches and convents destroyed in the Revolution. During the Forties some one discovered the art of extracting from them the silver with which they were alloyed, the result being that they soon disappeared from circulation.

[2] Omitted in the French version.

king of the citizens, Louis Philippe, rose to power —he, the representative of money, who now rules, but who in public opinion is regarded most unfavourably both by the vanquished party of the past and the disappointed or duped party of the future. Yes, the noble Faubourg Saint-Germain and the proletarian Faubourgs Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau rival each other in scorning the proud money-parvenus, and, as may be supposed, the old Republicans with their virtuous pathos, and the Bonapartists with pathetic heroic tirades, join in this depreciating chorus. Reflecting on this united blame and bitterness, it becomes intelligible why there is at present prevailing in public opinion an almost exaggerated contempt of the wealthy man, while every one is yearning for riches.

To return to the subject with which I begun, I would here remark what a very favourable circumstance it is for Communism that the enemy which it fights has, with all his power, absolutely no moral basis (*Halt*) in itself. The society of our time defends itself only out of flat necessity, without believing in its rights—yes, without self-respect, just like that elder society whose decaying timbers broke up (*zusammenstürzte*) when the Son of the Carpenter appeared.

There is much in this letter, which was so premature when it appeared, as to seem almost prophetic, and which

will find not only wider application but a far greater number of appreciative readers at present. Within a decade the millionaire has become so frequent, while the number of proletaries has so immensely increased out of all proportion to a comparatively recent state of society, that all the more intelligent minds of the world are beginning to apprehend with anxiety, not so much violent outbreaks, as the fact that some entirely new adjustment of capital and labour *must* be found. Hitherto power and leadership have depended on extra-culture, military or other genius, or *moral* ascendency. The millionaire *may* have this intellect, which commands respect, but in a majority of cases it is wanting for all high positions. Hence, some tremendous and terrible change is to be expected. The manner in which Heine anticipated this is well worth noting. It does not follow that this change is to be made either by Socialism or any other scheme now before the world; it may be something to be gradually effected on the basis of elements not as yet developed. But that it is coming is evident from all historical analogy, for there is a manifest strain on society, increasing very rapidly, even as there was one a century ago in France.—*Translator.*

II.

PARIS, *July* 8, 1843.

IN China even the coachmen are polite. When in a narrow street their carriages meet in a crush, and shafts and wheels are entangled, they do not begin cursing and swearing, as with us; they descend calmly from their seats, make many bows and reverences, say polite things, and endeavour together to arrange matters as to the vehicles, and when all is right, make again their bows and courtesies, and bidding good-bye, depart. Not only our coachmen, but also our *savants* might take example by this. When such gentlemen come in collision they pay very few compliments, but swear and rage, like real European coachmen as they are. And this sad spectacle is chiefly afforded by theologians and philosophers, though the former are specially assigned to set forth the dogmas of humility and mercy, and the latter are supposed to have learned patience and calmness in the school of Reason. The conflict between the University and the Ultramontane has enriched this spring with a flora of coarse

abuse and railing, such as could not flourish more luxuriantly on our German dunghills. It spreads, sprouts, blooms in unheard-of magnificence. But it is neither our pleasure nor our pursuit to botanise here. The scent of many poisonous flowers might mount to our head with benumbing effects, and prevent us from judging with cool impartiality of the merits of both parties, and their political significance, and the importance of the struggle. As soon as passionate feeling shall be somewhat calmed, we will attempt such a judgment. We can only say this much for to-day, that the right is on both sides, and that the persons engaged are impelled by the most fatal necessity. The greater part of the Catholics who are intelligent and modest, really condemn this untimely revolt of their contemporaries, but the latter obey the call of their consciences, their highest law of faith, the *compelle intrare;* they do their duty, and for this deserve our admiration. We do not know them, we have no knowledge of them personally, and we have no right to doubt their honour.

These people are not exactly my favourites, but I honestly confess that, despite their gloomy sanguinary zealotism, I prefer them to the tolerant *amphibia* of faith and learning, to those art-believers who tickle and excite their exhausted souls by means of holy music and pictures of

saints. And I love them better than those dilettanti in religion who are enthusiastic for the Church without showing a rigid observance of its dogmas, who coquet with its symbols, but who do not wish to contract a serious marriage with them, and who are here called *Catholiques marrons*. These now frequent our fashionable churches—for instance, Sainte-Madeleine or Notre Dame de Lorette, those holy boudoirs where there is the most sweetly-sweet rococo taste in all things, a censer redolent of essence of lavender, richly cushioned *prie-dieux* or stools for prayer, rosy light and languishing song, flowers and playful angels, with a coquettish piety which cools itself voluptuously with fans painted by Bouchier and Watteau—a Christianity *à la* Pompadour.

Quite as unjust as inaccurate is the term Jesuits as here applied to the opponents of the University. For, firstly, there are no longer any Jesuits in the sense which is attached to the name. But just as there are in the upper diplomacy people who, every time when there is a rush of the Revolutionary flood, declare that the raging and rising of the roaring waves is the work of a *Comité Directeur* in Paris, so there are in a lower sphere tribunes who, when the retrograde ebb-tide begins, attribute it to the intrigues of the Jesuits, and seriously believe that there is a Jesuit-General in Rome, who, by means of a disguised police, leads the re-

action against all the world. No, there is no such Jesuit-General in Rome any more than there is a *Comité Directeur* in Paris: those are fairy tales for grown children, hollow scarecrows, modern superstition. Or is it only by a *ruse de guerre* that the opponents of the University are called Jesuits? There is indeed no name in all the land so unpopular as this. There was waged in the last century such a thorough war against the Order that a long time must pass before an impartial opinion of it can be formed. It seems to me as if the Jesuits had been themselves a little Jesuitically treated, and as if the slander of which they were sometimes guilty had been repaid to them with usury. One could apply to the fathers of the Order that which Napoleon said of Robespierre, "They have been executed, not judged." But the day will come when justice will be done to them and their merits be recognised. We are already obliged to admit that by their missionary institutions the morality and civilisation of the world have been incalculably advanced,[1] that they have

[1] This is directly contrary to what Heine has elsewhere asserted. The tendency of Jesuitism was to hasten decay in art, letters, and above all in education and thought; to substitute the artificial and Chinese-like for the solidly true. This was in keeping with the rococo age. The Jesuits advanced and exaggerated the age, ripened with it, and effectively *died* with it. They were thoroughly of the world and its *objective*, not subjective, nature; therefore they only be-

been a salutary counter-poison against the deadly miasma of Port Royal, and that even their greatly blamed theory of accommodation was the only method which was left to the Roman Church to preserve its dominion over modern humanity, which is so desirous of liberty and desirous of enjoyment. *Mangez un bœuf et soyez chrétien,* said the Jesuits to the penitent who wanted a little meat during the Passion-week; but their indulgence was only for the want of the moment, and they would have perhaps at last induced the most carnivorous men to the most meagre fasting food. Doctrines relaxed for the world in a *present* revolt, iron chains for the world when under the yoke in the future. They were so wise!

But the wisest craftiness avails not against death. They have long been in their graves. There are, it is true, men in black cloaks with great three-cornered hats with the edges rolled up, but those are no real Jesuits. As a tame sheep often disguises itself in a wolf's skin of Radicalism out of vanity, interest, or for sport, so there is many a time in the fox-skin of the Jesuit only a small-minded trifling old man. Yes, they are dead! The fathers of the Jesuits

longed to a certain shallow phase of society. They lived and died with Rosecroix-Freemasonry, Illuminéism, Cagliostro, Saint-Germain, and the whole machinery of mystery and secret "Orders."—*Translator.*

have only left in the sacristies their old garments, not their spirit. This now spectres about in other places, and many champions of the University who exercise it so zealously are perhaps themselves all unconsciously possessed by it. I do not say this as regards Messieurs Michelet and Quinet, who are the most honourable and truthful souls, but I have especially in my eye the comfortably installed Minister of Public Instruction, the Rector of the University, M. Villemain, whose ambiguous conduct is repulsive to me. I can only think favourably of his *esprit* and style—and, by the way, we here see that the famous saying of Buffon, *Le style c'est l'homme*, is radically false. The style of M. Villemain is beautiful, noble, perfectly developed and clear.[1] And I cannot quite acquit Victor Cousin from the reproach of Jesuitism. Heaven knows that I am inclined to admit the noble traits of M. Cousin's integrity, and that I recognise the splendour of his genius; but the words in which he lately announced in the Academy the translation of Spinoza are characterised neither by courage nor a love of truth. Cousin did certainly infinitely advance the interests of philosophy since he made Spinoza accessible to

[1] French version—*bien tourné et propret.* As a specimen of what the Irish call a back-handed compliment this to Villemain is unsurpassed.

thinking France, but he should have avowed that he thereby rendered no great service to the Church. On the contrary, he declared that Spinoza was translated by one of his disciples, a pupil of the *Ecole Normale*, in order that the work might be accompanied by a refutation; and he adds that while the party of the priests attacks so violently the University, it is just this poor innocent University which is decried as heretical which refutes Spinoza—the terrible Spinoza, that arch-enemy of faith, who wrote his deicide books with a pen plucked from the black wing of Satan. "*Qui trompe-t-on ici?*" "Who is cheated here?" cries Figaro.

It was in the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences that M. Cousin announced in such a manner the French translation of Spinoza, which work is to an extraordinary degree a success, while the greatly praised refutation is so weak and paltry that it would pass in Germany for a work of irony.[1]

[1] The conclusion of this letter is in the French version as follows:—"C'était dans l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques que Cousin annonça de cette manière hypocrite, et que ne saurais assez blâmer, la traduction française de Spinosa; elle est parfaitement bien faite, tandis que la réfutation préconisée est si faible et pauvre, qu'elle passerait en Allemagne pour une œuvre d'ironie. La traduction française de Spinosa est d'ailleurs un travail de grand mérite. Le nom du traducteur est M. Saisset."

III.

PARIS, *July* 29, 1843.[1]

EVERY race has its national faults or failings, and we Germans have ours, that is, the famous *slowness* (*Langsamkeit*), of which we are as well aware as that we have lead in our boots, and likewise in our slippers. Yet what doth it advantage to the French that they are so deftly quick? of what avail their apt and hardy nature when they forget all as soon as it is done? They have no memory, and that is their greatest misfortune. The result of every good deed or misdeed is lost by forgetfulness. Every day must they repeat the course of their history, begin their life anew, fight their battles o'er again, and yet to-morrow the victor hath forgotten that he conquered, and the vanquished lightly recks no longer of defeat; so all wise lessons fleetly pass away! Who won the great fight in July 1830? Who lost it? It should at least have been remembered in the great Hospital where, to borrow an expression

[1] This paper is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

from Mignet, every power overthrown sent its wounded. We permit ourself this remark in reference to the debates which have been held in the Chamber of Peers over the Secondary Instruction, in which the Clerical party was only apparently conquered. In reality it triumphed, and it was a sufficient triumph in itself that it came forth publicly as an organised party.

We are far from blaming this bold *début;* it displeases much less than the slovenly, tottering, half-and-half fashion in which the opposite party let itself be inculpated. How pitiful does M. Villemain here appear — Villemain, the small rhetorician, the windy *bel esprit,* the run-down, decayed Voltairian, who has rubbed himself a little against the Fathers of the Church to acquire a touch of serious whitewash, and who is inspired by an ignorance which borders on the sublime! It is to me incomprehensible that M. Guizot did not give him his discharge (*Laufpass*) on the spot, because to that great scholar such a schoolboy bewilderment, such an utter ignorance of all the most essential preparatory information, such scientific nullity, is more susceptibly irritating than any political error. In order to somewhat hide the weakness and emptiness of his colleague, Guizot was frequently obliged to speak; but all that he uttered was flat, colourless, and to no purpose. He would have surely spoken better

things had he been, instead of Minister of Foreign Affairs, that of Instruction, and could have broken a lance for the special interests of this department. Yes, he would have shown himself far more dangerous to the opposing party if he, utterly devoid of worldly power, had stepped into the lists armed only with his intellectual ability, simply as a professor and champion for the rights of philosophy. Victor Cousin was in such a favourable position, and to him the honour of the day is chiefly due. Cousin is not (as was lately asserted ill-temperedly enough) a philosophical dilettante ;[1] he is far more a great philosopher, the son in the family circle of philosophy, and when this circle was attacked by its bitterest enemies, our Victor Cousin must deliver his *oratio pro domo*. And he spoke well—yes, admirably, with deep conviction. It is always an admirable sight when the most peaceable men, who are not at all inspired by the delight in battle, are impelled by the deepest convictions of their very souls, by the power of circumstance, by their histories, positions, nature—in short, by an inevitable fatality to fight. Cousin was such a warrior, such a

[1] One hardly knows whether Heine is not referring to his own bitter paper on Cousin (Chap. vii., "Germany," vol. ii., "Romantic School"), which is ill-tempered enough, and in which he abuses Cousin as a shallow ignoramus of the silliest kind.—*Translator.*

gladiator of necessity, when an unphilosophical Minister of Instruction could not defend the interests of philosophy. No one knew better than Victor Cousin that there was no new question or subject in hand; that his word alone would be of no avail to settle the ancient strife, and that there was no definite victory to be expected. Such a consciousness has always a subduing influence, and the most brilliant fire of genius could not here conceal the inner grief as to the uselessness of every effort. Cousin's address produced a sentiment of respect even in his opponents, and their very enmity is a recognition of his merit. They despise Villemain, but fear Cousin. They fear him not only for his opinions (*Gesinnung*), for his character, or his individual gifts or deficiencies; what they dread in him is German philosophy. Great heaven! here they honour too much our German philosophy and our Cousin! For though the latter is a born dialectician, though he has the greatest gift for form, though he is aided in his philosophical specialty by a still greater sense of art, he is still far from having grasped German philosophy so fundamentally in its very being as to be able to formulise its systems in such a clear and generally intelligible language as was needed for the French, who do not possess, like us, the patience to study an abstract idiom. But what cannot be expressed

in good French is not dangerous for France. The section of the *Sciences Morales et Politiques* of the French Academy has, as is well known, selected "A Statement of German Philosophy since Kant" as a prize question, and Cousin, who is here regarded as chief director, sought perhaps for external aid where his own ability was wanting. But others have not solved the problem, and in the last sitting of the Academy it was announced that this year there could be no prize given for the best essay on German philosophy.[1]

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[1] There is perhaps no instance in literature in which so distinguished an author as Heine ever gave himself the lie direct, or made a most abject recantation with so little shame as he does in this letter in reference to Cousin. Nor is the eating his bitter words gracefully or truly done, for he still declares that Cousin did not set forth German philosophy clearly or intelligibly, while, in fact, Cousin as much surpassed poor Heine in this particular, as he did in learning and a "deep grasp" of the subject. Truly was it said that none but a thorough gentleman knows how or dares to make a *thoroughly* manly apology.—*Translator.*

PRISON REFORM AND CRIMINAL LEGISLATION.[1]

PARIS, *July* 1843.

AFTER the proposed law relative to Prison Reform had been debated for four weeks in the Chamber of Deputies, it has been at last passed with very trifling alterations and by a large majority. And as might be anticipated, the Minister of the Interior, the real author of the proposed law, was the only one who stood with a firm foot on the summit of the question, who knew definitely what he wanted, and who achieved the triumph of a majority. The praise is due to the protractor (*rapporteur*), M. de Tocqueville, that he carried through with firmness his ideas. He is a man with a head but little heart, who pursues his logical arguments to the freezing-point, and his speeches have also a certain frosty gleam like sculptured ice. But what M. de Tocqueville

[1] This paper is wanting in the French version.—*German Editor.*

wants in feeling is made up by his friend M. de Beaumont in most amiable abundance; and these two inseparables, whom we always see paired in their travels, their publications, and in the Chamber of Deputies, supply one another's wants to perfection. The one, who is the sharp thinker, and the other, who is the gentle man of feeling, go together like the cruet of vinegar with that of oil. But how vague, empty, weak, and helpless did the Opposition show itself on this occasion! They knew not what they wanted; they had to admit the need of the reform; they could propose nothing positive; they were constantly in opposition among themselves, and opposed on this occasion, as always, out of mere stupid opposition according to the opposing trade. And yet it would have been an easy game to effect this if they had set themselves on the high horse of an idea, on any noble Rosinante of the world of theories, instead of creeping on level ground and trying to find accidental faults and fallacies in the Ministerial system, and petti-fogging in details without being able to shatter the whole. Even the incomparable Don Alfonso de Lamartine, the ingenious knight, did not once display himself in ideal chivalry. And yet the opportunity was favourable, and he might have discussed the highest and weightiest questions of humanity; with Olympus-shaking words,

he might have given volumes of oratory and flooded the Chamber with an ocean of world-destroying poetry. But no; the noble hidalgo was here utterly devoid of his magnificent delirium, and spoke as reasonably as the soberest of his colleagues.

Yes, the Opposition, though it could not win a victory on the field of ideas, might have at least distinguished itself. On such an occasion a German Opposition would have won its best laurels of learning. For the question of imprisonment is contained in that general question of the signifiance of punishment. And here we encounter great theories, which we can only indicate in the most abridged form, that we may regard from a German point of view the worth and merit of the new law of imprisonment.

We here first encounter the old theory of atonement or penance (*Vergeltungstheorie*), the old, hard law of ancient days, that *jus talionis* which presents itself in the Old Testament law of Moses in terrible simplicity—life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth. With the martyr-death of the great Atoner and Reconciler (*Versöhner*) this idea of expiation found its final settlement, and we may declare that the gentle Christ gave ample satisfaction to ancient law in his own person, and relieved all mankind besides from such pain.

It is strange that while Religion here appears as progressive, Philosophy is stationary, and the theory of the law of punishment, whatever the mere difference of forms of expression may be, has always been the old *jus talionis* from Kant to Hegel.[1] Even our Hegel could suggest nothing better, and he was only able to somewhat spiritualise the rude manner of considering the subject and raise it to poetry. According to him, punishment is a right to which a criminal is entitled (*das*

[1] It is much to be desired that Heine should here have clearly and distinctly defined the Christian view of penalty or punishment, and shown how it caused "a final settlement" of the *lex talionis*. The clearly enounced doctrine of Christ was that we should endure all injuries without seeking reparation, leaving all punishment to God or supernatural aid. Which is a perfect ideal, but absolutely inapplicable to the practical relations of mankind. The truth is that the founder of Christianity never aimed at more than establishing a sect or body of patient, meek, non-resistant, absolutely pure-minded *illuminati*, apart from the world—in fact, apart even from the *Goyim* or Gentiles, and all their customs and laws. This he considered might increase, possibly to convert in time all the world, but without losing in the least its primitive simplicity and innocence. But the drop was speedily diluted in the great ocean of fierce humanity. Efforts have been made again and again, with partial and temporary success, to re-establish the original Christian ideal—as, for instance, by the Quakers and Herrenhüters; but even these failed to establish non-resistance or passiveness, comparative poverty, and the abnegation of ambition. Now the Socialists are attempting the experiment minus Theism.—*Translator.*

Recht des Verbrechers); that is to say, that the latter having committed a crime, gains thereby an inalienable *right* to an adequate punishment, the latter being equally the *objective* offence.[1] The principle of expiation is here with Hegel the same as with Moses, only that the latter had the ancient idea of fatality at heart, while Hegel is inspired with the modern idea of freedom; his criminal is a free man; the offence itself is an act of freedom, and it must therefore have its rights. As to this, a word. We have outgrown the sacerdotal point of view, and it is repulsive to us to believe that if a single man has committed a crime, that society *in corpore* is compelled to perpetrate the same, or to ceremoniously repeat it. But for the modern view, as we find it in Hegel, our social condition is as yet too low; for Hegel presupposes an absolute freedom from which we are as yet very remote, and shall perhaps for a long time be distant.

Our second great theory of punishment is that

[1] Whether the criminal found himself any better for this "Hegelaborate" definition is doubtful. A much older writer had, however, discovered that all men had a right to be damned, and that too many unfortunately availed themselves of it. On the whole, it recalls the tale of the inhabitants of a German town who were indignant at being robbed of their gallows, declaring that as their fathers had been hung on it, so would they be, and so should their children after them.—*Translator.*

of terror. This is neither religious nor philosophical; it is simply absurd. By it pain is inflicted on a man who has done wrong, in order that another may be made afraid to commit a similar deed. It is the greatest injustice that any man should suffer in order to benefit another, and this theory always reminded me of the poor *souffre-douleurs*, who were of old educated with the little prince, and whipped whenever their illustrious comrade had done wrong.[1] This sober and frivolous theory of frightening from crime took from the sacerdotal theory its *pompes funèbres*, and erected in the market-place a *castrum doloris* to attract and repel spectators. The State is here a charlatan, with only this difference, that the common mountebank assures you that he extracts

[1] Within a week as I write this, the younger brother of a now reigning sovereign said to me, "When I was at school with my brother, I was punished when I had done wrong, but my brother was not, because he was the heir-apparent to the throne. Now it is my turn. Before I left home to come here, my brother said, 'How I envy you! You can go travelling to the summer resorts when you please, while I have to stay here in prison and attend to business.'" The "terrifying theory" was once well summed up by a judge in a reply to a criminal, "You are to be hanged, not for stealing a horse, but in order that horses may not be stolen," and whatever German transcendentalism may object to it, it cannot be denied that on the whole it worked well in most cases. It fails where the criminal, knowing the penalty, dares the risk; which means that it has little or no effect on the dangerous classes, and only deters the good and timid.

teeth without pain, while the other, on the contrary, threatens with his horrible apparatus to inflict far greater pain of punishment than the poor patient has perhaps incurred. This bloody quackery was always repulsive to me.

Shall I here cite the so-called system of physical compulsion, which appeared in my time at Göttingen and the regions thereabout as a special theory? No, for it is nothing but the old dough and leaven of terror kneaded over again. All one weary winter long did I listen to the Lycurgus of Hanover, the sorrowful Court Counsellor Bauer, twaddle over it in his shallowest prose. And this torture I also endured as legal physical compulsion, for the twaddler was the examiner of my Faculty, and I then wished to become a Doctor of Law.

The third great theory of punishment is that by which the moral amendment of the criminal is considered. The true home of this doctrine is China, where all authority is derived from paternal powers. Every malefactor is there a badly trained child whom the father seeks to improve, and that with the bamboo. This patriarchal kindly and genial view has found in later times, especially in Prussia, its followers, who also sought to give it a place in our laws. But what first strikes us in this Chinese bamboo-theory is that all improvement by it would little avail unless the improver were himself first improved.

The chief state authority in China seems to have had some dim presentiment of this idea, so that when some stupendous crime is committed in the Central Kingdom, the Emperor, the Son of Heaven, imposes on himself a heavy penance, opining that he himself by some sin must have brought disaster on the country. It would really give us great pleasure should our own domestic pietism adopt such pious errors, and punish itself soundly for the good of the state. It is a natural consequence of such patriarchal views in China that with punishments legal rewards should be associated, and that a man receive for good deeds a button of honour, with or without a knot of ribbons, just as one receives for a misdemeanour the due allowance of whipping, so that, to express myself philosophically, the bamboo is the reward of vice, and the "order" the punishment of virtue. The partisans of corporal punishment have met of late with great opposition in the Rhine provinces, which resulted from a manner of feeling which is not very original, and which must—more's the pity!—be regarded as a remainder of the French foreign rule.

We have yet a fourth great theory of punishment, if it can be so called, since in it the conception of "punishment" altogether disappears. It is called the prevention theory, because its guiding principle is guarding against offences.

The most zealous advocates of this principle are the Radicals of all Socialistic schools. Among the most decided of these must be classed the Englishman Owen, who recognises no right to punish so long as the cause of the crime, the social evils, are not removed. Of this opinion are the Communists, the materialistic as well as the spiritual, which latter support their antipathy to the hereditary criminal law, which they call the Old Testament law of revenge, by evangelical texts. The Fourierists in consequence recognise no penal law, since, according to their doctrines, crimes are only the consequences of deteriorated passion, and their state has set itself the problem whether that deterioration cannot be avoided by a new organisation of human passions? The Saint-Simonians had, of course, too high conceptions of the infinity of human mental power (*Gemüthes*) to adopt a regulated and numbered scheme or system of passions, such as we find in Fourier. But they also regarded crime not only as the result of social ill conditions and misplacements, but also of defective education, and they anticipated from the better-trained, well-educated passions a perfect regeneration, the rule of love through all the world, where all traditions of sin should be for ever forgotten, and the idea of a penal code seem as a blasphemy.

Less visionary, and indeed very poetical natures have also approved the preventive theory, so far as they anticipate from popular education a diminution of crime. They have made especial economical state propositions, which aim at protecting the criminal from his own attacks of crime, just as society is sufficiently protected from evil. Here we stand on the positive basis of the preventive theory. The State therefore appears on it as a great police institution in the noblest and worthiest sense; where every stimulus to sinful desire is removed, where men are not allowed by displays of dainties and objects of personal decoration to tempt poor wretches to theft, and poor lovers of finery to prostitution; where no thieving upstarts, no Robert Macaires of *la haute finance,* no dealers in human flesh, no prosperous rascals, can openly display their shameless luxury—a world where, in short, demoralising bad example is suppressed. But if, despite all measures of precaution, crimes should occur, efforts will be made to render the offenders harmless, and they will either be imprisoned, or, when they too much endanger the peace of society, a little hung (*hingerichtet*). The Government, as attorney-general (*Mandatarin*) of society, inflicts no pain as *punishment*, but as protection and preventive, and the higher or lesser grade of this suffering will depend on the degree of the requirements of social self-

defence. It is only from this point of view that we are for capital punishment, or rather for the execution of great criminals whom the police must put out of the way, as one kills mad dogs.[1]

When one reads carefully the *Exposé des motifs* with which the French Minister of the Interior introduced his legal scheme of prison reform, it is evident how the views last indicated form the fundamental idea, and how the so-called repressive principle of the French is in reality only the practical action of our preventive theory.

Our views, therefore, agree entirely with those of the French Government. But our feelings revolt against the means whereby the good aimed at is to be reached. And we deem them to be utterly unsuited to France. In this land of sociability the system of solitary confinement, or the Pennsylvanian method, would be an un-

[1] It may here be objected that our author, far from explaining, does not even define the preventive theory. The real reason for this is that its logical limit is simply absurd (as the world is now constituted), and it is only the most advanced Communists or anarchists who profess to follow it out. Where there is to be no individual property in anything, there can be no theft; where there is no morality, there can be no vice; where all social or individual pre-eminence is strictly prohibited, there all crime resulting from ambition must needs perish. Therefore all robbery, murder, forgery, rape, &c., committed by anarchists is only a virtuous effort to extinguish crime—that is, the great fundamental crime of inequality and of property.—*Translator.*

heard-of cruelty, and the French people are too great-hearted to purchase social tranquillity at such a price. Therefore I am convinced that, despite its passing the Chamber, the terrible, inhuman, yes, unnatural system of solitary confinement will never be practically carried out, and the many millions which the needed buildings cost are, thank God! so much money lost. This castle-dungeon of the new burgher-chivalry will be as readily torn down by the people as was the lordly Bastille of yore. For, terrible and gloomy as the latter seemed, it was a cheerful kiosk, a sunny arbour in a garden, compared to those small silent American hells, which could have been only invented by a stupid pietist, and only have been allowed by a heartless shopman who trembled for his property. Henceforth the good pious citizen may sleep at ease; the Government will take good care of that. But why should he not sleep a little less? Better men must in future pass the night as watchmen. And then have not they—the pious—the Lord to protect them, or can it be that they doubt his guard?[1]

[1] There is still, however, a great deal to be said in favour of our Pennsylvanian system. Those who are confined in Cherry Hill, by Philadelphia, escape reading such disquisitions as this on penal systems, nor do they hear any gossip about other people. Yes—there are worse places than Cherry Hill.—*Translator.*

FROM THE PYRENEES.[1]

I.

BARÈGES, *July 26*, 1846.

WITHIN the memory of man there has been no such stream of travel to the healing wells of Barèges as in this year. The little village, which consists of about sixty houses and a few dozen temporary barracks, cannot contain the multitude of invalids. Those who come late can hardly find a shelter for the night, and must depart lamenting. Most of the visitors are French officers, who have gained in Africa many laurels, lance-wounds, and rheumatisms. Some ancient officers from the days of the Empire cough and wheeze, and try to forget in the bath-tubs the glorious memories which twitch them as miserably every time when there is a change of weather. There is also a German poet here, who may indeed have much to bathe away, but who as yet is in full possession of his senses, and is very far from having been

[1] Wanting in the French version.

confined in a lunatic asylum, as a Berlin correspondent of the highly-to-be-praised *Leipziger Allgemeine Zeitung* has informed the world. It is true that we may err. Heinrich Heine, it may be, is madder than he is aware of, but we can declare with certainty that here, in anarchic France, he is allowed to run about freely, which would probably not be allowed him in Berlin, where the mental sanitary police is much more severe. However that may be, the pious souls on the Spree may take comfort and joy in this, that if the intellect be not afflicted, the body of the poet is, at least, sorely attacked and lamed by dire disease, and that during the journey from Paris hither his pains grew to be so intolerable that he was obliged to leave the coach not far from Bagnères de Bigorre, and let himself be carried in an arm-chair over the mountain. He had in this lofty journey many consoling gleams of light; never did the golden gleam of the sun and the forest green enchant his soul so deeply, and the great round rocky summits which rose like the heads of stone giants looked down on him with sweet and strange unearthly pity. The *Hautes Pyrénées* are marvellously beautiful. Strangely refreshing to the soul is the music of the mountain waters which fall adown, a full orchestra, into the rushing flood of the valley, the so-called Gâve. And very charming, mingling with it, is the tinkle of the herds of lambs, especially

when they come leaping, as if rejoicing, from the mountain slopes, the long-woolled mother sheep and goat with Doric horns preceding them, bearing on their necks great bells, while near by runs the young shepherd leading them to the valley hamlet to be shorn, and who will take this opportunity to see his sweetheart. A few days later the tinkling is less cheerful, for there has been meantime a mighty storm; ashy-grey vapoury clouds hang deep down, and the young shepherd with his shorn, shivering, naked lambs climbs in melancholy mood once more up to his Alpine solitude. He is well wrapped in his brown, richly-embroidered Basque cloak, and it may be that the parting from *her* was bitter.

Such a view reminds me vividly of the *chef-d'œuvre* of Decamps which was in the Salon this year, and which was so severely judged by many, even by the most accomplished connoisseur Theophile Gautier. The shepherd in that picture, who looked in his ragged majesty like a real beggar-king, and who was endeavouring to shelter on his breast under the tattered cloak a lambkin from the rain, the imbecile gloomy thunder-clouds with their damp grimaces, the matted and ugly shepherd's dog,—all is painted in that picture so true to Nature and to the Pyrenees, so utterly without sentimental whitewash (*Anstrich*), and so devoid of sweetish sham-idealising, that in it

the talent of Decamps is revealed, and almost terrifying in its most naïve nakedness.

The Pyrenees are now being turned to advantage, and that admirably, by many French painters, especially on account of the local picturesque costumes. Among these, the works of Leleux, which have been so admirably honoured by our accurate colleague, who always hits the mark (*unser feintreffender Pfeilcollege*), deserve the awarded praise. We find in this artist truth to Nature, but without her modesty; she comes forth too boldly, and falls away into *virtuososhíp*.[1] The dress of the mountaineers, the Bernais, the Basques, and Border Spaniards is, in fact, as peculiar and adapted to the easel as any young enthusiast of the guild of the paint-brush who despises the vain dress-coat could desire. The scarlet-red head-dress (*Kapuze*) of the women hanging to the hips over the black body-garment is specially picturesque. It is a very charming sight when these goatherdesses, perched on high-saddled mules, with old-fashioned distaffs under their arms, ride along with their black and horned followers over the steepest pinnacles of the moun-

[1] *Virtuosität.* Mere technical excellence, that art for the sake of art in which the skill or ability of the artist is everything, while the subject or meaning is suppressed as much as possible. In Heine's time this had not become a guiding and greatly lauded principle in art or letters.—*Translator.*

tain, and the picturesque procession appears as if painted in the clearest contours on the blue and sunny heaven.

The building in which the bathing establishment of Barèges is placed forms a fearful contrast with the beauties of Nature which are spread around, and its surly exterior fully corresponds to its inner rooms, which are uncanny, gloomy cells like funeral vaults, with by far too narrow stone bath-tubs, much like *ad interim* sarcophagi or coffins, in which one can daily for an hour practise lying still with outstretched legs and crossed arms; a good preparatory practice for annuitants.

The most lamentable defect in Barèges is the want of water; the springs of health do not flow in abundant fulness. A sorrowful supplement in this respect is afforded by the so-called *piscinæ*, rather narrow tanks in which twelve or eighteen men bathe, standing bolt upright. Here there are contacts which are seldom agreeable, and on such an occasion one feels in all its force the truth of the remark of the tolerant Hungarian who said, as he stroked his moustache, to a comrade, "'Tis all one to me what a man may be, Christian or Jew, Republican or Imperialist, Turk or Prussian, so that he is only sound and clean" (*gesund*).

II.

BARÈGES, *August* 7, 1846.

I DO not venture to speak with confidence as to the therapeutic value of the baths in this place; perhaps there is nothing certain regarding them. One can chemically analyse, and accurately state, how much sulphur, salt, or butter there may be in the water of a well, but no one would venture, even in determined cases, to assert that the action of this water is a perfectly proved, infallible means of cure, for this effect depends entirely on the individual constitution of the invalid, and the bath which, with the same symptoms of disease, cures one, has no good effect, or perhaps a very bad result, on another. As in magnetism, the springs have a power which is sufficiently established but not determined, whose limits, and also whose most secret nature, are as yet unknown to investigators, so that the physician can only apply it as an experimental medicament when all other applications fail. When the son of Æsculapius can do nothing more for his patient, he sends him to a bathing-place with a long list of advice,

which is nothing more than an open letter of recommendation to mere chance.

Living is very bad here, but all the dearer for that. Breakfast and the noon-day meal are brought to the boarders in tall baskets by rather sticky (*kleberichten*) girls, just as in Göttingen. Ah! that I had the youthful academic appetite with which I once ground up the leanest and dryest roast-veal of Georgia Augusta! Life itself is as wearisome here as on the flowery banks of the Leine. I must admit, however, that I have enjoyed two charming balls, where the dancers all appeared without crutches. There were not wanting a few daughters of Albion, who were remarkable for beauty and awkwardness (*linkisches Wesen*); they danced as if riding on asses. Among the French damsels shone the daughter of the famed Cellarius,[1] who—what an honour for little Barèges! —danced the polka on her own feet. There were also several of the young dancing fairies (*Tanznixen*) of the Grand Opera of Paris, who are generally known as *rats*.[2] Among these the silver-footed

[1] The first dancing-master of his time, whose name was given to a dance.

[2] So called from their propensities to nibble and devour everything, from a *cornet* of bonbons or a supper to a fortune. The young ladies themselves assert that it came from the fact that a young "lion" or swell, who had wasted his property on such enchantresses, and found himself in the nets or meshes of his creditors, was rescued or relieved by such a

Mademoiselle Lelhomme whirled her *entrechats*, and at the sight I thought vividly of my dear Paris, where I could no longer endure the endless dancing and music, and yet for which my heart doth ever yearn. Marvellous mad enchantment! What with sheer amusement and gaiety, Paris at last becomes so insupportable, wearisome, and oppressive, all its joys being allied to such exhausting exertion, that one is wild with happiness at escaping from this galley of pleasure; and yet, ere he has been absent a few months, the air of a waltz or the mere suspicion of a dancing-girl's leg awakes in him the deepest yearning and home-sickness for Paris. This is the case, however, only with the mossy-heads[1] or old *habitués* of this sweet bagnio, and not to the young students of our native association, who, after a short six

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rat, who gnawed the ropes and set him free—that is, supplied him with money. It is also suggested that *rat* is from the argot Romany *ratt*, meaning "night," a "night-bird," or "bat." *Lelhomme*, in this half-gipsy slang of the theatres, means "man-catcher" or "man-taker." Thus I have heard a girl say to another who was skylarking within a few feet of Regent Street, "Look out, or you'll get *lelled*" (*i.e.*, arrested).—*Translator.*

[1] *Bemooster Haupt.* "Mossy-head," a term once applied to the older students, from their long hair.

"Bemooster Bursche zieh' ich aus,
Behüt' Dich Gott, Philisterhaus!
Zur alten Heimath zieh' ich ein,
Muss selber nun Philister sein."

months' university session (*Semesteraufenthalt*), complain that it is not so gently calm there as yon side the Rhine, where the cell system of solitary reflection has been introduced; that one cannot there calmly collect oneself as in Magdeburg or Spandau; that their moral consciousness is lost in the billows of pleasure which break over them; that the distraction is there too great. Yes, it is indeed too great, for while we distract and divert ourselves, our money is also diverted from us.

Ah, the money! It knows how to scatter and divert itself from us, even here in Barèges, wearisome as this nest of health may be. It passes all conception how expensive it is: it costs twice as much here as in the other bathing-places in the Pyrenees. And what greed among these mountaineers, whom we praise as a kind of children of Nature and the relics of a race of innocents! They adore money with a passion which borders on fanaticism, and it is their true national religion. And yet is not gold the god of the whole world—a god whom the most hardened atheist cannot deny for three days, since without his divine aid the baker would not give him the smallest roll?

Within a few days, during the great heat, there came whole swarms of English to Barèges, red and hearty beefsteak-fed faces, which contrasted almost insultingly with the pale com-

munity of the bathing visitors.[1] The most important of these arrivals is an enormously wealthy and tolerably well-known member of Parliament of the Tory clique. This gentleman did not seem to like the French, but, on the contrary, honoured us Germans with the greatest esteem. He specially praised our honesty and truth. Nor will he have in Paris, where he proposes to pass the winter, any French, but only German servants. I thanked him for the confidence which he had in us, and recommended to him several fellow-countrymen of the historical school.

We also have among our visitors, as is well known, the Prince de Nemours, who resides a few leagues distant at Luz, but who drives here

[1] As there are many persons whose knowledge of Russians being confined entirely to the fact that the latter are said to eat tallow-candles, never allude to anything Russian without mentioning it, so Heine, it may be observed, rarely speaks of the English without at once bringing in "beefsteaks." They are lugged in under all circumstances, the reference being supposed to be invariably funny. It is characteristic of the lower orders or the vulgar all the world over that they jeer at other races on account of some peculiar article of diet, the Germans being taunted with sauerkraut, the Italians with macaroni, et cetera. And Heine really knew almost nothing of the English beyond this reputed fondness for beefsteaks. His absolute ignorance is very strikingly shown by his ascribing to the Saxon-Norman race the characteristic and very different features of the ugliest type of the Irish Celt.—*Translator.*

daily to take his bath. When he first came to Barèges for this purpose, he sat in an open calêche, though the weather was of the worst, from which I concluded that he must be in excellent health, and at least did not fear catching a catarrh. His first visit was to the military hospital, where he conversed affably with the invalid soldiers, inquired as to their wounds, time of service, and similar details. Such a demonstration, though it is only an old flourish of the trumpet, by means of which so many distinguished royal characters have announced their virtuosoship,[1] never fails in its effect; and when the Prince arrived at the bath, where the inquisitive public awaited him, he was already tolerably popular.[2]

As this man, who is indicated as the coming Regent, has before him so great a future, and as his personality may have an influence on all Europe, I looked at him with more than usual attention, and endeavoured to detect in his exte-

[1] A lithograph which has been extensively circulated in Italy, representing His Majesty, the present King, visiting a hospital, and standing by an invalid soldier in bed, shows that this ancient advertisement, first originated by Napoleon I. at Jaffa, is as popular as ever.

[2] The following sentences, to the phrase "The Duke de Nemours," occur only in the original letter to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and have been restored as a footnote in the recent German editions.

rior some sign or token of the mind within. I was at first disarmed in this somewhat invidious occupation by the quiet grace which inspired his slender and youthful form, as well as by the pleasing, piteous look with which his eye rested on the forms of the invalid sufferers, who were here assembled in a sorrowful multitude. This glance had in it nothing official, nothing premeditated; it was a pure and truthful gleam from a noble, humane soul. The pity shown in the eyes of the Duke de Nemours had in it something touchingly modest, modesty being indeed the predominant trait in his character. This modesty was also in his brother, the Duke of Orleans, who perished so lamentably early on the battlefield of life.

The Duke de Nemours is not, however, so popular as was his late brother, whose attributes displayed themselves more openly. This glorious man, or, better said, this glorious human poem, which was called Ferdinand Orleans, was composed in a popular, generally comprehensible style, while De Nemours hides himself in an artistic form which is less intelligible to the many. Both Princes were remarkably different as regards their external appearance. That of Orleans was nonchalantly chivalric, the other has rather more of the patrician style. The former was altogether a young French officer,

foaming over with gay and easy bravery, just the kind which assaults with equal delight the walls of forts or ladies' hearts. It is said that De Nemours is a good soldier of cold-blooded disposition, but not very warlike.[1] He looks rather more like a statesman, but one with a conscience, who unites reflection with the noblest will. To make myself intelligible by example, I will choose the latter from the realm of poetry, and it seems to me as if Goethe had already sketched the two Princes half way under the names of Egmont and Orange. Several who are intimate with him assure me that the Prince de Nemours has mastered many branches of knowledge, and has a clear comprehension of foreign and domestic affairs, being always zealous to acquire information from intelligent persons, but that he himself imparts very little, be it from modesty or reserve. A very marked peculiarity in him is that he is trustworthy; he promises seldom and with great unwillingness, but one can rely upon his word as on a rock. He loves his family passionately, and his shrewd father well knows into what hands the power of the House of Orleans will pass.

[1] The following page, on to the expression "Therefore he will not," was given in the original letter to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and restored in a footnote in the last German edition.

But what security does the man offer for the interests of France, and especially for those of humanity? I believe, the very best; anyhow, I venture to say, a far better pledge than his late brother gave. He is less popular than was the latter, and he cannot therefore venture on so much, should that which has resulted from the Revolution come into conflict with the requirements of government. Beloved reigning princes who enjoy a blind confidence are, however, dangerous for freedom. De Nemours knows that he is regarded with distrust, and he will accordingly avoid with care every compromising act.

Therefore he will not, when he becomes Regent, let himself be so easily enticed as was his brother by the trumpet of Bellona, which is pleasant to think of when we know what expensive real estate is a battlefield, and how simple the people are who in the end must pay the costs of warfare. One thing I fain would know, which is, whether the Duke de Nemours has so much patience as his glorious father, who by this trait, which is wanting in all his French opponents, has unweariedly won his way and maintained freedom for beautiful France and for the world?

III.

BARÈGES, *August* 20, 1846.

THE Duke de Nemours is also patient. That he really possesses this cardinal virtue is perceptible from the indifference with which he encounters any little delay when his bath is being prepared. He does not at all remind me of his great uncle and his *J'ai failli attendre.* The Duke de Nemours knows how to wait, and—what I observed as another good trait—does not make others wait too long on him. I am his successor—that is to say, in using the bath—and I must give him the credit that he leaves it as punctually as any other mortal to whom his hour is here marked to the minute. He comes here daily, generally in an open carriage, driving himself, while by him there appears the dismal face of an idle coachman, while behind sits his corpulent German *valet de chambre.* When the weather is fine, the Prince often runs afoot beside the vehicle all the way from Luz to Barèges, as he is very fond of bodily exercise. He has gained the respect of the mountaineers by the lithe boldness

with which he climbs the steepest cliffs. They show in the Roland's Gap in the Gavarni Valley a neck-breaking precipice which the Prince ascended. He is a distinguished hunter, and lately at great risk to himself killed a bear. He often makes with his wife—who is one of the most beautiful of women—excursions to remarkable places in the mountains. So it very recently befell him to climb with her the Pic du Midi, and while the Princess with her attendant lady were being carried up the mountain-side in a palanquin, the young Prince ran along far beyond, that he might have the pleasure of being alone in that wild spot, and regard without disturbance those colossal beauties of Nature which raise our soul so ideally above the week-day world. But as the Prince gained the summit of the peak, he beheld planted stiff as posts — three gensdarmes!

Now there is nothing on the face of the earth which has such a freezing and sobering influence as the positive law-table-face of a gendarme and the horrible bright yellow of his shoulder-belt. All visionary feelings are at once arrested in the breast, *au nom de la loi;* and I can well understand the assertion of a little French lady who was last winter so much excited at seeing gensdarmes even in the churches—yea, in the pious houses of God, where one would gladly give one's

soul up to religious inspiration—"The sight," she said, "destroyed every illusion!"

I must needs sorrowfully smile when I heard how vexed the Duke de Nemours seemed to be when he saw what a surprise the servile zeal of office in the prefect had prepared for him on the Pic du Midi. Poor Prince! I thought; how greatly dost thou err in thinking that thou canst dream alone and unespied; thou art given over to the gendarme, and wilt be thyself the chief of gensdarmes who must care for the peace of the land. Poor Prince!

Here in Barèges it becomes duller every day. The intolerable in it does not consist in lack of social diversions, but rather that one must dispense with the advantages of solitude, since there is all the time a screaming and noise which permits no quiet dreaming time away, and startles us every moment from our thoughts. We hear a horrible nerve-rending cracking of whips, the national music here from earliest morning into latest night. But when bad weather comes over us, and the mountains, as if oppressed with sleep, draw their cloudy nightcaps over their ears, then the hours extend to eternities of ennui. The very goddess of tiresomeness herself, her head enveloped in a leaden cowl, bearing Klopstock's "Messiah" in her hand, wanders through the streets of Barèges, and when she yawns,

the last drop of vigorous life oozes away in the heart. Things have gone so far, that I now, in despair, no longer avoid the society of our patron, the English member of Parliament. He still grants the justest recognition of our domestic virtues and moral traits, yet it seems to me that he loves us less enthusiastically since I let fall in conversation the remark that the Germans now feel a great desire to possess a marine; that we had already determined on the names of our future fleet, and that our patriots in the houses of correction, instead of spinning wool, must in future spin linen for sail-cloth, and that the oaks in the Teutoburger forest, which have slept since the days of Varus, have at length awakened and offered themselves as volunteer masts. This news greatly displeased the noble Briton, and he expressed it as his opinion that we Germans would do better to pursue with undiminished ability the completion of the Cathedral of Cologne, the great religious work of our ancestors.

I always observe, with deepest shame, that when I talk with Englishmen about my native land, the hatred which they manifest for France is far more honourable for the latter than the impertinent liking which they cultivate for us Germans, and which we owe to some want in our worldly power or intelligence. They love us for our maritime weakness, in which they have no fear of com-

mercial competition; they love us for our political simplicity, which they hope to turn to account in the old fashion in case of a war with France.

A relief to the local ennui has been in the gossip and chronicles of the elections, which have awakened their scandalous echoes even in our mountains. The Opposition has again suffered defeat in the department of the Hautes Pyrénées, as was to have been anticipated from the political indifference and the boundless avarice which prevails here. The candidate of the active party who failed here in Tarbes is said to be a man of integrity and energy, who has been celebrated for his earnest convictions and honest perseverance, although with him, as with many others, conviction is only arrested thought, and perseverance in it only physical weakness. These people remain obstinately true to the principles to which they have already sacrificed so much for the same reason why many men cannot tear themselves loose from a mistress; they keep her because she has already cost so much.

The newspapers have repeated to excess the fact that M. Achille Fould has been elected at Tarbes, and will represent the Hautes Pyrénées in the next Chamber of Deputies. Heaven forbid that I should here enter into the details of the election or of the persons. The man is no better and no worse than a hundred others, who, voting

with him, will form the majority on the green benches of the Palais Bourbon. He is, *au reste*, Conservative, not Ministerial, and he has always adhered to M. Molé, and not Guizot. His elevation to the Chamber is a great pleasure to me, for the simple reason that thereby the principle of the equality of Israelites as citizens will be confirmed to the utmost. It has been, of course, a long-established principle in France, both by law and in public opinion, that to Jews who distinguish themselves by talent or high-mindedness, all offices of state are open without exception. But tolerant as all this sounds, I still find here the acid taste of ancient prejudice. Yes, so long as Jews are not admitted to those offices without talent and without high-mindedness, just like thousands of Christians who neither think nor feel, but who can only reckon, so long is the prejudice not radically rooted out, and the old oppression still prevails. But mediæval intolerance disappears to the last trace of a shadow when the Jews without any other special merit enter the Chamber, the highest honour in France, only through their money, just as well as their Christian brothers; and in this respect the election of M. Achille Fould is a definite victory of the principles of citizenly equality.[1]

[1] It never seems to have occurred to Heine that when a state makes a sacrifice of prejudices, and admits any

There are also two other believers in the Mosaic faith, whose names have just as good a ring of money, who have been elected deputies this summer. How far do those men advance the democratic principle of equality? Both are millionaire bankers, and in my "Historical Investigations into the National Wealth of the Jews, from Abraham to the Present Day," I shall find occasion to speak of Messieurs Benoit Fould and Herr von Eichthal. *Honi soit qui mal y pense!* I would remark beforehand, to escape misunderstanding, that the result of my researches as to the national wealth of the Jews is greatly to their credit, and covers them with illustrious honour. For Israel owns its wealth entirely and only to that sublime religion to which it has remained faithful for millenniums. The Jews worshipped a Highest Being who ruled invisibly in heaven, while the heathen, incapable of rising to the purely spiritual, made for themselves all kinds of gold and silver gods, whom they wor-

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"peculiar people" of any kind to equal social and political rights, that the people so admitted are also virtually bound to make corresponding sacrifices, and not, by clinging together in a clannish spirit, constitute, by themselves, an *imperium in imperio*. The highest class of cultivated Jews in France and England are *not* liable to this reproach; therefore they get their just rights. But Heine never considered *all* sides of a question. The real difficulty of the East lies in its heterogeneous and contradictory religions and races.

shipped here on earth. Now, had these blind heathen changed into ready hard specie all the precious metal which they wasted in vile idolatry, and put it out to interest, they would have grown as rich as the Jews, who knew how to invest their cash much more advantageously—perhaps in Assyrian-Babylonian State loans, in Nebuchadnezzarian bonds (*Obligationen*), in Egyptian Canal shares, in five per cent. Sidonians, and other classic papers, which the Lord blessed, even as he blesseth the modern.[1]

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[1] Before I had read or specially noted this passage, a scholar repeated it to me with a comment of amazement, to the effect that Heine had by a mere chance, and as a joke, hit upon ancient financial operations which possibly actually existed. Discoveries of late years, both in Assyria and Egypt, reveal the existence of great banking-houses, which had in detail such an elaborate system of finance, as to render it probable that there were actually Egyptian Canal shares, and it may be Assyrian State loans.—*Translator.*

THE REVOLUTION OF FEBRUARY.

PARIS, *March* 3, 1848.

I HAVE not been able to write to you of the events of the three great days of February, for my head was entirely bewildered—an incessant drumming and shooting, with the singing of the Marseillaise! The latter never-ending song almost split my brain, and oh! the most treasonable rabble of thoughts (*Staatsgefährlichste Gedankengesindel*), which I had kept for years imprisoned, broke loose. To somewhat soothe the commotion in my soul, I ever and anon hummed some old German pious tune, such as "Hail to thee in victor's wreath!" or "Practise all truth and honesty;" but in vain! the Latin (*Welsche*) devil's song drowned with its noise in me all better sounds. I feared lest the demoniac tones of madness would speedily reach your ears, and that you too would feel their fascinating power. So must the song have sounded which the rat-catcher of Hameln blew. Does the great author repeat himself? Is his creative

strength exhausted? Did he not eighteen years ago bring out as a treat in Paris the same drama under the title of the Revolution of July? But we can always see a good play twice. In any case, it is improved and enlarged, and the dénouement is new, and was accepted with thundering applause. I had a good place from which to see the play, in fact, a reserved one, for the street in which I stood was closed with barricades on either hand. It was only by main force (*knapper Noth*) that they could bring me back to my lodging. Here I had full opportunity to admire the talent which the French display in building barricades. Those high bulwarks and fortifications, for the preparation of which the German genius would require days, are here improvised in a few minutes; they spring as if by magic from the ground. One would believe that the spirits of the earth had a hand invisibly in the game. The French are the race of manual dexterity.[1]

[1] Having been captain of barricades, directed their construction, and aided in their building in this Revolution, I can bear testimony to this. Paris was then chiefly paved with stones about one foot square. These I loosened with a crowbar, and they were at once picked up by my followers, who piled them with such deftness, that a barricade six or seven feet high seemed to me to be built in almost as many minutes. We had to be quick, so as to stop bodies of troops. Where the pavement was not of stones, or crowbars were wanting, the insurrectionists made barricades with vehicles and furniture taken from the houses. The

III.

BARÈGES, *August* 20, 1846.

THE Duke de Nemours is also patient. That he really possesses this cardinal virtue is perceptible from the indifference with which he encounters any little delay when his bath is being prepared. He does not at all remind me of his great uncle and his *J'ai failli attendre.* The Duke de Nemours knows how to wait, and—what I observed as another good trait—does not make others wait too long on him. I am his successor—that is to say, in using the bath—and I must give him the credit that he leaves it as punctually as any other mortal to whom his hour is here marked to the minute. He comes here daily, generally in an open carriage, driving himself, while by him there appears the dismal face of an idle coachman, while behind sits his corpulent German *valet de chambre.* When the weather is fine, the Prince often runs afoot beside the vehicle all the way from Luz to Barèges, as he is very fond of bodily exercise. He has gained the respect of the mountaineers by the lithe boldness

longest. The rich were not a little astonished that the poor sufferers from hunger, who ruled for three days in Paris, laid no hands on the property of others.[1] The wealthy trembled for their money-chests, and opened their eyes in astonishment when they found that nothing was stolen. The severity with which the people treated thieves caught in the act did not seem to many to be quite right, and certain people felt very uncomfortable when they learned that the thieves were shot on the spot. "Under such rule," they said, "no one can be sure of his life." Many things were destroyed by the people in their rage, especially in the Palais Royal and Tuileries, but there was no plundering. Only weapons were taken wherever found, and in those

[1] I might have loaded myself with jewellery and plate of the costliest description at the taking of the Tuileries, as might any of the thousand rude insurgents who came swarming in; but nobody touched the smallest article. However, when a man *was* caught stealing, he was promptly shot on the spot. I was present at such an execution, where the arrest, trial, and shooting did not occupy three minutes. Then the man was laid out on the pavement, and at his head was placed a paper bearing the words: "Mort aux voleurs." It seemed to me at the time a very trifling incident, and caused no emotion whatever, for I had been living for a long time in such an atmosphere of conspiracy, anticipation of probable death, fierce preparation for fighting, and had finally seen so much during the three days of the Revolution, that shooting a *voyou* seemed to be as nothing.—*Translator.*

royal palaces the people were allowed to appropriate whatever provisions there were. A boy of fifteen who dwelt in our house, and had taken part in the fighting, brought to his sick grandmother a pot of *confitures* which he had pillaged in the Tuileries. The young hero had not eaten any, and brought the pot unopened home. How pleased he was that the old lady found "the preserves of Louis Philippe," as he called them, so very nice! Poor Louis Philippe! to have to grasp the wanderer's staff again in such extreme old age; and to do so in foggy England, where the sweetmeats of exile taste so doubly bitter!

THE END.

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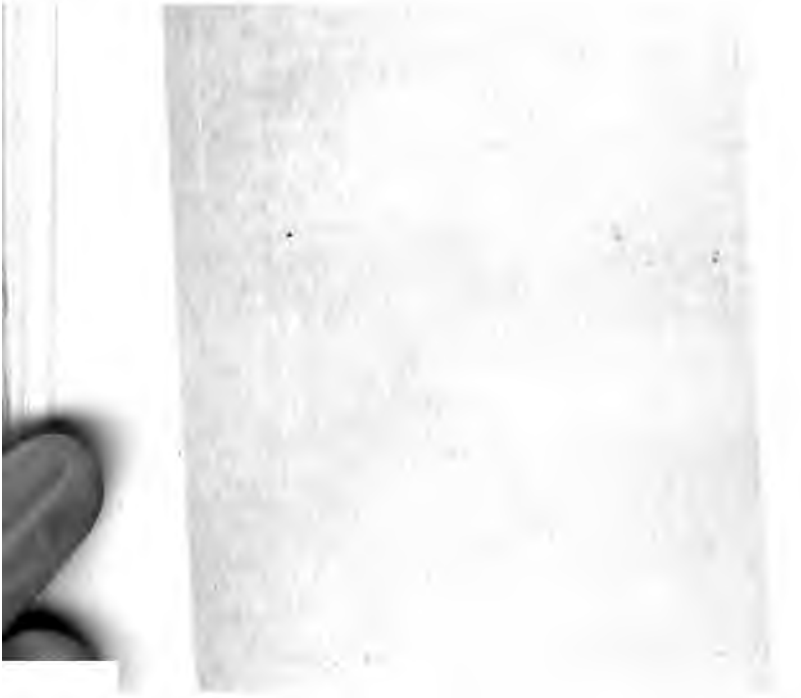

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